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EDMUND GARRETT

E.T. COOK





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W. L. R. R. R.

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A M E M O I R



Edmund Garrett,

1895

A. H. F. F. F. F. F.

EDMUND GARRETT

A MEMOIR

BY

E. T. COOK

AUTHOR OF "RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF THE
TRANSVAAL WAR," ETC.

WITH PORTRAIT

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PREFATORY NOTE

EDMUND GARRETT kept no diary, and he was a wanderer, so that the collection of his papers is not extensive. I have drawn in my Memoir principally on his letters, on the files of the newspapers in which he wrote, and on the recollections of myself and other of his friends. I am indebted to many of these friends, both in this country and in South Africa, for letters which they have placed at my disposal, and more especially to his cousin, Miss Agnes Garrett. He seldom allowed a mail to go without its letter to her, and at times this collection of daily or weekly correspondence almost takes the place of a diary. To his Cambridge friends Mr. J. H. Badley and Mr. J. J. Withers, and to his colleague upon the *Cape Times*, Mr. G. H. Wilson, I am indebted for personal recollections which are embodied in the Memoir.

The larger portion of a daily journalist's writings is necessarily fugitive. They are written "on the running stream," and the law of evanescence applies to them, irrespective of their quality. Indeed it may be said that the more effective a journalistic piece is for the immediate purpose of the day, the less chance it has of permanent

interest. Many of Garrett's daily articles are noticed, or quoted, in the Memoir—though my endeavour there has been not to entangle the reader in details of political events, but to make a picture of the man stand out against them as a background. But much of what Garrett contributed to the newspapers and magazines seems to me, as to many others, to possess permanent value—either for its literary form or for its historical interest or for both; and it is to be hoped that some collection of his writings may yet be made. Meanwhile, in an Appendix to the present volume, I have printed a few pieces which are referred to in the Memoir and a small selection from Garrett's political and memorial verses. To the editors and proprietors of the several publications from which these articles and verses are taken I return thanks for permission, in each case cordially granted, to reprint the pieces. To the proprietors, editor and management of the *Cape Times* I am further indebted for the kindness which placed files of the paper at my disposal. To Mrs. Edmund Garrett I am indebted, not only for information and advice, but also for much laborious searching and transcribing of newspaper-files.

I was asked to write this Memoir immediately after Garrett's death in May 1907, and was further encouraged to undertake it, as stated in the first chapter, by the desire of several of his friends. Pressure of other work made it necessary for me to postpone this labour of

love for a while, but I am not altogether sorry for the delay. The Memoir of Edmund Garrett now chances to appear at a time when the Union of South Africa is on the eve of accomplishment. This was the object to which, as my pages will show, he devoted the best years of his life.

E. T. C.

August 1909

*The frontispiece is from a photograph taken in 1895 by
Mr. Caswall Smith*



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MEMOIR

EDMUND GARRETT

A MEMOIR

CHAPTER I

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

Old friend, recall the open road
That you and I took, young together,
No matter if it shone or snowed,
To you and me 'twas friendly weather.

What steep ascents you've topped since then,
What comrades by the way befriended,
And cities I have seen, and men,
Nor yet can wish the journey ended.

Yet though with good stout heart we trode
Street, forum, mart, snow-slope or heather,
Youth's youth, no road is quite the road
That you and I took young together.

F. E. G. to J. J. W.

EDMUND GARRETT, the subject of this Memoir, was one of the most gifted journalists of his day. He also made considerable mark, during stirring times, in the politics of South Africa. It will be a principal object of the following pages to give some picture of the activities, methods and ideals of the higher journalism as Garrett understood and practised it ; and to recall some of those passages of South African history in which he played a not inconspicuous part. But what he did was small compared with what, had health served, he might have done. This will be the Memoir, therefore, in the second place, of a contrast between aspiration and achievement, between gifts and opportunity ; but I shall have failed

in my task if I leave any strong impression of sadness. Deprived, during his later years, of power for the full expression of himself in journalism, literature or public action, he had opportunity all the larger for developing his character in the supreme and most difficult of all the arts—the art of life. It was a favourite phrase of his that “any fool can play a *winning* game”; and the spirit he admired was that of Browning’s “Rabbi Ben Ezra”:

Be our joy three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe.

It is for what Garrett *was*, rather than for what he *did* (though this was much), that his friends most dearly cherish his memory.

He lived for many years the life of an invalid. Of his mature years on this planet, no small portion was spent in the sanatorium or the sick-room. But the years of a brave man’s life are counted otherwise than by the calendar of circumstance, and the impression which Garrett made upon his friends was not of sickness, but of overflowing vitality and of joy in all that life has to give. He had times of depression and of retrospect; and, having a happy knack in epitaphs, was moved to write his own. In the form which he ultimately gave to it, the epitaph is engraved, as we shall hear, in the Cathedral of the British Colony in which were spent the best years of his life and endeavour. Another epitaph was this:

To the memory of F. E. G., Member of the House of Assembly of Cape Colony, 1898–1902, Editor of the *Cape Times*, 1895–1899, who in the brief opportunity given him eagerly endeavoured to serve England and South Africa. He looked forward and made some beginnings.

And here is another, in a different vein:

As I have lain here, I have got to see more than ever that friends are half life; the other half being the sense of active

efficiency of some sort, but this is savourless without friends. And you know how lucky I have been. It humbles me and makes me proud. When I sum up (as one does, lying useless), and feel inclined to write myself gloomily down a failure and a fraud, I remember and say *yet Edmund was beloved*—you recall the bit in *Lear*.

It is for his friends in England and South Africa, and at the request of his wife, that this Memoir is written ; but, perchance, in its record of eager endeavour and brave beginnings it may here and there enlist the sympathy of kindred souls, to whom Garrett's vivid personality and brightly glancing gifts were unknown.

Edmund Garrett—Fydell Edmund, baptismally, but always "Edmund" or "F. E. G." to his friends—was the son of the Rev. J. Fydell Garrett, for more than 40 years Incumbent, or Rector, of Elton, Derbyshire. He was born on July 20, 1865, being the third child of his father's second marriage. From his father he derived a love of poetry ; and from his mother, some talent in drawing. The surroundings of his home, situated in the heart of the Peak District, and within walking distance of Haddon Hall, were congenial to the development of a poetic nature. Of the children of his father's first marriage, the daughter, Rhoda, was a girl of remarkable character and artistic gift. She made a career for herself, in partnership with her cousin, Miss Agnes Garrett, and many of Edmund's early letters are addressed collectively to "Rhodagnes." His mother, a woman of energy and spirit, died, of consumption, when he was a child of seven ; his father, six years later. The father—hitherto the companion of his young children—was much broken by the loss of his wife. Edmund returned from school one Christmas Eve, and found his brother and sisters by no means merry. No Christmas treats were in prospect. He was on this occasion the moneyed man, being the proud possessor of sixpence.

"The children shall all have Christmas presents," said he, and they sallied forth to the village shop. It was closed and would not be reopened till after bed-time hour at the Rectory. "I will stand the racket," said Edmund, as he sent the others home, staying out himself to expend the sixpence on such little presents for them as it would purchase. His sister preserves hers to this day, as a symbol of the fearlessness and generosity which always distinguished Edmund. His childhood, after his mother's death, was not sunny, and his parents were, I think, somewhat shadowy memories to him. His "people" in the effective sense were his half-sister, Rhoda, and his cousins Mrs. Fawcett and her sister, Miss Agnes Garrett. Miss Rhoda Garrett, who had dearly loved Edmund, and was as dearly loved, died while he was still at a public school. "The poor boys!" were among the last words she uttered, for she had made Edmund and a younger brother her special care. Primarily for her sake, but with an equal love on her own part, Miss Agnes Garrett assumed the charge. To her and to Mrs. Fawcett (who after Professor Fawcett's death lived with her sister), Edmund was indebted, not only for the generous solicitude which sent him to school and college and launched him upon a promising career, but for the influence of a cultured home. To Mrs. Fawcett he always said that he owed much intellectual stimulus and many of the ideas which he held most earnestly. He was an ardent advocate of the woman's movement, on the side alike of political enfranchisement and of the moral code; and when in after years he was able, as a member of the Cape Assembly, to strike an effective blow for the better protection of young girls, he sent home in grateful pride to his cousin a copy of "*your* Bill." Mrs. Fawcett had home-ties of her own, and Edmund was in special measure the charge of Miss Agnes Garrett. He had been "her boy," and she to him, throughout his life, was mother, sister, friend.

He repaid her care by unfailing confidence, comradeship, and affection.*

Garrett had been sent to a private school at Spondon, in Derbyshire, and thence, at the age of fourteen, he obtained a scholarship at Rossall. His letters of this period are those of a bright-witted and high-spirited boy. Then, as ever, he had a pleasant facility in rhyme—a real gift, too, for seizing points of character in sketches of face and figure. His talent for drawing was never cultivated by any practice in art-schools, but he often used to illustrate his familiar letters with thumb-nail sketches. These show a pungency and a sense of humour, which suggest that he might have attained some distinction as a caricaturist. No one had a keener sense of the point, but the pen of the writer was to be his chosen instrument. Though bright and sharp, Garrett was not an examination boy. “A *singularly* able boy,” wrote his head-master, Dr. James, who entertained for him a strong personal liking; but his work had a way of spoiling itself by some crudity here, or curious blunder there. Likewise he had “an absolute incapacity for mathematics,” and vexed his masters by “slowness in examinations.” He had not the art, which often belongs to less gifted boys, of reaching easily to examination-pitch. The art consists, for one thing, in the exact apportionment of effort to time, and in knowing how to give to each task just enough and not too much to make the most effect. Garrett was never, I think, a very rapid writer, and I have seen editors, printers and “readers”—whose desire to be “up to time” was impatient of the niceties of literary conscience—teased by his corrections, refinements, *repentirs*—much,

* The dedication of Garrett’s version of Ibsen’s *Brand* may be cited: “To AGNES. For thousands of readers the Agnes of Ibsen’s *Brand*, like the Agnes of Dickens in ‘David Copperfield,’ must have idealised a name which surely no author could well bestow save on a pure and beautiful creation. For me, not even namesakes such as these can add to your name one new ray of consecration or of loveliness.”

I suppose, as were his masters and tutors at the aforesaid "slowness in examinations."

His holidays, both now and later, were often spent at a cottage which Miss Rhoda and Miss Agnes Garrett occupied at Rustington, near Worthing, in Sussex. It touched him deeply, when in later years, after many wanderings, he was to have a little house of his own, that his cousin sent him many familiar pieces of furniture and ornaments from the favourite home of his childhood. "I live," he wrote, "with many memories of old Rustington days—the old cottage; you; Rhoda; my boyish tiresomeness and worshippings; the corner in the churchyard; the seat just the other side of the kitchen-garden wall; the picnic breakwater; the moonlight walks; a hundred old pages." One great delight of the holidays was the sea-bathing, under tutelage at first by Sir Hubert Parry; another was the decoration of a railway-carriage, which had been bought as a play-room for him and his cousin, Miss Philippa Fawcett. "The ark," they called it, and it was decorated by them with famous frescoes of the deluge. It was to be Edmund's lot to live much abroad and in an English colony, and he became a devoted lover of the Greater Britain. But no roses were ever so sweet to him as those that bloomed at Rustington, and even the delight of the sea at Muizenburg owed something of its pleasure to memories of the surf in which he had bathed during long summer days at home.

Edmund's school and holiday letters show keen zest in the lighter side of life, and a love of the country and its pursuits; but I gather that his boyishness and light-hearted ways did not entirely satisfy some of his mentors. One of the masters records as a welcome stage in his development that he "is now conscientiously putting away childish habits" and "has quite waked up to a sense of his dignity as monitor." Garrett had about him a natural distinction, but upon his dignity, in any self-

conscious way, I never saw him stand. As a leading spirit in the school Essay Society and Debating Society, Garrett was entirely in his element. He was a strong Gladstonian, and during holidays in London he visited the gallery of the House of Commons. There he was "under the wand of the great magician," on the occasion, among others, of one of Mr. Gladstone's finest speeches—that on the Affirmation Bill (April 26, 1883). The impression made upon the young listener was recorded fifteen years later :

The theme was religious toleration, even of the irreligious. None could have made the pleading so impressive who lacked Gladstone's intense impress of religiousness ; just as none could have made so touching an appeal as he did for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Oratorically, the tone of a convinced reluctance, of affectionate prejudice, yielding to impervious sense of right, is one of the most effective in the moral gamut. In a speech on the Irish Church, admitting that it went against the grain to lay hands upon any sacred fabric once set up, he quoted those words about Hamlet's ghost :

We do it wrong, being so majestic
To offer it the show of violence.

In a similar spirit, in this speech on the Affirmation Bill, he quoted the solemn words of Lucretius about the nature of the Divine, which is too high and too far to be either lifted or degraded by the verbal homage of an oath ; the well-known passage beginning : *omnis enim divom natura necessest*. . . . Never shall I forget the old man's eloquent delivery of those lines. He paused, drew himself up, and throwing back his head and extending his right arm gave forth the deep-mouthed thunder of the hexameters with indescribable majesty.*

As editor of the school magazine, the *Rossallian*, Garrett also found much scope for his bent. His cousin's attention was specially called by his tutor to "a very clever version from Martial." "The *Rossallian*," he had written home, "has got into a very feeble state, and we are going to put it on its legs again—such a *Rossallian* as never was

* "Gladstoniana," in the *Cape Times*, May 23, 1898.

before, with perhaps an illustration." Drawing was at this time a favourite diversion with him. "My study," he said, "is an endless source of occupation and amusement; what I paint or draw, when not given to anybody else, goes to brighten its walls." A pleasanter occupation than Euclid or the gerunds, but not so conducive, it is to be feared, to success in "certificate" and other examinations.

So passed Garrett's school-days; unfruitfully, he used in after life reproachfully to consider. He did not, he said, "find himself" at Rossall; he was desultory; and he did not get on conspicuously well with other boys. But in the school of character he learnt one lesson which he never forgot. "The most valuable thing I learnt at Rossall," he said, in retrospect, "was sticking to my guns. Public opinion is nowhere more tyrannical than at a public school. If you can stay it out there, you can stay it out anywhere. I think I did so at Rossall (being probably most times in the wrong, but that does not matter much); and I have found it easy ever since." A Balliol scholarship, which his head-master had in view for him, was not, I think, competed for. He gained a sizarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in that famous foundation he took up his residence in the October term of 1884.

Edmund Garrett and I [writes the Cambridge friend* whose reminiscences now follow] must have been up at Trinity together for a year or so before we met. My first recollection of him is, I think seeing him at the chapel services, and wondering who he was. There was something in his face, open, boyish, full of life, yet with the unmistakable stamp of thought and decision and purpose, that attracted to him at once. Inquiry showed that he was of my own year, a keen speaker at debates, and the life and soul of a freshman's literary society. Of this I happened to know a member, in whose rooms we met; and a "Long," in which a common love of the river threw us together, laid the foundations of a friendship that gradually grew to be

* Mr. J. H. Badley, who afterwards married Garrett's elder sister.

the thing of most value in my college life. But it was only towards the end of his time at Trinity that I came to see a great deal of him. He was not what his dons would have called with approval "a reading man"; for though he had a deep and real love of the Classics, and especially of the Greek poets, to whom he brought the quick intuition of a kindred spirit, he read for his own satisfaction, and as his interest led him, rather than for success in the *Tripes*; and, wisely following his instinct, devoted the greater part of his energies to the debates and business of the "Union." There he soon came to the front, thanks to the fearlessness of his convictions no less than to his readiness as a speaker. The most vivid picture of him in those days that remains with his friends is probably that of a light supple figure standing in the crowded debating hall, with boyish face and wealth of light hair often tossed back as he developed his argument, now sweeping his hearers along with an outburst of poetic fervour, and now delighting even his opponents with the quick flashes of his wit.

It was my custom to spend most of my afternoons on the upper river; and as he had a rooted dislike of games as a means of exercise—the natural reaction of a rebel against the tyranny of games in a public school—he sometimes joined me. We would scull up to Byron's Pool, enjoying the difficulties, especially in flood-time, of the windings of the narrow stream; then land to wander about the Grantchester woods and flats, and finally drift back in the dusk of a winter sunset. He was always a delightful companion, but never more than at such times, discussing our common interests in literature, alive to every kind of beauty in nature, and always ready to let his fun bubble over. When pen and ink were handy he would add humorous illustration to his wit, for he was an adept at swift caricature. There was one opponent at the Union in particular who was portrayed, for the delight of his inner circle of friends, under every guise and in every preposterous situation.

In any social gathering he took by natural right a leading part in the talk. Those who did not know him were apt to think him too ready to dominate it, and by some such he was dubbed the "Public Orator" of the college. In the same way there were some who were offended by his frankness of speech and a Rabelaisian turn of humour that was the outcome of a nature the cleanest and most wholesome that I have known. Fearlessness both in conviction and speech was always a marked characteristic and one of the main sources of his power with all

sorts and conditions of men with whom he came in contact. He used to say that there was absolutely no subject that could not be treated of in words without offence by a writer who knew his business. In his own case, when this power, constantly practised, was combined with a high chivalry and purity of heart, it was assuredly true.

The main impression of him in his college days that remains with me is of an irrepressible vitality "that ever with a frolic welcome took the sunshine," and did not let the disappointments dim his delight in the present or his confidence in the future. On the morning that the Tripos list came out he came round at once to wake me with the news, without a thought to spare for his own place (the price, as we all knew, of his brilliance in other directions, and not in the least the measure of his ability) in his delight in any success of his friends. That evening three of us in sheer lightness of heart let the magic of a June night draw us further and further from college and all thought of time and "gates." I remember a midnight visit to the bathing-sheds, and the plunge in the river, so still a mirror of the stars that one seemed to be diving into the abyss of space, and then floating down in the warm silence broken only by a nightingale in the woods near by. I remember also a visit to the Fellows' Garden, and, as we were climbing out, being confronted by a policeman's bull's-eye. A parley on either side of the iron gate explained the situation, and the majesty of the law, knowing that we were safe from its reach, decided we were harmless. Towards morning the other two went back (by ways that did not need to arouse the porter at the lodge) into their respective colleges. Either I lacked their agility or still found the call of the open too strong, for I remember watching the sunrise from Madingley Hill, and after another bathe coming back to college, when gates were open, and writing a note to my tutor to tell him of my night's doings; which brought from him, good soul, a reply that showed he had not altogether forgotten what it was like to be young, and I never heard any more about it.

Then came Degree-Day, for which Edmund's sister came up—the beginning of what later came to be a bond to draw our friendship still closer. The round of river-parties and other entertainments came to an end; and my last recollection of him as undergraduate (for the recent ceremony had not made us think of ourselves as anything else) is another piece of irresponsible boyishness. As we came down his staircase in the Old Court for the last time, we found outside one of the doors

a bath, neatly packed in canvas, waiting to be taken away. In a moment that bath was tumbling down the stairs like a hoop, and we realised, from the sounds that came from it, that its owner's crockery must have been packed inside !

Garrett's oratorical gifts found occasion for exercise during the Long Vacation of 1886. At the General Election of that year Mr. Oscar Browning was Liberal candidate for Norwood, and he tells me that Garrett was his right-hand man—writing skits and placards and making daily speeches. Garrett, during his year at Cambridge read, as his friend has told us, more for his own satisfaction, than for the Tripos. He read poetry especially, and he also wrote it. A little volume of "Rhymes and Renderings," to which five of his friends, members of a "Goose-quill Club," contributed, was the result. Garrett's renderings were for the most part from the Greek and Latin poets, and especially from the Greek Anthology. This is a task which will never be accomplished with complete success, but each generation makes its attempt, and some of Garrett's versions come at least as near as others to attaining the impossible. I select as an example the epigram of Meleager to Heliodore (*Δάκρυά σοι καὶ ῥέρθε . . .*) :

Tears for thee, where thou liest, Heliodore,
 Love's slender meed, the grave allows—a tear !
 Tears, bitter tears, o'er the damp stone I pour,
 Pledge of my yearning and remembrance dear.
 Even where thou art, his piteous sighing vain
 To those dull shores thy husband doth entrust.
 Ah ! where's the bloom I cherished ? Death has ta'en
 And at its flushing soiled the flower with dust.
 This boon I crave, kind earth :—where She doth rest
 Oh, gently fold her to a mother's breast !

In lighter vein was a "Ballad à la Mode," in which Garrett satirised the æsthetic nursery cult of the day, and paid, as a Cambridge man should, his tribute to Calverley :

Then blame me not, altho' my verse
 Sounds like an echo of C. S. C.
 Since still they make ballads worse and worse
 Savour of diddle and hey-de-dee !

But of Garrett's pieces in "Rhymes and Renderings," the one in which I find most of the essential spirit of the man is the following sonnet :

O dullard souls ! by sense and circumstance
Enclosed, unstirred by generous discontent
To burst the bonds that hold ye prison-pent—
The caitiff creatures of ignoble chance !
For you the heavens are but a blind expanse ;
In vain achieved stone grows eloquent,
Or sobbing organ labours, heavenward spent,
Or Poet seeks God's spirit in the Man's !
O as some trembling vestal acolyte
Might nurse the flickering flame that may not die,
Or beacon-watcher rouse on some lone height
The red heart 'mid the ashes fearfully,
Cherish, ere yet it falter into night,
The fitful spark of immortality.

Age was to "approve what youth had planned." Garrett, in the long watches of after years, when he had run his active course, was best to show the strength of his character in keeping bright and gem-like "the flickering flame that may not die."

CHAPTER II

THE *PALL MALL GAZETTE*

“In journalism, if anywhere, Napoleon’s is the motto : ‘ the tools to him that can handle them,’ as Carlyle translates it.”—F. E. G.

A YOUNG man who has taken no very distinguished degree at the University, who is possessed of a decided literary gift, who has an innate aversion from drudgery and has not yet acquired any fixed habit of plodding industry, and who moreover is confronted with the urgent necessity of earning his own living forthwith—to what should such an one turn his thought, since his views inclined him in no sort to the Church, but to literary journalism ? A “chaotic haven,” Carlyle calls it ; “a questionable profession.” And doubtless he is right, but some there be who in such questionable surroundings make for themselves some kind of ordered and honourable career.

Garrett, after finishing his Tripos at Cambridge in the summer term in 1887, presented himself, aged twenty-two, at the offices of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then in Northumberland Street, and asked for work. Mr. Stead, most accessible of editors, received him kindly, but had no opening on his staff and was very busy. For once he was in no mood to talk, even to so pleasant-spoken a young man ; but his visitor had come for an interview and meant to have it. Since the great man showed no disposition to play the interviewer, his caller assumed the part himself, and settling himself comfortably down in the chair drew the editor on into general conversation. He left the office with no promise of work or encouragement other than such as an interview with so genial an editor might inspire.

"I saw he didn't think much of me," said Garrett afterwards; "why should he? A pasty-faced undergraduate who thought he wrote verses!" He returned to Cambridge, and spent the evening in composing, in the style so far as might be of Mr. Stead himself, an "Interview with the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*," adorned with a pen-and-ink sketch of him, too, with his feet up on the mantelpiece of his sanctum. It was posted to the editor, who perceived at once that here was a young man of spirit and audacity, wielding moreover—in spite of a University education (which other editors besides Mr. Stead have regarded as no sure guarantee of journalistic efficiency*)—the pen of a ready and picturesque writer. Garrett was sent for, and was given a commission for a descriptive article. This was the beginning of a connection with the *Pall Mall Gazette* and with its off-shoot the *Westminster* which, with interruptions from ill-health, lasted for eight years.†

* I know of a young aspirant who had called, with a letter of introduction from an Oxford tutor, upon another editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. *Editor*: "What class did you take?" *Aspirant* (cheerfully): "A first in Mods. and a first in Greats." *E.*: "Humph! and a fellowship?" *A.* (crestfallen): "No." *E.* (cheerfully): "Then there is still some hope of you!"

† To the *Rossallian* of June 18, 1894, Garrett contributed an article of excellent advice, amusingly given, upon "Going in for Journalism." The following is an extract: "You want to write to the papers; you must begin by reading them. I know this is a serious undertaking; but you must clench your teeth and go through with it. He who would command, say the copy-books, must first learn to obey. He who would bore, says the book of the Law of Editors, must first be bored. Do *not* waste a thing good in itself by sending it to the wrong paper. Everything can be said in at least fifty ways, most things in more. Papers have their own languages. A good journalist will know them all. Suppose you were writing an article: subject, 'Death of a family at Fleetwood from eating mussels.' For most of the London evening papers your style would be that of a letter written to a friend: short, bright, to the point, with perhaps a bold but quite impracticable suggestion for dealing with the evil. Your assumption would be that your reader was not interested in the subject in itself, and must be made so. For the *Times* you must appear to be addressing yourself to persons already interested and well-informed, who only want to be led, with the aid of some statistics, 'while on the one hand remembering' 'yet on the other not omitting,' &c. &c., to a mature conclusion, which, however, must never quite arrive. For the *Globe* 'turnover,' you would begin: 'The first mention of mussels is in Herodotus, we mean the bivalve,

In July 1887, the Salvation Army celebrated its "coming of age" and held a religious festival after its kind at the Alexandra Palace. There was a long account of it in the *Pall Mall*. I remember that one of my colleagues on the paper, who was away for his holiday at the time, wondered from afar what new hand was here at work—so vivacious, so pointed, so like Mr. Stead's and yet so clearly not his. The article attracted the attention also of an old member of the staff, now Lord Milner. "Behold," he said, "the new Stead, with all his virtues and none of his faults."* This, the first of Garrett's contributions to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is a capital example of the descriptive article at its best—vivid, amusing, sympathetic; alive to the humorous and the grotesque, yet seizing the essential spirit of the phenomena described. The Salvation Army was dismissed by an eminent man as "Corybantic Christianity." The phrase was good, but Garrett's heading to one of his paragraphs—"A Cheerful Religion"—went nearer to the heart of the matter:

It was a meeting of their own body in which they were neither "carrying the war," as their phrase goes, into the "enemy's country," nor were they the amused spectators of the performances of others, acrobats or what not; and these strange people actually passed a whole day in talking, preaching, walking, making music, exhorting and edifying one another among themselves. That was their day's pleasuring, and it was plain that so they looked upon it. As they sat about in groups under the trees, they joined from time to time in little spontaneous outbursts of singing. Here and there one or two would be preaching in an animated way to a ring of sympathetic spectators. Their

not biceps,' &c. &c. For the *Daily Telegraph*, you would make the subject the excuse for a dazzling display of allusive omniscience. The mussel itself would begin as a mussel; but it would presently become 'the succulent bivalve,' 'the seductive shell-fish,' 'the molluscous morsel,' 'the long-shore death-trap,' 'the modern and marine version of the lethal bolus on which Claudius made his last repast.' If hard put to it you may even call it a 'crustacean'; what you must not do is to call it a second time a mussel. As long as you don't say that, it does not matter much what you do say. But you see at once how careful you ought to be."

* It is Mr. Stead who is the authority for this anecdote.

work and enjoyment are one. They enjoy themselves and laugh and chat as a proper part of a religious demonstration : and they take their religious exercises as a recreative enjoyment. That was one thing which struck a stranger most forcibly. It was always hard to understand at school how the Greeks used to split their sides at farces as part of a religious cult. They have a curious parallel to-day in the Salvation Army. In the very midst of a scene of "testifying" and exhortation, you see a couple of officers, temporarily relieved from the ministration, sit down and have a joke together ; it is not augur meeting augur—not a bit ; only that religion in the heart of a Salvationist is of that sort which maketh a cheerful countenance.

Garrett had seized the essential point—the point which connects the Salvation Army, not only (as he noted) with the Greeks, but with Roman Catholicism, as it may be witnessed in our own day in many a village *fête* of Italy. General Booth, who must be a shrewd judge of character, saw in Garrett the spirit of a crusader, and at one time had hopes of enlisting him as an "officer" in the Salvation Army. Garrett was not drawn to the suggestion, though presently, as we shall hear, he struck a blow for the Army as an unattached auxiliary. Meanwhile he devoted himself to rescue work on his own account. A spirit of chivalry ran deep in his nature, and his work upon the *Pall Mall Gazette* brought it into play. At the time when he joined the staff, Mr. Stead's crusade and imprisonment were in the past, but Garrett was deeply interested in the cause, and he also joined the ranks of explorers into the subterranean regions of the "modern Babylon." Out of this work grew an attempt, carried on at the cost of much self-sacrifice, to rescue a poor girl. He fought hard, and sometimes literally, for her. He had the spirit of ten to make up for what he lacked in bodily strength, and I have been told of an occasion on which he threw a ruffian down a flight of stairs, himself on top, and emerged from the wreckage to call a policeman in order that his adversary, if so minded, might give him into custody for the assault. From such adventures our Galahad emerged

scatheless, but perhaps—as others have done in like case—somewhat disillusioned. It was easy to fight against open foes, but difficult to bear up when those who were to be rescued faltered in the struggle, or even turned upon the rescuer. “Everything seems melting away,” he wrote at one stage to his cousin Agnes, who was here, as in all else, his confidante and helper.

Garrett’s journalistic work during the years 1887–1889 covered a wide range, and the variety attracted him. “Still an obscure pressman,” he said, “I have written reports and paragraphs, leaders and skits, verses and parodies, reviews and stage *critiques*, interviews and special correspondence—to-day making acquaintance with a prima donna, to-morrow with a Cabinet Minister, and, in between, turning a ready hand to any trivial, dull little piece of drudgery which happens to need doing.” He did not take to the drudgery very kindly; and his main work at this time—a daily summary of the parliamentary proceedings written from the gallery of the House of Commons—was not greatly to his liking. The space allotted to him in the paper was small, and he was seldom able to let himself go. Parliamentary “sketches” in those days were not so freely personal and impressionist as they presently became; it was expected, even of the descriptive reporter, to give some succinct and colourably impartial account of what was actually said and done, and political pemmican becomes very dry when it is stale. I have looked back at many of Garrett’s reports. Here and there a happy hit occurs in them; and on “field days,” when he was given more elbow-room, his descriptions were lively and caught the dramatic aspects of the scene. This was the case, too, with many of the reports which he wrote of the proceedings of the Parnell Commission. But in large part the Parliamentary sketches come as near to being savourless as anything from Garrett’s pen could be. Perhaps it is from the “scenes” and

“struggles” described that the savour has departed. Let them rest in peace.

The Parliamentary work was that which opportunity had thrown in his way and had enabled him to be given regular employment on the paper, but it was the very worst fate that could have been contrived for a man of Garrett’s delicate constitution. Already in the autumn of 1887 he had been laid up for some weeks, at the West London Hospital, with a sharp attack of pleurisy. He had made, however, a good recovery, and thrown himself again into the full current of work. Two years later, in the autumn of 1889, he had a serious breakdown. I was acting as editor in Mr. Stead’s absence, and had asked Garrett to write a leading article on the Parliamentary session. He was unequal to the task, and went away at once for a holiday. Before doing so, he had been to a doctor who diagnosed his case as one of phthisis. He announced the verdict, and a subsequent reprieve, in this letter to his friend, Mr. Badley :

On the eve of my departure—I won’t trouble you with knacker’s details—but I was so much worse that I went to a doctor, a good little cheap man that a friend recommended, practising among the poor in Soho. He, good man, after a perfunctory examination had assured him of a rattling in my breath, and a cursory glance had put a hasty gloss on my confessed symptoms, leaped to the idea of consumption and as good as hinted that I was in a swift decline with phthisis. On this cheering intelligence I slept a night and then concluded that except J. J. W., to whom I confided it on my return from the purlieus of Soho, none need know it—my people especially. The gloomy secret, as you may suppose, was a poor companion to start off on a holiday with. I seemed to get worse and worse the first few days, and often I reflected on the dashing of all my ideas of being of a little service to make the world a bit softer in time to the good —, and of perhaps giving the timely leg up to —, and so on. However, I am luckily of a sanguine and lightsome temperament, as thou knowest ; I was surprised how soon I got accustomed to the idea ; how soon after that

I threw it up altogether ; and how gaily I rallied in the exquisite September summer in the soft Sussex air.

So far a sort of mild heroics. Now comes comedy. Agnes [Garrett] and Amy [his eldest sister] had fretted their good hearts unbeknown to me, about my illness ; and about the middle of the holidays Agnes went so far as to make inquiry privily, through a friend, of the worthy doctor to whom I had been, and hearing thus without mask or phrasing his alarmist sayings, fretted greatly unbeknownst to me, for the rest of the holidays. At the end, it transpired what she had done, and how she knew all—and after my first chagrin I couldn't help smiling at the absurd situation in which we had both been deceiving each other. And so here was all this coil for nothing.

At once on my return I arranged to see —, who is a really first-class man, and gave me immense care and attention. After a most searching examination, the great man pronounced my lungs absolutely free from disease ; and while he said that of course I was very delicate all over and must take great care and all that—a thing not wonderful after my pleurisy and night work—yet held out hopes of my being able to go on with my work under whatever conditions might be absolutely indispensable provided only I made all dispensable ones as favourable as possible. You may suppose this was a relief, though personally I can't somehow get up any sort of elation.

Garrett's failure “to get up elation” was only too well founded. In this case the great man was wrong, and the little man, right. Both, however, were agreed that a change of air was imperative, and Mr. Stead decided to send Garrett as a “Special Commissioner” to report on the state of affairs in South Africa. The breakdown was thus ordered to his good ; for this commission was to introduce him to the scene of his principal work in life.

CHAPTER III

“ IN AFRIKANDERLAND ”

“ *Cabo Tormentoso* was the name which old Diaz gave the Cape when first the winds buffeted him round its confronting bluffs. *Cabo de Boa Esperanza*, King John of Portugal rechristened it, for he knew that beyond it lay the wealth of Ind. To us, too, the Cape has been a Cape of Turmoil ; to us, too, it has become indeed a Cape of Good Hope, and shall yet be of assured Good Fortune.”—F. E. G.

GARRETT'S first visit to South Africa, though short, was to exercise a decisive influence on his subsequent career. South Africa, “ the problem-land,” as he called it, made a profound impression upon him ; and he, some impression upon the questions and personages of South Africa. The articles upon its scenery, its industries, its peoples, and its problems which he contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, attracted much attention both there and at home. “ I think,” he wrote to one of his intimate friends, “ a little success was just what I wanted. It has, I believe, only done me good. It has tonicked me up. The work, such as it was, was not accomplished without putting my heart into it, and that all should have gone like clockwork proves that some of my besetting sins were temporarily got under. Success, in measure as full as I could wish, has certainly beamed, and beyond all desert rewarded my efforts. Politicians, M.P.s, colonists, authorities and officials swell the chorus. *Some one* seems to have been struck by each one of the letters—one by one, and another by another. The trip has improved my standing at the office greatly, it seems—and that with the business and managerial side as well as the other.” The articles were presently reprinted as a “ *Pall Mall Gazette Extra*,”

and this rapidly ran through two editions. The little book has long been out of print ; but even now, after the lapse of twenty years which have witnessed some volcanic changes, I have heard South Africans say that there is no better introduction to South African problems. The articles attracted the attention, which Garrett correctly described, by their vividness of impression, their literary skill and their clear grasp of the essential point in complicated questions. Something, too, they owed to their appearance at a psychological moment.

South Africa, when Garrett landed there at the end of 1889, was at an interesting stage in its development, and was filling a large space in the thoughts and imaginations of Englishmen. The development of the gold mines in the Transvaal was altering the face of the country, and no less the political currents below the surface. The storied riches of the “ Land of Ophir ” were attracting British enterprise to the further North. A man of large outlook and masterful will was on the spot, laying the foundation of vast schemes of commercial and political expansion. The centre of gravity was being pushed northwards by economic forces, and Cecil Rhodes was bent upon “ pegging out claims ” to secure the political paramountcy of Great Britain.* Opposed to him was

* The Johannesburg Chamber of Mines was founded, and the Charter of the British South Africa Company granted, in October 1889. In connection with the northern expansion, Garrett had a story about Rhodes and Sir Hercules Robinson. Rhodes, in a speech of 1894, described how ten or more years before he had taken Sir Hercules “ up an exceeding high mountain ” and there showed him all the wonders of the Northern expansion. “ But the truth is,” said Sir Hercules to Garrett, “ that I had seen the importance of that expansion before I ever saw Rhodes. The battle of keeping open the road was fought by me in London in the winter of ’83-’84. Later when the Freebooters had gone in and founded their so-called Republic, I sent first Mackenzie (the Rev. John) and then Rhodes to report.” However that may be, to whomsoever the first vision may have been granted, it was Rhodes’s despatch that made the Home Government send Warren’s Expedition, and it was Rhodes who took steps to make the occupation of the North effective. And this Sir Hercules Robinson fully admitted. He used to compare Rhodes to Lesseps ; “ in his power of conceiving immense schemes, in absolute self-confidence, in indomitable perseverance and in power of fascinating men.”

another remarkable man, of will no less stubborn than his own and perhaps even then harbouring in his mind schemes as ambitious and far-reaching as those of his rival. However this may be, the gold of the Rand had placed in Paul Kruger's hands resources capable of developing a little pastoral community into a powerful State. He used the natural resources which the Uitlanders had provided, but showed no disposition to admit them to equal political rights. He had concluded a political treaty with the Orange Free State. He was bent upon a railway system of his own, and was in no mood to link it up with that of Cape Colony. He was passionately set upon securing access to the sea and command of a seaport.

In the light of subsequent events, it is easy to say that a conflict for mastery was inevitable. The long duel between Cecil Rhodes and Paul Kruger was something more than a rivalry between two masterful men. It was the personification of a conflict of race, a conflict of ideals, and a conflict of political ambitions; such a conflict, it may now be said, could in the long run be decided only by clash of arms. But this, at the period with which we are now concerned, was not the better opinion. The conflict of race was partly masked, and partly perhaps assuaged, by the shrewd statesmanship which Rhodes at this time displayed. He had a thorough understanding of the South African Dutch, and much sympathy with them. Upon many aspects of Cape politics, the Conservative Dutch burgher, with his hankering after economic protection and his Carlylean gospel of work for the natives, was more to Rhodes's liking than the views of men whom he regarded as political ideologues. Policy combined with sympathy to attract Rhodes to the Dutch, and he was, at the time of Garrett's visit to South Africa, about to become Premier with their support. He was on the best of terms with Mr. Hofmeyr, the ruling spirit in the

Afrikander Bond in Cape Colony. The root-idea of his policy was to set off the commercial interests of the Colony against the racial sympathy which existed between the Dutch there and in the Transvaal. He relied upon the Dutch to help him in his policy of Northern expansion, and he relied successfully. As for the underlying conflict of ideals and ambitions, the prevailing opinion was that it would settle itself under the compulsion of economic forces. And at any rate it was sound statesmanship, when men said that the conflict was inevitable “ sooner or later,” to reply with a famous British politician “ then later rather than sooner.” In the years 1889–90 many adjustments, compromises, conciliations seemed both possible and likely.

The conditions, the hopes, the ideas which I have summarised in preceding paragraphs were all reflected and expounded by Garrett in the pages of “ In Afrikanderland.” His articles caught the stir, the bustle, the fever of the time. Read his description of his companions on the voyage :

Among the imports of a newly-stirring colony like the land of gold and diamonds none are more miscellaneous than the human ; and capital in the saloon is at least as mixed as labour in the steerage. There is the sportsman, off to shoot big game, with Colts in cases and an arsenal of cartridges. There is the enterprising bagman, going to open up new fields in calico or hardware. There is the exploring adventurer who sits pricking out fortunes on a map ; he carries his concession in one pocket and his quinine in the other—and his life in his hand. There is the valetudinarian, seeking a kindlier clime, where the clear dry air of South Africa is to take the hectic flush out of his cheek—or hers—and tan it instead with the glow of sunburnt health. There is the prodigal son, whose parents have sent him out to see whether colonial soil is more favourable than that of the mother country to crops of wild oats—the youth will probably return in the steerage, if he does not gravitate into the Bechuana-land mounted police. Then there is the genuine young colonist, hopeful and determined, lord of his presence and no land beside, who means to carve out a fortune in the country where there

are more acres and fewer German clerks. And there is the girl for whom just such another young fellow has already knocked a little home together : she goes to join him, carrying his photograph, some furniture, and rather slender trousseau. (Here's to their happiness ; surely this is better than waiting till he is a *blasé* city man at home.) Last, there is the various crowd drawn by the magic name of Gold—engineers and prospectors, and geologists and hangers on, all hoping to find it in the ground, and speculators (more or less legitimate) who mean to find it in other people's pockets.

Or this shorter impression of the Kimberley mail starting from Cape Town :

You might fancy yourself at Charing Cross seeing off a Continental mail, only there is rather more handkerchief-waving and hand-grasping here. This train is packed with Englishmen—engineers, speculators, doctors, clerks, every trade and craft that a growing community requires. A few of them are for Kimberley, many more are bound for the Rand. Their goal is the Eldorado of the Transvaal, and it is the Englishing of the Transvaal that they are going to help.

Thither Garrett presently followed them, bringing back with him accounts very vivid and interesting of the City of Diamonds and its compounds, with a special chapter also on “the romance of diamond smuggling,” and unravelling in the Transvaal Eldorado all the mysteries of reefs and pennyweights and levels. He did not himself visit Mashonaland or Matabeleland, but he was fortunate in coming across some of those who had been making history there. His chapter entitled “The True Romance of ‘King Solomon's Mines,’ ” with its amusing account of the court of King Lobengula, is one of Garrett's liveliest pieces and is reprinted in this volume (p. 251).

With so much British stir and bustle, with so many explorers, adventurers, engineers going up “to help the Englishing of the Transvaal,” the political future seemed to Garrett secure. He, like Rhodes, found himself very much at ease among the Dutch, and his picture of “The

Afrikaner at Home ” will be read with pleasure in these days of reconciliation :

“ But who and what is an Afrikaner ? ” The word itself is simply Cape Dutch for African. At first it was what the Dutch settlers called the natives. Of late years it is what they have begun to call themselves. As their own definition of it, the definition given by the “ Afrikaner Bond,” is equally applicable to every patriotic South African, English or Dutch, in Colony or Republic, I shall sometimes apply it loosely in that broader sense, a sense which is crystallised in the title of this book. But in this particular chapter we are dealing with the Afrikaner proper—the Dutch farmer, the Boer if you like, own cousin to the Boer of the Transvaal, and the ruling class in this English colony of the Cape. “ Boer,” of course, is just our “ boor,” only that, like “ churl,” the old English word has come down in the world. “ Boor ” once meant, and “ Boor ” now means, simply a “ farmer.” And it was the Boers, both those of the Cape Colony and those in the Transvaal to whom we more commonly apply the name, that I was straitly charged to see and to study in South Africa by every authority to whom I appealed for counsel, from Lord Carnarvon to Mr. Froude. Hitherto my ideas had been formed upon Tant Sannie in the “ Story of an African Farm ”—a figure coarse, squalid, and brutish. Now I was to see for myself. By good luck, a Dutch-speaking friend at Capetown, who has friends on farms in a wine-growing district thirty or forty miles away, was proposing one day to go and visit them. I went with him.

As the train drew in, there rose at the window the figure of a great, gaunt, grizzled, uncouth man, smiling welcome. His clothes seemed to have been gathered anywhere, and thrown on anyhow. His neck was not caparisoned as necks are wont to be in Bond Street, or even in less metropolitan regions. He wore a “ shocking bad hat ” of soft, weather-beaten felt. His general appearance would in England have stamped him as a respectable labourer. “ This is one of the farm men,” said I to myself ; “ he has been sent down to drive us to the farm.” I found it was our host. It was the “ Dutch Question,” in fact, in coat and leggings. . . .

Within doors, if I looked for anything of the stertorous roughness of a Farmer Sandford, the bluff boorishness, however honestly meant, of the Yorkshire yeoman, or any other English type which sprang to mind as parallel, I was agreeably dis-

appointed. The urbane, kindly manners, the plain, intelligent speech of my entertainers, in five minutes obliterated from my mind the visionary forms of Tant Sannie and the farm labourer. Instead, I saw a worthy pair of country gentlefolk, grave and courteous without ceremony, minded to make the stranger feel at home, and with the rare *savoir faire* which does so. Their English was racy of a foreign contact, but well chosen and expressive. Lapses into the more familiar Dutch, even among themselves, were quickly repressed. The same natural delicacy and consideration for the stranger appeared in everything. When in the yard we were all trying to manipulate the whip of the country, with its puzzling lash about twenty feet long, and failing ridiculously, did Uncle Dan, who with ease could flick a fly off the ear of the leading ox in the team, stand by and laugh at our efforts? No, he set himself to remind each of us of the various accomplishments at which the tables would be turned, and he the laughing-stock. Prayers, too, were tacitly forgone that evening, because the good souls were not sure of the stranger's religion.

Presently, in the large hall on which the door opened, the mid-day meal was smoking before us. Before and after, four red Gargantuan fingers came up before our host's face, and a Dutch grace was reverently muttered to bowed heads. Turkey, smoked beef, and half a dozen vegetables, besides the boiled rice which is served as such at Cape tables, were among the dishes loading the long board. It was gay besides with roses and with fruit. We are a large party; for the strapping family on the farm is swelled by a posse of nephews and nieces—poor relations of two degrees who had been left orphans. That is their way here; the kindly Dutch blood runs a great deal stronger than water. The youngsters wax mighty on this plain, good, plentiful fare. The staple jam puzzled my palate. It was *mos-komfyt*, I found, made with fresh grape-juice on a basis of pear, quince, and what not. *Mos* is, of course, our "must." This is the best and wholesomest jam in the world. The Dutch housewife is like Dame Primrose; she has scant book-learning, but has no equal at preserves, and her brandy liqueur is the praise of the county—or rather the "field-cornetcy." Yet this large lady, with her cheeses and *komfyt*s, is devoted to music, starts at a false note, and not long ago sang beautifully. They are solid people, but they like their joke as well as we, and the laugh is ready against themselves. "You have no fat women in England, eh?" says my hostess. "If you have, they are small

made ; not like us ; we are coarse, you see, and big. As I tell Flip there—he will grow up like his mother, all body and no brains ! ” But I cap that with a rhyme of my own county in England :

Derbyshire born and Derbyshire bred,
Strong i' the arm and thick i' the head.

In the evening we sat talking of many things—the Dutch Boer and the English *courant-schryver* “ takin’ notes ”—out in the clear air on the stoep. A cool breeze rustled the blue-gum over our head. Flocks and herds came trailing in from all sides towards the stone kraal, where they spend the night. The sunset was one of those that hold you breathless. A few clouds swam about the sky, each one an argosy of changing hues. The far-off mountains, and the stony knolls or “ kopjes ” on the farm, were mantled first with gold, then crimson, then purple, then softest dun, as the glory faded out of a “ bed of daffodil sky ” and left a dim, tender green. And then, in all the purity of an African night, the Southern Cross and all the constellations of the south sailed into our ken.

Our good hosts would not hear of the invaders hurrying away, so I slept that night in the corner of an Afrikaner farm. As I turned into the small, clean, snowy bed, I thought over this new kind of fellow citizen that I had come to know. Have I idealised at all ? Have the warm tints of that evening glow got upon my brush by stealth ? I think not. I do not say that Uncle Dan was not a favourable specimen—a man more than the common, shrewd and intelligent, as well as honest. He could laugh, for instance, at his Dutch neighbours the wool-farmers for their blind resistance to the Scab Act—a necessary measure which they fancy will ruin them in sheep-wash in the vain attempt to cure what they regard as a visitation of God. But he had the prejudices of his class all the same, and spoke them out. He was dead against the Excise, for instance, deemed it a blow aimed at the farmers, and cried that they were the backbone of the country. He was wrong about the Excise, but he was right about the farmers, as Sir Gordon Sprigg declared when I told him of the conversation. They are, as yet, the backbone of the colony. They must be that until and unless there is some big industrial and manufacturing advance in the towns. Well, I drove to other farms, I saw other farmers. One might be of more gigantic mould, another of less ; this one had pomegranates in bloom at his door, that one gardenias and roses. But the type was the same ; and it is one of whose intermixture in our

national manhood we may be glad. Farewell, Uncle Dan ! You and I, most likely, will never meet again. But to you and your sturdy race henceforth I can never feel a stranger. Now, at last, my fellow countrymen at home are beginning to understand you ; and, for my part, I will tell them that I never want to see in rougher coat or homelier fashion a better gentleman.

With " Uncle Dan " Garrett had political conversations ; his host was one of those Dutch voters who, for all their racial sympathy with Transvaal cousins, did not love President Kruger's treatment of Cape Colony in fiscal matters. He was a type of the Dutch upon whom, as described above, Rhodes relied. Garrett, when he landed in South Africa, had not, I think, met Rhodes, nor did he come across him till towards the end of his visit. " I was seedy," he wrote, " after six nights in the train, part of which penance was a flying rush to catch the great Rhodes ; I did catch him, and had him to myself in a railway carriage for a good many hours." He saw with his own eyes and listened with his own ears, and his conclusions were his own. That they coincided with the policy which Rhodes was then pursuing is further illustration of the ideas fermenting in men's minds. But Garrett was never satisfied with reporting generalities ; he believed, like his master Mr. Stead, in the journalist as unofficial diplomatist ; and even a travelling correspondent might put in a stroke of business on behalf of his country, while at the same time securing what in journalistic slang is called a " scoop " for his paper.

For such adventures Garrett was peculiarly well fitted. He was a capital talker ; he had complete assurance, and " a way with him " which even the grimmest or most consequential of men found it difficult to resist. He had not been many days in South Africa before he determined to beard the lion in his den ; to interview President Kruger, that is, and submit to him terms for the pacification and fusion of South Africa. I forget whether it was

of this, or of a later adventure of a like kind, that I have been told a story of a horror-stricken High Commissioner. Garrett called on his Excellency to propound his patent for settling all outstanding questions with President Kruger. The great man's incredulous smile passed into close attention as his visitor enlarged upon the theme in a way that showed complete mastery of the subject. “ I think,” said his Excellency, “ that there may be something in what you suggest. If you will be good enough to submit a written memorandum of your views to me, I will go carefully into the many complicated bearings of the question ; and if I see my way through them I shall communicate with the Colonial Office and ascertain if anything can be done.” “ Oh,” said Garrett, “ I have already been up to Pretoria and laid the scheme before Oom Paul, so that everything is ready.” His Excellency knew not whether to frown at the young man's indiscretion or to smile at his audacity.

Garrett's first interview with President Kruger was in January 1890. Five years later, at a more critical stage in South African history, there was a second interview. The reports of them (in each case sanctioned by the President) are reprinted in this volume (pp. 201, 209). They are of interest to journalists, as touching, I think, the high-water mark of skill in that sort. As human documents, they are well worth preservation, for they give a more vivid character-sketch of a remarkable man than is elsewhere, so far as I am aware, to be found. Read together, they afford also an interesting illustration of a passage in South African history—revealing as they do the hardening of President Kruger's heart, and the widening incompatibility between two political systems, which were to have a sequel so momentous.

The political details of the interviews need not here detain us ; the phase to which they refer is dead and buried. Garrett's idea, to which he reverted in many an article

in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was that Swaziland should be bartered for political and fiscal concessions in the Transvaal. This was an idea which had already, in a somewhat half-hearted way, been taken up by the Colonial Office. In the end it came to nothing; whether because Great Britain would not pay the full price, or because President Kruger raised his terms and was unwilling to give adequate *quid pro quo*, is a question which the reader acquainted with South African affairs may here be left to answer for himself. The interesting thing is that Garrett, collecting the best information on the spot, was convinced in 1889-90 that the difficulties in the Transvaal would in one way or another find a peaceful solution. He was not insensible to the dangers of the situation, and his account of the Flag Incident (March 4, 1890) is worth recalling for its emphatic prediction that "the gold-reefed city" did not contain the materials out of which revolution is made, and for its curious revelation of mad-cap ideas which even then were working in some men's minds:

"We swear by the Southern Cross to stand truly by each other, and fight to defend our rights and liberties." So ran the oath of the insurgent gold-diggers thirty-six years ago, who lost the battle of Ballarat, but won no less than freedom for Australia. The Ballarat of to-day is Johannesburg. Are the Englishmen there also to have their battle of Ballarat? I hope not. They have no such personal wrongs to resent, and every day drives a nail in the coffin of the obstructive policy by which their industry is crushed. But the situation has its elements of danger; and at the time when I went out to report on it I know that the soberest statesmen had qualms. Such a man as the late Lord Carnarvon, for instance, then fancied that he caught the first far-off mutterings of a thunderstorm. He had hope that it would never burst; but it was rather hope than assured faith. When I reached the Republic, I half expected to find the air surcharged with electricity. Talks with representatives of every section of the community soon gave me a less sensational reading of the barometer. My report was emphatic enough in the pacific

sense, I thought, to satisfy the most settled optimist. I gave four very sufficient reasons why the only people in the Transvaal who might conceivably begin a fight would never do anything of the kind.

First, that they were not of the stuff of which revolutionaries are made. Next, that they had not the plant of a revolution—or not of one which should last more than twenty-four hours. Then, that they had no grievances worth fighting about. And last, that such as they had were in course of removal. Whatever else may be said of these generalisations, a lack of airy confidence is probably the last defect which most people would find in them. But they who hang on the ups and downs of stocks are a sensitive race of men ; and in some quarters I was taken to task as an alarmist for having so much as suggested the possibility of any breach of the peace on the Rand goldfields.

A week or two later (it was in March 1890), the cable flashed to London from Johannesburg the startling news of the “ flag incident.” The “ flag incident ” came at a critical moment. Under the joint influence of financial depression and dilatory promises of reform, feeling just then among the mining community ran high. On his way to a conference with the Queen’s High Commissioner, which promised to seal a general South African amity, President Kruger passed through Johannesburg. Ten thousand *uitlanders* surged round him, eager for a declaration, furious when they were disappointed. There was something like a riot, almost a mob-siege of the house where his Honour was. Then some reckless spirit took the lead, and to the tune of “ Rule Britannia ” the national flag was dragged down from the Government offices, and trampled in the mud. One impulsive Jingo who was there has since unfolded to me a very pretty plot, which happily went no further than the mad impulse of a few young spirits that evening—a plot for capturing the Transvaal Republic—no less. Hard by were tethered the horses of the President’s guard of honour. The surprise party was to seize these, dash for Pretoria, take and distribute the State arsenal—I forget how many stands of arms. Another surprise party meanwhile was to seize the person of the President, and then—but enough of a folly which at least illustrates the Rabagasian spirit of the hour ; for, mind you, my man was a man of substance and standing here and at Johannesburg. It is all very ridiculous, of course, and the respectable residents hastened to say so next day. But it was some time before the public peace was quit of the menace of retaliation.

Garrett, then, did not believe in revolution ; what he believed in was a stream of tendency which would make for reform. In Cecil Rhodes he saw "the Necessary Man." "Mr. Rhodes," he wrote, "is the one common denominator to all the fractions—the Colonial Imperialist, the Federal Home Ruler, the English Afrikaner, the man who can so carry the Union Jack that Dutch Boer will go forward under its folds shoulder to shoulder with Cape Colonist, with Natalian, with Englishman. He alone at the Cape seems able to strike out of his native energy heat enough to bring to the fusing point those divergent elements—divergent in a low temperature—' Empire ' and ' Self-Government.' " Such was to be the rôle of Mr. Rhodes as Premier of Cape Colony, and director of the northern expansion. In the Transvaal, the *Zeitgeist* was to work. "Even the staunchest and the stolidest of the men in power at Pretoria realise," thought Garrett, "that they are but making terms with time." The Orange Free State—whose President, Mr. Reitz, was also interviewed—was to assist in the general pacification ; and Garrett's final words were of confident hope :

Of the great forces which make for union among peoples—community of laws, of manners, of interests, of religion, of language and of race—we find all in South Africa except the two last. Those two exceptions, indeed, would suffice to sever a nationality, but only if the drift of them were apart. The drift of them is together. As for language, we can surely afford to stand aside and let nature have its way. The "Cape Dutch" idiom is a flexible and racy *patois*. But a *patois* it is : a natural son, bred of accidental strains, and differing from his mother Dutch as green "Cape Smoke" differs from ripe old Hollands. On the side of English fight two mighty allies—Commerce and Letters ; besides that flourishing native strength which has already made of the round world as it were a huge Whispering Gallery to carry to its uttermost ends the lightest word of English speech. When we think that—

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves !

—surely we need not vex ourselves about the Language question. And as for Race, it is no wonder how well these two manly strains are mingling together ; for what are these Afrikaner Dutch at bottom, and what else are we, but Frisians brightened with French or Norman blood, and hardened with a touch of Scandinavian mettle ? I believe your typical Boer family has every one of those grafts somewhere on its genealogical tree ; and there is something startlingly Afrikaner-like in the pictures which history draws for us of our own Boer ancestor, the Frisian *ceorl*, the “ weaponed man,” the landed man, in his homestead among the sand-flats of the Elbe. Perhaps the train of thought seems fanciful. It has its purpose. To stubborn English insularity there is great virtue in a touch of kinship. The Boers of the Cape, not long ago, have chafed under our rule. The Boers of the Free State have thrown us off. The Boers of the Transvaal have stood against us rifle in hand. Are we then to go on for ever bandying the hard name of “ rebel ” and the untrue name of “ traitor ” ?

“ Strong mother of a lion-line, be proud of those strong sons of thine, who wrenched their rights from thee ! ” That is how we have learnt to feel towards the rebels of Bunker’s Hill—our sons. Towards the rebels of Brunker’s Spruit, our cousins, we might rise at least to the temper of those fine lines of Clough’s to the men who fell at Peschiera :

You said (there shall be answer fit),
 “ And if our children must obey,
 They must—but thinking on this day
 ’Twill less debase them to submit ! ”

We may call them slow-coaches, these South African kinsmen—Rip Van Winkles in politics and in religion. We may deplore their primitiveness, marvel at some of their ideas, and smile over their toilets. But at least let us speak of them and think of them as friends. Treat in that spirit South African questions as they come up. Admit that spirit in Swaziland, where we are not masters of the situation, as well as in Matabeleland or Bechuanaland, where we are. Realise that for that sort of Imperialism which means the Divine Right of Downing Street there is indeed, in Sir Hercules Robinson’s words, no more room in South Africa ;* and that the idea of any reimposition of Lanyonism in the Transvaal would be scouted at least as hotly by the English there as by the Dutch. Grant the idea that this no more means Republicanism in them than the Home Rule

* See below, p. 94 *n*.

instincts of the colonial Dutch mean "treason" and "separation." Once grasp these things here in England, put in the stocks the people who talk or write about "keeping down the Boers" or "hemming-in the Boers," as if they were rat-hunting rather than seeking to cement a political alliance; gag, in the occasional aberrations of those good men, the Aborigines' Protection Society; and you will have gone a long way towards that unity through which alone South Africa can grapple with its future. Only, we must not hurry. "Raw haste, half-sister to Delay," is the evil genius which has again and again betrayed us. . . . "*Geduld en moed*," as President John Brand used to say to his handful of Free State burghers in the troublous times through which he piloted them so well: "*Geduld en moed*," (Patience and Pluck), "*alles zal regt komen*." In that spirit, Reader, let us part company.

It was the right spirit in which to approach the problems of South Africa, and Garrett's cheery optimism found favour with all parties. To himself also, who had gone out in search of health, the Cape seemed truly to be of Good Hope. South Africa, he said, was "the land of health restored," and with such an England beyond the sea "no young Englishman need take any message from his lungs, however urgent, as a death-warrant. Here, among his own kith and kin, under English laws, with English speech, he may carve out a career as high as he is capable of." He recalled how both Sir Gordon Sprigg and Cecil Rhodes first came to South Africa as boys whose friends hardly looked to see them live to be men. Garrett also had found new strength in the land of Good Hope, and returned to England fit and ready to take up new work.

CHAPTER IV

ASSISTANT-EDITOR OF THE *PALL MALL*

“The more one does, the more one can do. I have a busy day, but I like it. A new keenness and feeling of power and responsibility, and the need for supplying with all diligence 10,000 shortcomings and wasted opportunities, press me daily forward.”—F. E. G. to J. H. B.

GARRETT returned to England from South Africa early in 1890, and at once resumed work upon the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Stead had resigned the editorship, and on succeeding him I had offered the assistant-editorship to Garrett. He received my offer at Madeira, and cabled a willing acceptance. There now began, I believe for both of us, and certainly for me, a period of very happy co-operation. We were well disposed to each other already; our intercourse soon became more continuous, and ripened into a friendship which I account one of the chief privileges of my life.

Edmund was the gayest and most inspiring of companions. He was deeply interested in all political and other matters of serious import, but he was the sworn foe of whatever is pompous and tiresome. These were characteristics also of his writing. I suppose that no daily journalist can hope never to fall into the otiose, the trite, or the vapid; but the proportion of those elements in Garrett's articles was unusually small; his style was peculiarly pointed, alive, alert. It was part of his duty to see many “great, wise and eminent” persons, and he used to hit off their foibles in happy phrases or nicknames. Perhaps I have forgotten of whom he complained that he would never field out and could only with the utmost difficulty be persuaded to bat, and of whom it was that he used to speak as the Uncle Pumblechook

of the Party. He was an excellent mimic, and had his favourite butts. He was specially fond of imitating the question put to him by a certain eminent divine: "Tell me, young man, what is the reason that your paper has so little sympathy for this m-e-enistry?" I can quite believe that Garrett satisfied his curiosity, and that, at no inconsiderable length. It was of the same divine that a story was told me—place and particulars indeterminate—of Garrett in his Cambridge, or early London, days. At the conclusion of a long discourse, the speaker desired to know if any young man present would like to ask a question. Garrett sprung up, and held the audience for a full half-hour, not asking a question, however, but contraverting much of the previous discourse.

Into the daily work of the paper, Garrett threw himself with whole-hearted zest and enjoyment. We were proud of our positions, glad of our opportunities, and devoted, in common with our colleagues, to the welfare of the Paper, which, if this piece of egotism may be forgiven, attained in our hands a prosperity in some respects which hitherto it had more richly deserved, but had not, in fact, attained. Garrett described the work in a letter to his friend, Mr. Badley (March 7, '90):

I am supposed to get down to office at 8, having read the day's news over breakfast table. From then to 9.30 or 10 it is a wild scramble. There are occasional notes, &c., to be written on whatsoever the day has brought forth, and barely time to get through the mere writing of them in quantity. Rapid decision and sharp, short clarifying and expression of ideas are the order of the day. I may at any moment be called on to write the leader; for instance, I did write the one the other day on Swaziland. It is stiff work at first.

Of Garrett's miscellaneous contributions one skit in particular is still well remembered. Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his Anglo-Indian fame had just reached England, and he had been made the victim of exuberant heralding as a "Celebrity at Home" in the *World*. There was

the inevitable reaction of revolt against the "boom" and "J. K. S." wrote his vision of the good time coming "when Rudyard's cease from Kipling and Haggards ride no more." Garrett took his turn in the game by an article under this heading :

LIONS IN THEIR DENS.

NO. DCCCXCIX.

MR. HATCHARD CHICKLING AT TEMPLE FLATS *

Mr. Chickling was depicted, in "the commanding eminence from which he looks down upon his fellow men, though, in fact, only raised above their heads by a few stories," as "smoking incense out of a hubble-bubble." Mr. Kipling, I have been told, found in Garrett's skit both amusement and instruction; and registered a vow which, I believe, has been strictly kept, that never again would he surrender himself to an interviewer. Those few stories, and their successors were, I may add, to take a place among Garrett's favourite reading. He and Kipling met afterwards in South Africa, and became the best of friends. He organised a dinner to Mr. Kipling at the City Club in Cape Town, writing an appropriate *menu*, beginning with "Caviare to the Little Englander," and on another occasion Mr. Kipling and his family spent a day with him at "The Eagle's Nest," of which retreat we shall hear later. Of Garrett's genuine interviews, a good example is one which he wrote after seeing Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Marion Lea about their "Ibsen Experiment" at the Vaudeville. "Only please don't put us down as Ibsenites!" he made the ladies say. "We *don't* cut our hair short, and we *don't* wear green bed-gowns, and we *don't* rebel against baulked individuality, and that sort of thing. We don't really." Ibsen was one of Garrett's principal hobbies, and he wrote critiques

* *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 8, 1890.

of *Hedda Gabler* and other plays. An interview with Sir Edward Poynter is also worth mentioning. The artist did not come off second best in this friendly encounter. He was painting his *Queen of Sheba visiting King Solomon*. Garrett opened thus: "What with Solomon and Mrs. Solomon (that is, two or three rows of her as Artemus Ward phrased it among the Mormons), and Solomon's guards, and slaves, and counsellors, and the Queen of Sheba and her retinue, you must have found it rather hard to invent so many faces or to find so many suitable models?" "That," replied the artist, "is just the difficulty I am in. And excuse me, but would *you* mind giving me a sitting? Oh yes, you would do very well. I know just what I want. Look, I should put you in there against the pillar. Now, your eyes on that blue pot, please." The study which Sir Edward Poynter made of his interviewer is preserved; it showed, Garrett wrote, "how much more interesting one looks in chalk than one ever contrived to in a looking-glass."* Standing for his portrait did not prevent conversation, and the interviewer published a lively account of "How I became a model: A talk with Mr. Poynter"—a revenge which the artist took in good part, in consideration of the charming little piece which Garrett made of it all.†

* Garrett was, in fact, of prepossessing appearance. The photograph, reproduced as frontispiece to this volume, is a good likeness, but misses the sparkle of his eyes and sunny smile. A jest which some of his friends will remember is a suggestion which he sent to a journalistic comrade for a prize competition to select the two ugliest men. He placed himself high in the list, but the point of the thing was to carry by a heavy vote a mutual Cambridge friend to the head of the poll.

† *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 23, 1890. On reading the interview, Sir Edward Poynter wrote to Garrett objecting to interviews on principle, but added: "This being premised, I must say that it would be impossible to record the 'interview' in a less indiscreet way, or in a kinder spirit than you have done; and I should be most ungrateful to complain, especially as you have put such opinions as I expressed not only quite accurately, but in far better terms than I could myself have used to convey them. If the article were not about myself, I should venture to add a little praise of the delightfully light style in which it was written."

Pieces such as this, with descriptive articles, occasional verse and the like, were among Garrett's brightest work, but it was on politics that his heart was set. He was now the South African expert, and kept in touch with all persons and events connected with that country. I remember an interview of his with "King Gungunyana's Envoys," for a phrase he used of their "fluent and sonorous Zulu": it was "the Italian of South African tongues." In the matter of leading articles, we sometimes adopted a plan of co-operation. We used to talk the subject over, plan out the treatment and then each of us write a half of the article. Authors say, I believe, that the title is the hardest part of the book. Certainly, in the case of political journalism, a happy title, a phrase that puts the point in a nutshell, is often more than half the battle. Garrett used to enjoy this hunt for "the proper leader-title"—a form of sport in which our first master, Mr. Stead, had been an adept. When Lord Salisbury was meditating one of his "graceful concessions" to Germany in Central Africa, by surrendering uninterrupted communication along the thin water-way, we asked "Why cut the wasp's waist?" The Minister's alternatives, it was said on another day, were "Settle, scuttle or scramble"; and when he chose what we considered the least desirable alternative, we gave ourselves, as political opponents, the exaggerated satisfaction of remembering that "Lord Salisbury's Sedan" had been announced (June 18, 1890) on the anniversary of Waterloo. But the little exercise in this sort which pleased us most was when, in a joint-article on the subject of Electoral Reform and Redistribution, we first hit upon the phrase "One Vote, One Value."*

The political crisis which was of most importance during the years of Garrett's assistant editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was the Parnell Split, caused by the

* *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 3, 1891

O'Shea Divorce case. I have told the story of it fully elsewhere, in a little brochure which I issued with the assistance of Garrett and other members of the staff.* The sudden bolt from the blue (so far as the general public was concerned), coming quickly upon the conclusion of the Gladstone-Parnell alliance, caused equal excitement and consternation, and quick decisions had to be taken. The political stir and bustle pleased Garrett greatly, and, though he was far from well at the time, he revelled in being in the thick of the fight. On one occasion, when I was otherwise detained, he kept an appointment with Mr. Gladstone on my behalf. This, his only personal interview with one of his political heroes, made a great impression upon him, and some years later he recalled the scene :

In his closing years Gladstone told somebody that it was only his intense desire to achieve justice to Ireland that kept him in political "and, I may say, in physical life." Few things were more pathetic than to watch the slow pitiless course of events impressing it upon him that it would never be his to reach the goal for which he had sacrificed everything. The Lords would last him out, hampered by Irish faction. It happens that the present writer had the privilege of a talk with Gladstone at one of the most cruel moments of this slow and painful disillusionment. It was the only time, save for an empty social meeting ; and therefore it is well remembered. The talk was at the time of the attempt to make Parnell retire till the O'Shea scandal had blown over ; it was on the very morning of the appearance of Mr. Parnell's letter refusing, and bidding defiance to Mr. Gladstone, and dubbing him (was it not in that letter ?) "grand old spider." The day before, like many days, had been a day of parleyings, deputations, persuasions, disputations all day long, such as might well have kept an octogenarian late abed next morning. But he was up and alert at his writing-table with the paper and the fatal letter spread out before him. Very aged and worn he looked, in the grey wintry London light (it was in Mr. Stuart Rendel's house where he was then living) ; and his hands trembled as he sought among his papers for the copy of the letter which he had written.

* "The Story of the Parnell Crisis : Told from Authentic Sources, Public and Private." (*Pall Mall Gazette* "Extra," No. 54.) 1891.

"Most extraordinary, aye and well-nigh incredible!" he said in a sad, tired voice, of Mr. Parnell's action. And again:

"This will be hard to heal; this makes terrible difficulties!" And his eye kindled a little at the remark of his interlocutor that most young Liberals never wished to heal the breach, so far as Parnell personally was concerned: the insult and the ingratitude were enough for them. The flash showed how sore and wounded the personal violence, as well as the political recklessness, of Parnell's letter had left him. That after all the squalid wrangling and faction-fights that followed Gladstone should still have been able to get one last Home Rule majority, to form his fourth Ministry, and to build up the house of cards for the House of Lords to knock down, is certainly a reminder that faith can remove mountains.*

Garrett during these years shared a flat in Museum Chambers, Bloomsbury, with Mr. J. J. Withers, the friend to whom the verses at the head of my first chapter were addressed. He sends me the following reminiscences of their life together:

Edmund Garrett threw himself into everything heart and soul; there were no half-measures with him. While Parliament was sitting he was generally at the House from the early afternoon to the early hours of next morning, when he used to have to return home and write his "copy." I fully believe that in these nights of strenuous work with little food the seeds were sown of the illness which ultimately carried him off. During the time the House was not sitting, and on the nights in the Session when it rose early, I used to go home in the afternoon at about six. We used to meet at our flat or the British Museum Reading Room, where we were both employed to a certain extent, and we then used to dine at the Holborn Restaurant, or afterwards at the National Liberal Club. I say we used to "dine," but generally it was I who dined and Garrett who did not. The procedure was somewhat as follows. On coming in, I found him writing some article. He looked up from his work and said, "Oh, wait a minute, old chap, and I'll come out to dinner." Half-past seven came. I said, "Hadn't you better come out to dinner?" "Oh! hang you, wait a minute and I'll come out; I haven't quite finished." At half-past eight I used to slip out of the door without attracting his attention. At

* "*Gladstoniana*," in the *Cape Times*, May 23, 1898.

half-past nine I would come back. He was still writing. I would sit down and read the paper. At eleven he would say, "Well, that's finished ; now let us go out and have some dinner." I explained that I had had my dinner. He would look at his watch, swear it was wrong, and then go out and have some fruit and cream, which was pretty well all he would eat when he was tired.

His Parliamentary work brought Garrett in touch with many interesting people, and they used to come to our flat to see us. Michael Davitt at one time was a frequent visitor, and I have a very vivid recollection of discussing with him and Edmund the evidence which Pigott was to give in the Parnell Commission. Davitt was exceedingly anxious to get up the past history of Pigott, and Garrett threw himself with no little energy into assisting in this investigation, with some success. Another occasional visitor was Mr. Stead. He appeared to me to be much of the same temperament as Edmund, for when they were discussing anything they were so absorbed in the discussion that nothing material seemed to affect them at all. I remember one afternoon when Stead was coming to tea, that Edmund made great preparation for the entertainment. He sent out our old servant to get some cakes, and these were produced in the shape of some extremely brittle and hard pieces of pastry with cream inside. When Stead arrived these were placed before him, and, as was customary, he and Edmund got into a discussion at once. Stead, however, had the cream cakes in front of him, and he prodded at them with a fork to try to break one in two. The cakes were so brittle that they flew about in all directions over the floor. This did not seem in the least to trouble either Stead or his host. Stead didn't want to eat them, and Edmund calmly trod them into my carpet, which caused me a very great deal of heart-burning at the time, for to tell the truth I was very much more concerned in the carpet than in the discussion.

Many old Cambridge friends of both of us used to come to see us. In fact our little flat was a place of call for all sorts of Cambridge men, who were much attracted by Garrett's lovable nature, his power of conversation and his quick sympathy. I have heard him, whose ideas of rowing were of the crudest, discussing the niceties of the latest rowing question, such as the length of a slide for a sliding seat, with Cambridge "blues," and giving his opinion with the best of them. Mr. G. L. Dickinson, the philosopher, and Mr. Barry Pain, the humourist, often

came to see us. Mr. Barry Pain was then starting in London and was just making a name for himself, and he and Garrett had much in common. One thing especially they had in common—each was absorbed in any work he was doing at the time and anxious that the other should hear all about it. I remember one evening in our flat sitting opposite the fire with Barry Pain on one side and Edmund on the other, when they both had proofs in their hands. Each proceeded to read the proof with running comments, paying not the slightest attention to the fact that the other was doing exactly the same thing. The position of myself as ultimate peacemaker was not enviable.

Garrett had no idea of time, and he used to get into some trouble at the office of the *Pall Mall* for this reason. "This must stop," he said to me, "and matters must be mended." A day or two afterwards an invitation came from the proprietor to dinner. Edmund said that at any rate there must be no doubt about this entertainment and his punctual attendance thereat, and a good deal of fuss was made about getting ready for it. Shirts were looked out, white ties and dress clothes were overhauled, and all the resources of our establishment brought into requisition, so that the appearance of the guest should do justice to the host. Dinner was at eight, and long before that time Edmund was arrayed in spotless raiment, starting out in good time to get to the dinner. I stayed reading in the flat. After about half an hour I heard somebody coming upstairs, and I heard to my amazement the latch-key put into the lock. The door opened and in came Edmund with a face ashy pale. He took off his hat and threw it on the floor, and said, "Hang it all, old man, I have muddled it again; it was last Wednesday." We did not hear very much of punctuality for some time after that, although he was always exhorting me to keep time. One Sunday he determined that he should have some good healthy exercise on the river, and it was explained to him that to get a good day down at Maidenhead we had to start by an early train in the morning. He was all for starting at any time in the morning, and due preparations were made. The night before it was pointed out to him that there was a very nice train about nine o'clock in the morning at Paddington. He wondered whether we could not catch an earlier train, but finally that was decided upon. Next morning we had endless trouble to get him off, and ultimately he caught the eleven o'clock, being helped into the guard's van as the train was going out. Down on the river he lay back in the stern and said to us,

"But it's really worth while you fellows getting up in the morning to get this glorious day on the river. It is such a difference if one starts early." We asked him gently what train he thought he had caught. "The nine o'clock, you fools, of course," he replied. He was extremely annoyed when he found that he had just caught the eleven o'clock, and that with some difficulty. About money he was as vague as about time. He was, as Mr. Rhodes said of his college dons, "a child" in such matters.

Garrett had an extraordinary power of throwing himself into any cause which he took up. His whole life for the time was in what he was engaged upon. He simply saw that subject and nothing else. He would have been a crank, to use a familiar expression, but for one circumstance, and that was he had a saving sense of humour that kept him within bounds and made his work so effective. Keen as he was on social questions, and especially on all questions relating to the sexes, yet this sense of humour always kept him within reason. Had he not had it he would have been a bigot, and a very troublesome one at that. But this sense of the ridiculous always modified his views and made his considered attitude of real value.

His knowledge of English poetry was astonishing. He had almost every well-known passage in English verse by heart,* and he himself was no mean rhymester. He improvised verses on every question of the moment then pending, either personal or public.

As a friend Garrett was loyalty itself. I well remember in the little smoking-room of the National Liberal Club (known as "The Vestry"), where we used to go sometimes after dinner, some old *habitué* in a pompous way speaking disrespectfully of one of Edmund's friends. He listened attentively for a moment to the conversation, and then without a moment's hesitation jumped up, stood in front of the fireplace, and addressed the audience of the room, to their utter amazement, and soundly abused the old and reverend gentleman who had dared to criticise any one who was his friend. It was an angry scene, but good nature subsequently prevailed, and hands were shaken at the end of the entertainment. His friends were no less warmly attached to him, and well they may have been, for his combination of qualities—such as chivalry, highmindedness, loyalty, wit and power of hard work—made up a man whose like we shall not easily see again.

* I may add that Garrett (as became a Trinity man) was especially fond, among the older poets, of Marvell [E. T. C.].

The days which Mr. Withers thus describes were always pleasant in Garrett's memory. "Come what may," he wrote in illness to his old friend many years later, "I have had a very happy and bright life, in snatches; and one of the snatches which I always remember with most warmth and with many a wholesome laugh, is that of the old Museum Chambers days. Both of us have done a lot since then, but the first fine careless rapture belongs undimmed to old M. C. Life 'took us all of a 'eap,' and we drank it (not quite) all in January—like poor old —— with your 'audit.' "

Garrett's holidays during these years of work at the *Pall Mall Gazette* were generally spent with his sisters and with college friends abroad. His high spirits soon shook off the lassitude of over-work and even the memory of his constitutional weakness. "No one," writes Mr. Badley of a holiday in Norway in 1888, "could more keenly enjoy the delights of an open-air holiday than he always did; and in Norway we had them to the full—scrambling to our heart's content; days' tramps in scenes of endless variety and endless beauty; bathing now in crystal-clear river-pools, now in a fiord chill with glacial river or warmed with the gulf-stream, or, 'to see what is felt like,' in the stinging and blinding drive of the spray of a giant waterfall; belated on unknown mountains, caught in storms on mountain-lakes; finding everywhere the warmest hospitality and, in those less travelled parts to which we mainly kept, a people absolutely unspoilt and unsophisticated. The charm of country and people awoke interest in its literature, and led, later on, to his translation of *Brand* and of others of Ibsen's poems; and he always looked back to the times we had together in Norway, not only as the best of holidays, but also as a happy influence in his life. A second visit to Norway in the following year, completed the spell that 'der gammle land' had thrown over us."

A letter of this period to Mr. Badley, shows the vein of mock-seriousness which Garrett used a good deal to his friends :

2 MUSEUM CHAMBERS,
October 10.

DEAR J. H. B.,—I very much want to answer properly your two splendid letters, for which thanks a thousand times and for all that underlies them. I should have answered before but for work—a week away at Manchester—neuralgia, &c. I *will* write soon. But meanwhile something rather serious has come up, which I must write about *at once*.

Dear old John and I have been having some talks about your name.

We think "Jack" sounds somehow too light and flippant. If you come to think of it, there isn't really much to choose between it and "Jamie." "Jack the Ripper," for instance, is a rather *too* ripping association. But first I should tell you that we have written to *Henry* about calling him by that name. "Harry" is so awfully un-serious, you know. A man called Harry is blasted from the font. I think it is easy to under-rate the influence of these little things on character. Now "Henry" calls up grand historical associations. The mere name is a trumpet. We both hope it will be of great help to him in his life.

Have you heard from my sister Mary lately—by the way, I haven't told you yet, have I, about our agreeing to call her by this name? It is her first name, you know; and we think "Amy" doesn't *describe* her at all. One wants a name to be more than a mere way of calling one. It should convey a testimonial, a picture, a criticism of life. "Amy" suggests only the "shallow-hearted" associations of Locksley Hall.

Now about yourself. You see we want "John" for Withers, and Henry is already occupied for the friend whom, in our thoughtless days, when we were content to take names as we found them, we used to call "Harry." So that unless your second name turns out to be Habakkuk or Hezekiah or Hali-carnassus—something for the mind to feed on—we shall be rather up a genealogical tree in the matter of nomenclature. We think, both of us, that it would be *really* the *best* thing for us *all* to meet and talk it over—say up at Newcastle, which seems the most natural and simple thing now that we are all pretty well massed in the South of England.

Please write about this, and send it on to Mary and Henry.
Love from John.

Believe me, Hezekiah, old man,

Yours,

FYDELL.

Of Garrett's services in graver friendship, Mr. Badley sends me the following illustrations :

That winter I was going through a time of much difficulty and perplexity, and found new depths in his friendship, both unfailing sympathy and also a sureness of judgment that brushed aside the puzzling surface questions and went straight to the heart of the matter. There was in him always the true quality of statesmanship that in any question at once looked through to the principle involved, and never lost grip of that while adjusting externals ; while in this adjustment he was no doctrinaire but took all sides of human nature into account. No less striking was his faith in human nature and in the ultimate working out of things for good—a faith that only deepened in the later years when he had to give up so many of his own hopes. It was characteristically expressed in a letter of this time :

“ — cannot recognise (what to me seems inseparable from any conception of good as the strongest in the universe) that there *never is*, though there often seems to be, for any human soul on earth, an Inextricable Woe. To look upon any one, however high, loved, and beset, as a damned soul even for the period of this material life, is to my mind simply lack of faith—lack of that ultimate indispensable faith which is broader and deeper than all religions, seeing that they are only superstructures on it.

“ To me, this trouble does seem inextricable in a way, because I don't wholly understand it and feel helpless before it. But that it is so really and altogether—I simply scout the idea. I have faith absolute in love, working under any humanly conceivable conditions, so long as it is within itself firm and sure, no matter what conflicts with it outside of its own essence. Love is strong, as the world testifies ; but two loves are as near as possible almighty.”

In 1891 the month's holiday was spent in Switzerland instead of Norway. Garrett was far from well, and an

uncomfortable day and night journey out to Arolla, in the mistaken idea of getting as long a time as possible in the mountain air, resulted in his having to spend a good part of the time in getting over the fatigue. He and his friends did not realise that it was any more than this; but another warning came when, after a fortnight's rest and a few scrambles, they made the first attempt at the climbing they had come for. Near the top there was a sudden drag on the rope, and in a moment the guide was applying handfuls of snow to Garrett's neck. Alike in work and play the strength of body was unequal to the strain. A characteristic episode in the autumn of 1891 brought things to the breaking-point.

In the romance of "Sir John Constantine," Q.'s hero is fired by an announcement in the newspapers to the following effect :

A gentleman—having read that the Methodist Preachers are to pay a visit to Falmouth next month, and that on the occasion of their last visit certain women, their sympathisers, were set upon and brutally handled by the mob—hereby announces that he will be present on the Market Strand, Falmouth, with intent to put a stop to such behaviour, and invites any who share his indignation to meet him there and help to see fair play.

EUGENIO.

There was romance to be found in the nineteenth, as in an earlier, century. One day in October 1891, "Eugenio" appeared in person in Northumberland Street. Garrett was told off to see him, and described the interview with characteristic spirit, humour and literary skill :—

Yesterday there irrupted into the office from which issues this sheet a Man. Large, athletically built, in a Norfolk jacket, he had the air of a country gentleman. Branching moustaches, soldierly bearing, and a weather-beaten face with boldly cut features, made him look like an officer. But, officer and gentleman apart, he bore upon him the unmistakable stamp of a Man. Before he had been long talking I found myself thinking

of Dartrey Fenellan, of Nevil Beauchamp, of Beauchamp's Tory uncle and Radical teacher, of Richard Feverel, of half a dozen other variations of that type which Mr. George Meredith loves so well, and which he has introduced into his novels almost as regularly as that excellent foil to it—the cynical epigrammatist. Clearly this man was an Englishman after Mr. Meredith's own heart—one of those who are to this Agnostic age what the “muscular Christians” were to an age of Church Revival.

I had always liked them from afar in books. And now I was to meet a live one. “Upon my soul, sir,” said Fenellan, flaming tremendously, “things have come to a pass.” “Admitted; but which particular things have you in your mind?” “Things at Eastbourne.” “You are a sympathiser with the Salvationists . . . on the side of constitutional right, perhaps?” “I don't know about that off-hand. I should have thought they might have been let alone. But that's not my point. The women, sir, the women!” Dartrey Fenellan was urgent, instant, almost pleading in tone. “They might bully and hustle the men as they please—though that's cowardly enough, thousands of them against an unresisting handful. But *women*—do you understand? Have you read it? They knocked down women—trampled them in the mud—beat them—bruised them—*jumped* on one of them—made her hands stream blood! It makes my own blood boil!”

Fenellan's eyes flashed like hard steel. He paused, and felt his pockets for some scraps of paper, untidily pencilled, signed with a flourish, addressed to the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. “I had scribbled something out on paper—I thought you might print it as a letter. Perhaps it is too wild. Let me read it to you—I can decipher my own fist!” . . . Having read his letter, Dartrey Fenellan—or, to give him now his own name as signed, Mr. Charles Money, a scion of the well-known family of that name—Mr. Money paused, evidently not ill-pleased, like Mr. Micawber on a famous occasion, with the rounding of his own sonorous sentences.

“But what do you propose to do, sir?” “Do? Why, go down there myself, sir, with whoever cares to come and join me. Take my stand in front of the poor girls myself, and see if I can't appeal to the manhood of those fellows—if they have any. But they have! Every one has some better self somewhere; especially, sir, in a crowd, when he stands to be judged by other

men. All that's needed is for some one to seize the moment and strike the spark. Why, I remember a fellow in the Mutiny—but I mustn't waste your time with autobiography. Suffice it to say that I have lived among pretty rough-and-tumble men, seen something of life in the old days in Australia, and know human nature at its rudest. Sir, I believe I could shame them if half a dozen other Englishmen will come and stand with me. . . . Will they come? They must, they will! Never did men fail for such a forlorn hope. Say that you will receive names and suggestions—for next Sunday at Eastbourne—and let who will, gentle or simple, do himself the honour to volunteer!"

The editorial post-bag was not over-weighted, if I remember aright, with letters of enlistment. It requires some effort of imagination in these days—when the Salvation Army is an established institution, basking in Royal favour, patted by Government, and having no more frowns to fear than those of rigid Poor-Law inspectors—to realise the prejudice, the hostility, the passion which blazed out in the weekly battles upon the Eastbourne beach. Garrett himself had urged upon Mr. Money counsels of prudence and correctitude. But his tongue was in his cheek, and he had no intention that Dartrey Fenellan should be left in the lurch. Garrett and a few others—among them a staunch friend of his and a colleague at that time upon the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. J. W. Robertson-Scott—made up the minimum band of six, and the expedition met with the success which it deserved but had little expected. To his friend, Mr. Badley, Garrett described the fortunes of the day :

November 3:

DEAR JACK,—I survive, you see. All has gone splendidly. I personally have had about the biggest success of my life in the way of getting hold of a hostile crowd.

Old Money and I went down on Saturday. I was coughing myself out of my skin, and dreaded a cold and drizzly morrow. It rose fine and warm, and I am better for going.

We saw the Mayor—pulled him out of church for the purpose ;

he partly came round to our view, though he utterly denied that women had been knocked down and struck. We then went to the Chief Constable, who told us of several cases . . . and welcomed our aid on the lines that he would stand by, spot, and offer evidence—which no one in Eastbourne dared do, even the local reporters being mobbed for giving accounts of outrages.

We then put on wicket-keepers' "protectors" over a certain part of our anatomy said to be much favoured by the mob when kicking, and went down to the beach where the show was to begin. Nothing much happened there. Thousands of people looked on; the police protected the Salvationists; there were a few ugly rushes. Then the Salvationists, and the crowd, to the number of six or seven thousand, swept along through the streets to the barracks. We six fellows, Money's men, kept near the "lasses" with an open eye. We were spotted as "spies" and hustled and kicked very casually and slightly now and then, but no one seemed to identify us with the "four hundred fighting men" which rumour reported Money to be bringing down from London to champion the lasses. At last the "citadel" was reached. There was a last ugly rush. The police, behaving splendidly, shot the Salvationists into the said citadel, and kept the mob at bay. Suddenly, amid the yells and rushes, Money appears on the wall in front of the citadel, over some spiked railings which the police tell him he'll be knocked down on in five minutes if he doesn't get off, as they won't be able to keep back the mob, now yelling and threatening him. He yelled against them, got out a few words at last about the women, struck an answering note here and there, but got down with the bulk of the crowd hostile. He got down inside the wall, in the citadel yard.

I had been cheering him just below outside, where the police were. I had said I would back him if he spoke; so I jumped up on to the railings and stood there, and they yelled for five minutes. I didn't yell but swore and waited. At last a few began to be for hearing a word; but the claque yelled again, and I swore again—and then some one nigh gave me a hint to get off Salvation Army property. Happy thought! I crawled along the railings to a high party-wall adjoining, climbed on to the corner of that, and finally stood high thereon. This brought some cheers, and I got out that I was *not* a Salvationist. "Open your coat" (I was muffled like a Salvationist somewhat). I flung everything open to my white shirt-front. Cheers and

laughter. Got out then this: "Hear me for five minutes and I'll get down, away from the police, and come into the middle of you, and you can kick me on the belly if you like!" "You've got five minutes to live then!" shouted a voice.

I had my five minutes—appealed about the women—got an absolute silence in the surging sea of 6000 faces—appealed that those who didn't wish Eastbourne to be called coward through all England should put down the few blackguards that hit women—said the "400 fighting men" were only six, and *I* was one of them! Got cheers and a sort of salvo to the question about putting down the women-beaters, if any such appeared in future; came down into the crowd, and through them in five minutes into the open through a lane of cheering, hand-shaking, back-patting, drink-offering people. So to the hotel, whither about two thousand of the mob followed (Money having a scuffle or two on the way, but the others sticking to him as to me finely); and there they called for speeches from everybody from the balcony, and when I asked three cheers for Money they roared them and all ended happily. Nobody was hurt. The Salvationists fared better than ever before all day, and are effusively grateful. I am rather pleased; for it was with a heavy heart I went, being so seedy. Every one says it has done good.

Garrett was quite right. The expedition turned the tide; and not the Salvation Army only, but the cause of civic decency and good order had reason to be grateful to Dartrey Fenellan and his men. Garrett himself gained from the affair a life-long friend. "My dear 'old' Money," he wrote ten years later, "not old nor in any danger of ageing in the essential sense, so long as that grand red of enthusiasm glows in the old bonfire called C. L. M. Your enthusiastic *young* letter delighted me. Let a few of us keep always young in this sense; young in the power to take impressions of people and events fresh and ardently. To be sure, 'old' in 'old Money' has always been for me as we use the word in 'old wine, old books, old friends are best.'" But in other respects this business cost Garrett dear. His courage and his high spirit could carry him

triumphantly through such adventures, but he was making continual overdrafts on his strength. Not many weeks after the visit to Eastbourne, a complete cessation of work was ordered, and Garrett set out on his second search after health.

CHAPTER V

EGYPT AND NORDRACH

Exiles, the derelict of fate,
Must love her unpossessed—
But O, 'tis not the fortunate
That love her best.—F. E. G.

GARRETT'S next exile from England, in search of health, was to Egypt. In that respect it was unsuccessful. He had been advised to try the Baths of Helouan. In talking of his sojourn there, he used to shorten the place-name to a single syllable. The cure did no good to his lungs, and in those days the place, to him at least, was insipid and dispiriting. "About the poorest sport I've ever tried," he wrote, "sand-glare, white houses, dusty streets—no natives—nothing to see, nothing to learn, no one to speak to." "How sick I am," he wrote again, "of hotel life, hotel food, hotel corridors and halls and bedrooms and officials—the fussy, noisy, alien, don't-care-a-damn-for-you-sir, populous solitude." In other respects, however, the months which he spent in Egypt were fruitful. They were his introduction to the spirit of the East; the fascination of it is described in a letter from Cairo "the most enchanting and enchanted city in the world":

To J. H. BADLEY.

April 25, 1892.

I have seen and loved—

The Sphinx—a weird personality in stone, expressionless and therefore waking any expression in the mind of the onlooker, and much more profoundly impressive than when first perfect and unmutilated before the Pyramids and ages before the Pharaoh of Joseph.

The Pyramids—brute mass typifying brute force. Petrified irony of fate, biggest tombs in the world yet builders' bones rifled and names only a theory. When rightly seen, morally and physically crushing and terrible.

The Pyramids terrify and depress. The Sphinx, immovable, mute, almost benign in tolerant contempt of life, time, eternity and mortality, almost consoles.

The *Life, Colour and Spirit* of the East as represented in Cairo ; Saladin's capital ; Haroun al Raschid's fairyland ; a mediæval Arabian foil to the primæval Egypt of the monuments, in a nineteenth century of the English occupation. Description limps here, but just by the way I jotted this down in ten minutes of spare time on coming in the other day :

If you were here you would either be sketching all day or else, like me, sitting with folded hands wanting some one else to do it for one. To-day I was in the Brass Bazaar. There were three elements, any one of which was worth a day's study—the people, their wares, and the place itself. The place consisted of streets at all angles and of all degrees of crooked narrowness ; overhanging houses, their windows filled with mouldering Arabian fretwork (*moushrâbieh*), and at odd corners arches, showing one behind another, giving on by-ways or other bazaars, the stones of them covered with worn Arabesque ornaments in gentle relief. The people were buyers, beggars, passengers, sellers and craftsmen at their work. A veiled harem lady (but with a roving eye) chaffers with a man who meanwhile goes on chasing a brass incense-bowl with primitive tools. This shop is a sort of big shallow cupboard (a mere excrescence on the house which backs and overhangs it)—and he squats on a sort of lowest shelf of it, and offers her coffee and a seat to continue the bargain (now only in its third afternoon). The whole interior of the cupboard-shelf behind him is full to the top with brazen and copper-jugs and bowls and pans and ornaments and household things of all sorts and shapes and sizes, some old, some new, many exquisitely chased or pierced. But here a donkey jostles against us, carrying a fat sheikh, and we knock down a big lamp six feet high of old embossed work, and feel bound therefore to give a few piastres for a small pannikin used for " kohl " to paint the eyes with . . . when a string of camels, whose loads brush each side of the street, crowds us into a group of such fleasy and odoriferous persons, of three or four colours and races, that we flee through a Moorish arch and find ourselves in a street of leather-sellers, ablaze with red and canary *retroussé*

shoes hung out everywhere, just as a melancholy muezzin from the grey minaret over our heads reminds us that it is the sunset hour of prayer and hurries me back to my hotel.

Garrett's sojourn in Cairo synchronised with an important political episode in the history of the English occupation. Of this "Firman Crisis," as it is called—a serio-comedy in several acts—there is a short account at the beginning of Lord Milner's "England in Egypt." Beneath the external absurdity of the thing, there was, as Lord Milner said at the time, deep underlying significance. There was a point involved at once of principle and of practical importance. The Firman was from the Porte investing Abbas II. with the Khedivate of Egypt. The British Government had no desire to question or limit the suzerainty of the Sultan, but it was an essential condition of the British occupation that "no alteration should be made in the Firmans regulating the relations between the Sublime Porte and Egypt without the consent of her Britannic Majesty's Government."* It had become known to Sir Evelyn Baring that the Firman which the Turkish Envoy had brought in his bag contained a vital alteration. How vital, appeared only the other day in the "Sinai Peninsula Crisis" of 1907. Of the diplomatic intrigue, of the foiling of it by the British representative, of the scenes of comedy which relieved the crisis, Garrett sent a lively account to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He had access to the best source of information, and a journalist may on occasion season his account of public affairs with just a spice of indiscretion forbidden to the diplomatists themselves. His article on the subject may be consulted as a footnote to Anglo-Egyptian history.† Of one of the most interesting personalities in that history, Nubar Pasha, he

* Sir Evelyn Baring's despatch of April 13, 1892.

† "A Diplomatic Comedy: The Story of the Firman Crisis," *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 26, 1892.

wrote a capital character-sketch, from which a few passages of Nubar's conversation may be quoted :

Old and of small stature—though neither so old-looking nor so small as that wizened crab-apple enclosing a bombshell, Riaz—Nubar in conversation grows to a dignity and gracious power which are very winning. Given what he calls a *sympathique* audience, he is wonderful. As a compliment he had begun in English ; but he soon broke into the *lingua franca* of Egypt, and though I followed his rapid French periods with the vagary of the average Briton, Nubar's French is so artistic that I enjoyed it even through my pangs. The language of facile epigram, it fits Nubar like a glove. For Nubar is the prince of *phraseurs*. In this particular talk we were largely engaged on a subject, the special hobby of the Father of the Mixed Tribunals, his devotion to which is proved by its tempting him out of paradox into platitude. *Le gouvernement c'est la justice !* Nubar declared. Another side of Egypt appears in his remark that the government of the land of the Nile, alone among governments, resembles the Creator in the power of giving or withholding rain in due season. On the subject of the British occupation I remember a striking phrase which he used to me. "You English," he said, "are the Turks of Western Europe." * It was not altogether meant flatteringly ; but Nubar has a high respect for the Turk. The Turk, to him, is the conqueror and the governor ; the man who takes countries and who stolidly holds together what he has taken (in spite of every one saying continually that it must soon fall to pieces). The Turk is also, to the Egyptian, a proud man, and a man of phlegm. Finally he resembles us "Turks of the West" in his offensive manner and his impregnable, complacent stupidity. For, to Nubar, the Englishmen in Egypt, whose dogged lips do not relax even at exquisite phrases, are dull dogs all.†

At Cairo, Garrett saw Lord Cromer. "I had an hour's talk," he wrote, after the first interview, "with the great and formidably-spoken-of Baring ; he was *most* friendly and gracious, like every one else I have yet seen here." Lord Cromer, as most other men who chanced to meet

* Nubar's phrase may be found also in Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt," vol. ii. p. 173.

† "A Day with Nubar Pasha : the Egyptian Premier at Home," *Westminster Gazette*, April 20, 1894.

Garrett, was impressed by his attractive and brilliant qualities, and had schemes for enlisting him in the ranks of Anglo-Egyptian journalism. He had urgent offers at the same time of a like kind from South Africa, but he had not yet abandoned hope of being able to resume work in England. Garrett met Lord Milner also, then serving as under-secretary for finance in Egypt, and a friendship sprung up between them which was afterwards to ripen in another part of Africa. "One of the nicest, ablest and best of fellows," was his description of Lord Milner at first sight. Had Garrett stayed in Egypt, he would not have lacked friends. Wherever he was, he made them quickly. I find mention in a letter to his cousin of an official in the Irrigation Department and his wife who invited him in the kindest possible way if he remained, to come and live with them. "I was rather touched," he wrote, "by the impulsive, generous, kind way with which the offer was made—'for some unknown reason seemed to have known me all their lives,' &c. &c. All this out of sheer kindness of heart." But there was that in Garrett which found its way to the heart.

Garrett returned from Egypt none the better in health but rather the worse; indeed, on the voyage home, he was very seriously ill. It was clear that any return to daily journalism was at present impossible; his place at the *Pall Mall Gazette* had to be filled up; and the question for Garrett was whither to go in search of a cure. A year or two before, his elder sister had gone with Mr. Badley, whom she was presently to marry, to visit her old friends at Nordrach, in the Schwarzwald—the sanatorium where the open-air cure for phthisis had been practised for some years, and had already won the recognition in Germany that it won later in our own and other countries, through many similar systems of treatment that derived their inspiration from it. What Garrett's sister and Mr. Badley saw and heard during their stay in the wooded

upland valley, ideally suited for the purpose for which it had been selected, convinced them that if Edmund had to go anywhere for rest and cure, this was the place of all others; and there in June 1892 they went with him.

Letters to his cousin record his pleasant impressions of the place, and of the hopeful view which the doctors took of his case :

To MISS AGNES GARRETT.

June 2.

This is written in the open air on my knee to bring you my dear love, and say that the launching-off of care and forethoughtfulness that I had at Gower Street have availed to carry me all the way here in sunshine, and here I am making as fair a start as man could make. The hosts are as hospitable and cheery and friendly, the place is as beautiful and bracing, the plan is as well ordered, to my first impressions, as ever I have been told, and more so than ever I looked to find. The Herr Dr. and I have chummed up excellently. They find my weight more than they expected and my soundings much better too, and they couldn't bring my temp. out much above the normal, though they do resort to ways of taking it.

To the same.

June 10.

How wonderful it is—how good everybody has been to me in this business! Some of the happiest time in my life was in bits during that wretched Egyptian time when it seemed to come in upon me that I have a real little place of my own in the world and that there are people to whom it would be different if I wasn't there to fill the place. The sources of joy, and bitterness lay very close together—especially when I thought I might have before me a purgatory of helpless burdensomeness to all these people, and that even if it were soon ended, what a shipwreck it would be of how many dear cares and hopes and labours and priceless pains spent on me these eight years past by you, my Deare. Now I do begin to feel as if there was a new heaven and a new earth suddenly risen out of the sea, and I will take thankfully and cheerfully whatever lot comes, if it allows me strength and power to work my way in however humble a capacity, and be in your life, and that of a few other dear folk,

one among the things that help, not among the things that hinder and oppress. But I mustn't ramble on this way, even writing on moss in a pine-wood. Shall I ever have *you* here, to show you the Norwegian bits of Nordrach? Elsie [his younger sister] and I are sitting in just such a bit, at the end of my morning walk's tether, sprawling on moss-cushions among rounded boulders down by a bubbling brook full of brown and green and glancing pools with the sun dodging the pine-branches and dropping down round us in restless little blots and patches.

To the same.

June 23.

The walks are lovelier the farther one goes. The nuisance is having to go them "Kränk pace" and forswear steep paths, which of course are always the nicest. I horrified the Herr Doctor soon after I first came by being seen running at a very gentle trot down a grassy slope to cut off some of the elaborate zigzags of a Kränk path—also by dropping down one day like a spider on to Nordrach from a view-point on the neighbouring hill. Now I have acquired something nearer the true Kränk instinct, and you can hardly tell which way I'm going on a given road; though I still hold out for some Dispensation on the ground of being an Englishman and not a native waddler.

To one of Garrett's temperament the long inaction and monotony of the life, the constant restraint on his activity and the daily struggle with the amount of food on which much of the cure depended, could not but be irksome in the highest degree; but having made up his mind to go through with the cure, he would not let patience or good humour fail him. He read much, wrote as much as he was allowed, and made the most of the restricted exercise that was enjoined. For the doctors of the sanatorium he soon had high regard, and from this year dated a friendship with Dr. Hope Lehmann that for the rest of his life was of the utmost value to him. Of other society there was not much to attract him. On his part he was always ready to be friendly to all, though he would never waste time in empty social politeness where there could be nothing really in common; and here as everywhere his unfailling

sense of humour helped him through things that others would have found simply vexatious.

In the autumn Garrett had a welcome diversion. "In order," says Mr. Badley, "that Edmund might be present, my marriage with his sister took place in the quaint little town nearest to Nordrach; and in all the arrangements and preparations for the school we were about to open he took the keenest and fullest part, from journalistic help down to the planning of badge and motto—*work of each for weal of all*—that was to embody its spirit."

Among Garrett's letters I find a lively account of the simple ceremonies of a wedding in the Black Forest which may not be without interest to some readers :

To MISS AGNES GARRETT.

November 8.

"It has them," as the Burgomaster choicely expressed it yesterday. It took us two days, but it is done, and here followeth the true and particular account. Yesterday was the State's only; to-day, the Church's. In Germany it's only the State that matters; no church can register; so by rights it was yesterday, the 7th, that they were married, but we all agreed to count it from to-day, since the Church still keeps the poetry to herself and the State was very prosaic indeed. Yesterday morning the Herr Doctor drove Jack and Amy and me down to Nordrach. As we passed the old Burgomaster's house two white shirt-sleeves appeared strikingly at the window: his Frau was helping him on with his black coat. This abashed us a little, for Jack and I were very much in mufti—indeed I wore knickerbockers with plum-coloured stockings. At the Rathhaus further down the street we got out and waited. At last the Burgomaster appeared—we thought the black coat must have split down the back and needed sewing up again. Into the Rathhaus we went—a large building including schoolroom, from which latter could be heard the sing-song of the children at their lessons. The Burgomaster was very cordial and genial, and we all sat about the table. The sheaf of certificates which we had accumulated to show our *bona-fides* were produced on a file, and Jack and Amy were instructed to say *Ja* to whatever was asked them. Then the Burgomaster got down their names

on a private note of his own in phonetic spelling (*Schon hedn badli, &c. &c.*); and explaining parenthetically that it was the first time he had ever married an English couple, prepared to ask the fateful question. First, however, he dismissed all smiles from his clean-shaven old face, and with a child-like expression slipped over his grey head what looked like a silver watch-chain with a florin at the end. Thus invested with full municipal dignity, he addressed "Schon" and "Emi" and asked them if each really wished to marry the other? Each replied "*Ja*," and—behold it was done! The old man doffed his chain, resumed the merely human rôle, and shaking them paternally by the hand, pronounced some appropriate wish which Jack {breezily "danke'd," as who should say "It's all in the day's work." Then to the inn, where the representative of civic dignity joined us, and we all partook of some of the nastiest wine which family devotion ever brought its reluctant lips to smack over.

And then we went home to dinner. The Kranks were all eyes, especially when the Herr Doctor addressed Amy down the table as "Mrs. Badley." "Never mind," quoth Jack, "when we are well through this we shall be armed with triple brass!" In Amy's place was a pretty little stand made of fir-sprigs bearing a gratulatory card of colour and design which even German art could hardly beat. This was a friendly Krank's offering. But there was more to come. That evening we were all bidden to the Speisesaal at 6.45, and sat as in a theatre—no tables, and a cold collation (of ample size) served in our seats. Jack and Amy were put in the centre chairs of the front rank, but we had managed to protest against "thrones." First, the children did a little play, which was encored—and very prettily they did it. It represented a young man going round a family to ask for the hand of the daughter and being referred from one to another in a House-that-Jack-built sort of way. Then a boy called Karl, got up as a *geigerl* (I won't swear to spelling), or Viennese Anglo-maniac masher, recited a little ballad composed by one of the Kranks with a comic English burden of "Oh jes!" (as it was spelt in the MS.). This was very topical; it described Jack coming from England in cavalier style, and reminded "Mees Eme" not to forget at the appropriate moment to answer "Oh jes!" They (the pair) sat through this beautifully; I felt the "martyr's stalls" weren't good enough for them. But the fact is every one was brimming over with good humour and good wishes, and nobody had a doubt but that the whole thing was the very heart's desire of the bride and bridegroom in whose

honour it was done. The evening ended with fireworks outside and the salute-gun which we had on the Grand Duke's birthday.

This morning we arose early and showed the breakfasting Kranks what we could do *when we tried* in the smart line. Amy in all her glory, Jack in new clo', and I in my best dove-coloured bags and new shoes and the Fur Coat over all! The drive to Gengenbach is over the hills, lovelier even than the one to Biberach-Zell. They both looked very quiet and happy. I felt I must try to represent all of us, and could not succeed in representing what I felt myself. There was no sun, but it was not dull; fresh and cool air, and the last of the autumn glories looking almost like sunlight from wood to wood till we got to Gengenbach. This is a perfect gem of the Black Forest: picturesque streets, towers, gates and so on. But the "Evangelical Church" turned out to be a little newish place, not unlike the chapels in Littlehampton Cemetery. Alas for Protestant architecture! However, inside it proved to be plain, simple, almost pretty. The Pfarrers' house was close by. He was a gentlemanly little man, a Lutheran German edition of my father. We felt that he would do very well. After looking over the certificate from the Burgomaster, he led the way to the church. The Pfarrer appeared in a neat black gown with white bands, and read a homily from a book in resonant sonorous German. Then he motioned those two to the altar steps, where each had to respond "*Ja*" to the familiar question. They took each other's hands first kneeling on the steps and then standing up—there is no ring in the German ceremony. In a quarter of an hour the service was ended. Afterwards Jack told me the service seemed to him as beautiful as the English without its defects. I had only understood parts myself.

I'm sorry to say that while the Pfarrer was pronouncing sentences and putting "Amen" at the end of each, I was somehow reminded of Karl last night and his "Oh jes" after each verse. But when they joined hands I *had* to try to think of Karl to prevent my eyes filling with tears. They two were just quietly happy, facing the new life full of hope and faith, and I did not want to show more emotion than they did.

Shortly after these events, my wife and I came to spend a day or two with Garrett at Nordrach, and he entertained us with an account of their lighter passages. His conversation was very like his letters; though it gained much,

which the sympathetic imagination of the reader of these letters must supply, by the frank, hearty laughter, and many a dramatic accompaniment—as in this case by appeal to the self-same *plum-coloured stockings*, by assurance to my wife as we sat out in the woods with him in rough homespun that he could cut a very elegant figure *when he tried*. The principal subject of interest to him on this occasion was, however, an event in the history of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In the previous September I was taking holiday in Italy, when a telegram reached me announcing to my intense surprise and no little mortification that the paper had been sold to a new proprietor. On reaching home, I was invited on behalf of the new proprietorship to retain the editorship; but having ascertained that the invitation did not cover an entirely free hand, and having reason to suspect (for there had been much superfluous mystery) that the real intention was to convert the paper into a Conservative organ, I at once resigned my post, being followed therein by most of the members of the editorial staff. These events stung Garrett to the quick. “Here, we have been,” he said, “you and the rest of us working loyally with high falutin’ ideas of the prestige and traditions of the Paper, working to put those ideas on a sound financial basis—only to find . . .” well, what we did find. For my part I was too absorbed in arrangements for the future to trouble over much about the past. I was very busy in the multifarious work of the new Liberal Gazette—ultimately named *The Westminster*—which Sir George Newnes had enabled me to found. Garrett in his enforced inactivity could only brood and expostulate—which he did in various letters and verses, to somewhat explosive effect. “But when one has eased one’s mind,” he wrote, “by all the swears in the world there remains the irreparable gap—the fortress betrayed. I feel as if a great piece of my life was broken off and thrown into the sea.” Does all this

sound a little over-tragic to the reader? Very likely it does; for he can have no knowledge of the amount of labour, zeal, and enthusiasm thrown into what we always fondly called “the old *Pall Mall*,” or of the hopes, ambitions, ideals which centred in it. In any case Garrett’s indignation and the expression which he gave to it were very characteristic of him. Characteristic, for one thing, of his high ideal of journalism; characteristic also of his high-strung temperament. Other people suppressed their feelings; the more did he burn that some one should “bell the cat.” The quarrel, such as it was, affected others more nearly than him; it was like him to be more eager in another’s cause than in his own, and the hard fortune of his old colleagues long rankled in his generous soul.

CHAPTER VI

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

Friends that the winds have scattered,
Friends that the waves have hurled,
Hail to your blown and battered
Flag once again unfurled !
Slip the last shoreward tether,
And staunch, once more together,
Launch in the north-west weather,
Steer for the newer world !—F. E. G.

GARRETT returned from Nordrach in the spring of 1893, much better in health, but not yet able to plunge back into the full tide of journalism. Two years later, he was appointed editor of the *Cape Times*. The intervening period was one of gradually recovered strength. He took up quarters in London in the house of his London physician and warm-hearted friend, Dr. Jane Walker. To friendships with women he owed much throughout his life ; and they, not a little to him for the terms of equal and easy comradeship upon which he made such friendships to live and move. It was Dr. Walker's care to see that the ground gained at Nordrach was not lost again by undue exertion. Into these two years Garrett put, however, a great deal of work—partly journalistic, and partly literary ; though in his case this is a distinction which need not be pressed too far ; his topics in journalism were seldom trivial, his treatment of them was never devoid of literary spirit. For change of air and scene, he often went during these years to Bedales, the "New School" started by his brother-in-law, and now conducted by him and his wife (the Jack and Amy of the previous chapter).

Garrett had always taken the liveliest interest in his friend's experiment in the co-education of boys and girls, and in the supplementing of games by manual labour. He had collaborated in the pamphlet*—extending almost to a book, “the Mammoth” he used to call it—which sets out the aims and system of the school, and which is well worth the notice of those who are interested in such experiments. Mr. Badley tells me that Garrett entered keenly into every detail of the school's welfare, as though he had never had anything else to think of. “For our first school-play, *Macbeth*,” for instance, “he wrote and illustrated an article on amateur acting,† that procured us the dresses; he made at a few hours' notice and chiefly out of brown paper, a witches' cave; and himself acted the part of Banquo with such horrific effect as the ghost that our maids confessed to being ‘afraid to go past the door of his room when they thought of it.’” The recollection is characteristic of the zest which Garrett threw into all the business of life, small or great, gay or grave. It was in 1893-4 that his verse translation of *Brand*,‡ begun at Nordrach, was revived and completed with the help of a Norwegian friend who was spending the winter at Bedales. “It is easy not to write a five-act tragedy”; easy also, as Garrett said in a prefatory note, not to translate it when written. His performance of the self-appointed task was a *tour de force*. It had been long in his mind, but his power of concentrated work had, as we have seen, been broken by ill-health. Another version of the same play was announced in the press, when Garrett's was still in scraps. He set to and had it finished in six weeks. Ibsen was a favourite author with him; and at a time when the later stage-plays were making much stir in the

* “Bedales School: Outline of its Aims and System. An Essay in Education.” Cambridge. Printed at the University Press, 1900.

† “How to Get Dressed Up,” *Westminster Gazette*, December 21, 1893.

‡ “Brand: a Dramatic Poem by Henrik Ibsen. Translated into English Verse in the Original Metres.” T. Fisher Unwin: 1894.

world, Garrett was anxious, I think, to bring before the English reader, in poetic form, an example of the more imaginative work of the poet's earlier period. A passage from Garrett's introduction describes the poignancy which the central motive of the play had for him :

There is a broad simplicity about the central motive of *Brand* ; a simplicity which, amid so much that is romantic and so much that is realistic, almost recalls classic models. And after all, whatever else you may choose to see in the poem, it is this simple central motive which gives it its poignancy. In Brand's successive renunciations, in his sacrifice of ambition and career, his ordeal as a son, as a father, as a husband, the eternal struggle between life and ideals, between the absolute and the human, is represented with a native force which renders some of the scenes, to me at least, among the most moving in literature. We are stirred as with a trumpet-blast when the weak and paltering side of human nature goes down before Brand's " All or Nothing " ; when it is pure and tender love that is crushed by the inflexible demand, the pathos becomes too deep for tears. But that is because the pity and terror of it are the pity and terror of life.

Garrett's version is easy to read ; it seems to me to abound in metrical ingenuity, and it is, I believe, faithful to the original. But this is a point upon which I am incompetent to speak. Mr. P. H. Wicksteed, a friend of Garrett's, admirably equipped to appreciate this side of his work, has very kindly sent me the following note :

Garrett's translation of *Brand* is, so far as the noblest and most vital portions of that great drama are concerned, a truly inspired piece of work. The " pity and terror " of the poem had entered into him and were part and parcel of his whole sense of human life. The central heart-beat of *Brand* was to him an " exchange of pulses " with the universal throb of human passion and aspiration. It was one with the tragedy of victory in defeat, and defeat in victory, of which every heroic soul is in its turn the protagonist. It possessed him. There is a great passage in the first act in which Agnes, after she and Einar have been interrupted in their sport by Brand, is wooed back by her lover to the light-hearted joy which the seer's visions and appeals

had dissipated. She hardly hears his words, but in awed abstraction of mind asks him did he not see "how the man *grew* as he spoke." The reader of Garrett's translation, no less than the reader of the original, knows well what she means. For he has already felt, once and again, a spiritual elevation and expansion entering into Brand's discourse which is as palpable as a physical phenomenon.

Garrett professed no fine Norse scholarship. But there is something more vital to a translator than sensitiveness to philological minutiae. It is sensitiveness to the author's moods and insight into his experience. To have an instinctive sense of what the author means is better than pedantic scrupulosity as to what he says. But evidently Garrett under-estimated the delicacy of his own feeling for the language. He relied much on the judgment of his friends and was generous in his acknowledgments, but no one could have turned out such work as his without a sound, if not a technical, knowledge of the idiom from which he was translating. In any case his mastery of English admits of no question. His resources seem to be almost boundless. He evidently believed that effective rhyme and rhythm could be and must be secured without any sacrifice of sense or phrasing. The English language always had the turn of expression that was not the best compromise between the two requirements, but the alliance by which each reached its maximum of realisation.

In the great passages between Agnes and Brand this ideal is infallibly embodied in Garrett's work. In the long passages in which we feel the almost unendurable jar between Brand's ideals and the commonplaces of his two principal foils—the Sherif and the Dean—the translator himself evidently feels less secure, and is less firm in his tread. Here "inspiration" can hardly be thought of and resourceful skill is all that seems possible. And here, though Garrett is perpetually delighting the student of the original by his felicity and strength, his results have less of the sustained and sustaining quality than when the tension is higher. A discerning critic on reading his *Brand* would already have marked him out as the man chosen by the gods to translate Ibsen's lyrics.

Garrett's work upon *Brand*, with the larger knowledge that it had given him of the Norwegian people and literature, added fresh zest to his next holiday. In August 1894 he went with his two sisters, joined presently by

Mr. Badley, to revisit old scenes in Norway. A letter to his cousin gives us a pleasant glimpse of sunny gleams and simple hospitality :

Lass Laerdal's farm, near the Tunsbergsdalsbrae.—Our first afternoons were lovely, and ever since we have gone some jolly expeditions every morning and every afternoon to valleys and waterfalls, both old friends and new discoveries. We have had a good deal of rain, but plenty of fairyland weather between whiles, for in this land the barometer cannot keep up with the changes from shine to shower—only the rainbow is swift enough to come in between. I have done some grand spins, and feel that by the time Jack comes I shall be game to go anywhere. This is not an inn at all, but a farmhouse which took us in two years ago when benighted returning from the Tunsbergsdals glacier. We always said if they would let us we would next time come and stay some days—so we just turned up and are installed grandly in the guest chamber.

Of the subsequent wanderings of the party, Mr. Badley has again a characteristic reminiscence :

We had visits to return to hospitable friends ; and it was just like him that in a house where our host could speak no English, while the rest of us could manage only the merest “ bread and butter ” prate, he kept all delighted by talk made only the more amusing by a highly poetical vocabulary drawn from *Brand*. But so it was wherever he found himself. If the direct attack failed, he would make a flank movement which never failed to produce, not only the thing wanted, but so much delight that he was at once on good terms with all he had to do with—one of those traits that contributed to the feeling with which all alike regarded him.

I forget whether it was from this or an earlier visit to Norway that Garrett brought back a favourite story. “ You’ve been to Norway ; what is the Gothenburg system like ? ” “ Oh, as far as I can remember, it’s something like this : you order whisky as hot water, and they put it down in the bill as sugar.”

The literary work to which Garrett turned upon the conclusion of *Brand*, was an examination of Theosophy,

as developed under the personal influence of Mrs. Besant.* "Everybody knows"—I here quote Garrett's preface—"that Madame Blavatsky, the original founder of the Theosophical Society, supported its pretensions to an occult origin by the production of phenomena which were pronounced by careful investigators to be due to systematic trickery, but which are still believed by the faithful to have been produced, at Madame's request, and in support of the Theosophic movement, by certain Eastern sages possessed of transcendental powers over mind and matter. Everybody will remember that Mrs. Besant, on whom the mantle of Madame Blavatsky has fallen, made a sensational public assertion, some time after her teacher's death, to the effect that those 'powers' were still at work (they were indeed !), and that she was herself now the recipient of similar 'communications' from the 'Mahatmas.' A few people are aware that as the result of a sort of split among prominent members of the society, there was recently a Theosophic meeting at which Mrs. Besant confessed to her friends that there had been something wrong with the 'communications' which she had been in such a hurry to announce to the public; made certain Theosophically obscure charges against a brother official of the society; but persuaded those assembled to rest content with a general statement and not to inquire into the facts further—in short, generally to hush the matter up."

Garrett's object was to prevent this hushing up, and to unveil what he called "the Great Mahatma Hoax." His papers before collection into volume-form, appeared serially in the *Westminster Gazette*, where they attracted much attention and controversy. Garrett during these weeks was in the highest spirits. He was a born controversialist, and loved nothing more than a good scrim-

* "Isis Very Much Unveiled: The Story of the Great Mahatma Hoax." (*Westminster Gazette Library*, vol. ii. 1904-5.) The design on the cover was Garrett's draughtsmanship. A cartoon on p. 119 was by Mr. Arthur Rackham.

mage. He was seldom tempted into taking an unfair point, but he never missed an opportunity for ridicule. "I have tried," he said, "to render a service to truth; but I cannot see, with some good people, that a sense of truth necessarily excludes a sense of humour." I can hear his pleasant laugh now as he would direct my attention to some palpable hit, or hurry back into the room to steal time from impatient proof-reader or printer's-boy to insinuate one last little dig or polish some thrust to yet finer point. Garrett "tried to render a service to truth." His exposure caused misgivings among some of the faithful at the time; whether it has permanently weakened the congregation, I do not know. The yearning to pierce behind the veil will survive many unveilings, such as Garrett performed; and there are those, I daresay, to whom the ruder the exposure, the greater is the grace in not being ashamed. I find, however, among Garrett's papers the following quaint letter, dated 1903, from the United States: "Several years ago the writer read your 'Isis very much Unveiled.' I remember writing you rather an hysterical letter, but still have the decency to thank you for what you did for me. The dose was a severe one, and my recovery has been slow. I enlisted in the army and have served in Cuba. You cannot appreciate the journey from a diet of stewed prunes or Theosophical gruel to one of embalmed beef in the U.S. Army. It was a severe change but did lend me some self-respect, and I believe I am cured." So, after many years, Garrett did at least rescue one convert from the Theosophical maze.

Garrett's journalistic work during the years with which we are concerned in this chapter was contributed to the *Westminster Gazette*. His place as assistant editor, had already been filled, in his enforced absence, by another distinguished journalist, the present editor of the *Westminster*, Mr. J. A. Spender. Our first number appeared

on January 31, 1903. Garrett sent for it "A Song of Launching," written in swinging Swinburnian metre. He often spoke of this as one of his pieces which pleased him most; in its references to public and journalistic affairs, it contained much of his loves and some of his hates; I have drawn upon it once or twice for chapter headings. It was agreed that he should look in at the office when it suited him, and regard himself as a semi-attached member of the staff. In this capacity he contributed many miscellaneous articles, interviews, book-reviews and topical verses. "In my Radical Days; a Brummagem Ballad," would still delight those who like turning over on the tongue the inconvenient utterances of politicians with a past. An interview with Sir John Gorst on his East-end experiences contained a story which must be disinterred for the sake of members of Garrett's London Club:

It was a true East-end melodrama. Scene, in the snow outside the Foundling Hospital. The villain casting off his own daughter. He flings her down in the snow—he is in gorgeous evening dress, that is how you know he is a villain—and, turning to the cabman, says: "Drive me to the National Liberal Club!"

"Was this the leaven of the Independent Labour Party working on the stage?" I asked Sir John. He was inclined to think it rather the expression of the fact that the N.L.C. was to East-end imagination the grandest and most gorgeous and wicked thing conceivable!

"National Liberal Club," I found myself telling my cabman, as I came away; and my cabman wondered what I found to laugh at in the direction.*

The recollection of this little story gave a relish to many a luncheon which we took together at that blameless establishment.

Garrett occasionally contributed a leading article

* *Westminster Gazette*, May 30, 1894.

also,* on some subject that specially interested him, such as the education or rights of women; in which connection a passage may be cited from a little skit entitled "May Men eat Macaroons?"

Ought men—manly self-respecting men—to eat macaroons? It is a momentous question. It is the epitome, the test case of the whole Woman Question from A to Z. It is a sign of the times that it should be raised, for it represents the beginning of a terrible *revanche* which I have long prophesied. Man's return match in the game of sex-usurpation. It is the beginning of the end. Those bold and brazen wild women, that shrieking sisterhood against whom I have so often been compelled, alas! reluctantly, to break the silence which St. Paul so judiciously commends to my sex, these epicene monsters are now to be paid back in their own base coin. Woman has usurped the sceptre of magnanimous, long-suffering man, and now, maddened beyond endurance, man threatens to invade the sphere of woman, and so complete the chaos which she has begun. . . .

If we could confine the macaroon habit to one class or to one time of day— But can we? There will be nothing but his own individual caprice between the man and the macaroon. With the democratisation of the times, all barriers are falling away. Jeames will be crumbling biscuits over his master's best black coat, and his master will enclose crumbs in his most important business communications. The coachman will drive into a lamp-post while drawing the biscuit bag from his coat-tail pocket, and the footman drop his *petits morceaux* into the soup as he hands it round at table. That which has gone well enough with the petty cares of kitchen and nursery will now be interfering—a degrading habit—in the weighty and exhausting cares of the forum, the bench, the Stock Exchange. The barrister pleading for his client's life; the judge signing that life away on circumstantial evidence; the "bear" wrestling with the aggressive "bull" for thousands of pounds, the "bull" dis-

* I have already mentioned that he and I used often to write "combination leaders" in *Pall Mall* days. I hope my friend Mr. Spender will not feel badly compromised by my adding that he also thus co-operated with me even more frequently. There was one occasion when the three of us joined in a dove-tailed composition of this sort, and I doubt if any one—ourselves included—if shown the article, could apportion the sections. This triviality may perhaps be pardoned for the pleasure it gives me to recall the memory of a close and sympathetic comradeship with both men which I gratefully cherish.

tracted in his bovine tactics against the "bear"; all will be nibbling the insidious macaroon, with results to the health of the body politic hardly less fearful than to their own. Already, weakened by this opiate of the confectioner, we see the husband sitting tranquilly while his lady drives the prancing pair, the lover lying supine while his mistress sculls in the blistering sunshine, her complexion as indifferent to her as her conduct. The beetle swells itself to match the giant: the giant dwindles to the beetle. Soon everything will be turned upside down; human society, having defied nature, will sink into hopeless, irretrievable chaos; over its ruins will dance in horrid glee, hand in hand, the monotonous figures of the Smoking Woman and the Nibbling Man, while with one despairing cry of "Epicene! Epicene!" all right-minded persons will abandon a world rendered intolerable.*

Mrs. Lynn Linton angrily failed, I remember, to see any fun in this production. Garrett had a short way with those who argued that this or that extension of the sphere of women's activities or customs was against nature. He put it tersely in a review of Mr. Havelock Ellis's "Man and Woman":

This accumulation of unimpassioned facts has a very clear and a very useful moral. On the one hand, it shows that sex goes deep. A woman is a woman all over, out and in, to the tips of her finger nails. There is *das Ewigweibliche* in every hair on her head. A woman she is, and a woman she will be to the end of the chapter. On the other hand, this is the very reason why it is absurd to tremble at proposed readjustments of social arrangements, the ephemeral inventions of man. It is Nature who decides whether the details of these fit in with her design; if they do, there's no harm done; and if they don't, Nature needs the aid of no puny pamphleteer in disposing of them. Give Nature, therefore, a fair field and no favour.†

The more important of Garrett's contributions to the *Westminster Gazette* were concerned, however, with those Imperial and South African questions which greatly interested him. In 1903 Queen Victoria opened the Im-

* *Westminster Gazette*, October 20, 1893.

† *Ibid.* May 23, 1894.

perial Institute with the high hopes which are preserved in Tennyson's invocation to "You the Patriot Architect" and, it is to be feared, nowhere else. Garrett spent much time in going over the galleries and grounds, and in interviewing all who were concerned or interested in the actual working of the scheme. A series of "special articles" was the result. He foresaw, what the subsequent history of the Institute was to show, that it sought to combine incompatibles and was likely to fail in enlisting popular interest. He put to everybody the question: "Yes, it's a very big place, and a very fine place, but what is it going to *do*? what is the good of it?" One important official dryly answered by another question: "But will it be of use at all? I was not aware of it. I only wish I were." An Agent-General pointed out in his own section a certain stuffed snake, and positively apologised for it. "I know we don't export snakes," he murmured; "but there (explaining how the offending reptile came to be there) what can one do? To be sure," he added wistfully, "the British public does *like* snakes." "My dear sir," exclaimed Garrett, "take your book and write fifty snakes! Anything to relieve this appalling dulness." A definite popular idea, something really calculated to "spread among the public at home a fuller knowledge, &c.," was wanted, and Garrett proposed—illustrating his idea with imaginative plans and sketches—to lay out the Institute gardens as a map or model of the world on a flat projection with special reference to the British Empire.

The sea was to be represented by hard blue mosaic which could be freely walked over, and the continents built up on this out of concrete also faced with mosaic or some other durable material:

It would be desirable to raise the continents an inch or two above the sea at the coastline, if they are not to be walked over, and to represent the broadest features of their contour, exaggerating the mountains nearly as much as is usually done in contour

globes for schools—*quite* so much would not be necessary. The Himalayas might run half a foot or a foot high. British military and naval posts should be marked in some way—even a flag-staff for St. Helena in mid-Atlantic would not seriously incommode people walking, and small appropriate flags hoisted on all capital towns or great ports would give the whole a very gay look. The great lines of trade and communication should be marked by lines in the mosaic. Colour might be employed to show either “races and religions,” density of population, stage of self-government, or nature of vegetation; the last perhaps most practical, a yellow plain indicating “corn,” cream colour “wool,” white “cotton.” The general rule should be do nothing for mere scientific completeness; stick to broad features; let everything explain itself to the eye, and label clearly and picturesquely. The map might be done in two hemispheres, one in each court; leaving plenty of room for people to circulate over the “oceans.” With a hemisphere of 120 ft. diameter, Australia would be about 20 ft. long, Africa 40 ft., Great Britain 6 ft. They might even be larger. The band at a pinch might be accommodated up in Siberia.

Now just imagine the completed scheme: a sunny day in the Imperial Institute Gardens, bands playing, flags flying, and crowds of the British public realising the unhopèd-for dream of statesmen by a tour round their own Empire! They would stroll across the Atlantic, cross that Imperial highway the Canadian Pacific Railway, walk five abreast between New Zealand and Australia, noting the products of New South Wales as they passed, then home by the Suez Canal, or round the Cape, the value of which as a war-route would be thus for the first time perhaps brought home to them. The quadrangles are joined by a short covered way, so the cruise round the world would present no difficulties.

DEAR 'ARRIET,—Meet me in the N. Atlantic to-morrow at three. I'll be waiting by the Bahamas. Yours,

'ARRY.*

The grounds have now been built over, and the Institute itself—in what remains to it from the University of London—has settled down to a career of some usefulness on more restricted lines; but Garrett's idea may be commended

for what it is worth to the managers of Earl's Courts, White Cities and the like.

Garrett's interest in South Africa was constantly sustained after his visit there in 1889-90. He had become absorbed, as we have seen, in its problems. He had made friendships there, and his little book "In Afrikanderland" had marked him out as a journalistic expert upon South African questions. He followed the course of events closely, and was well placed for obtaining access to South African personages when they visited London. The great event of 1893, in that sphere, was the Matabele War,* and upon this Garrett contributed many articles to the paper. He analysed the blue books, he interviewed the experts, he focussed the outstanding facts. The policy of the war excited much opposition at the time in some Radical quarters among those with whom it is an article of faith to assume that their fellow countrymen in a distant land are always in the wrong. From Garrett's articles—as, for instance, from an interview with the High Commissioner, Lord Loch, whom he called "The Man who made the Matabele War" (*Westminster Gazette*, April 24, 1894), a reader will find the real rights of that incident in South African development explained more tersely and clearly than in the official publications wherein history lies buried. The most stirring incident of the war was the isolation of Major Wilson's patrol, and its heroic last rally upon the Shangani river. Of the events immediately preceding the final scene, Garrett obtained a full account from Mr. Burnham.†

* If this page should meet the eye, or (more improbably) arrest the attention of any journalistic novice, I will venture to commend to him Garrett's article entitled "King Lobengula as Polite Letter-writer" (*Westminster Gazette*, September 23, 1893), as an admirable model in the art of extracting the substance of a seemingly dry Blue-book and presenting it in a lively and intelligible form. But these things come not except from some acquaintance with the subject, from much pains, and from a sense of style—conditions for which there is, unhappily, not always a journalistic demand.

† *Westminster Gazette*, January 7, 8, 1895.

These articles in the *Westminster Gazette* and others upon South African topics or personages—such as the “Romance of Diamond Smuggling,” a character-sketch of Mr. Rhodes, an interview with Mr. Hofmeyr*—confirmed the South African reputation which Garrett had already made. It chanced that at this time Mr. Frederick York St. Leger, the editor and principal proprietor of the *Cape Times*, was forced, by reasons of health, to abandon the journalistic career which he had pursued with marked distinction for twenty years in South Africa. Garrett was the natural—almost one may say the inevitable—man to be thought of as a successor. His health, though still delicate, was in sufficient measure restored, and the climate of South Africa was likely to be beneficial. Early in April 1895 terms of agreement were signed, and a few weeks later he sailed for the scene of his new labours.

* September 11, November 9, 1893 ; August 9, 1894. An interesting account of conversations with Sir George Grey, entitled “How can I Help England?”, may also be mentioned (June 19, 1894).

CHAPTER VII

EDITOR OF THE *CAPE TIMES*

You too know time and season,
Close-reefed to ride the gales,
And steered by steadfast Reason
And ballasted with bales ;
But since not yet the Real
Is man's end-all and be-all,
High hope and high ideal
Fill full your bellying sails.—F.E.G.

GARRETT now had the chance of his life ; this and the two following chapters will show what use he made of it. He was placed for the first time in full editorial control of an important journal. What precisely did this mean to him ? I can best answer the question by clearing away some things which it did not mean.

There is the theory which I suppose is tenable, for it is held, that the function of a political journalist resembles that of a barrister ; the hired pleader paid to make the best of a case, good or bad ; bound to his brief, and in no way held to compromise his honour by subordinating private opinions of his own. Some years ago, when certain editorial changes “for conscience’ sake” were being mooted, I had a conversation with an American journalist on the subject. He neither approved nor disapproved ; he found the position simply unintelligible, and he told me this story in illustration. A political “boss” noticing some able silver articles in a Chicago paper, said, “Introduce me to that man ; I should like to see him President of the United States.” Afterwards he was equally struck by some able gold articles in a New

York paper, and said, "Introduce me to that man; I should like to see him shot." It was the same man. I need not here discuss the theory of journalism thus implied. It is enough so say that the theory was not Garrett's; he valued his editorial chair only as a pulpit from which to utter things which he believed with all his heart.

There is another theory which identifies the political journalist with the party hack—the man who, as Sir William Gilbert describes, rises to place or title because he "never thinks of thinking for himself at all." If a Liberal, the loyal journalist of this kind must not write in a Conservative paper, and *vice versâ*; but on the other hand he must subordinate his judgment to that of the party leaders. I remember once innocently asking the conductors of a party paper what line it was taking on a subject which had come somewhat unexpectedly into prominence. "We do not know," was the reply, "we have not yet had an opportunity of asking Mr. A., or B., or C." (or whatever other letter of the alphabet it may have been). This, I need hardly say, is a theory of political journalism which is widely and most respectably held; but, again, it was not Garrett's theory. "From a determination never to do its party any harm, a paper comes in time," he said, "to be impotent to do it any good. 'Dependent support' is a contradiction in terms. It recalls Sam Slick's figure of a man trying to lift himself by his boot-straps. Rich men imagine that only money is needed to make a paper. They can order the machines, the plant, the printing ink, the brains, the enterprise, 'the novel and attractive features,' all for cash down. Why not the soul too? Ah! there's the rub. A rich man creates a whole system of paper simulacra, galvanised direct from his counting-house. Why *won't* people believe they are alive? A party leader secures a reliable tame paper-echo, warranted to repeat him without an error. Why *will*

nobody accept it as corroborating his opinions ? The good puzzled men cannot make it out." *

Garrett was not the man to serve as an echo ; he rated his profession very high, and himself not very humbly. The editor of an important newspaper should, he thought, be a leader, not a mere follower. Also, as may already have been gathered, Garrett believed in the possibilities which journalism sometimes offers for initiative in action. He was not content to be a mere hearer or recorder of the word. He believed in what has been called "the journalism that does things."

Should an editor write ? High authority, and probably the more general practice, are in favour of the negative answer. But Garrett had been trained upon the *Pall Mall Gazette*, where the tradition and practice, in its old days, were on the other side. Mr. Frederick Greenwood wrote largely. Lord Morley wrote a regulation quantity every week, and his leading articles were the main feature of his editorship. Mr. Stead was a cormorant for writing ; he thought nothing of contributing to a single day's paper the leading article, most of the "Occasional Notes," an interview, and a column or two of "special news." His successor tried, *longo intervallo*, to continue the tradition ; and this was also Garrett's practice. He mentions in a letter of September 1896, that he had "written or rewritten every leader in the *Cape Times* bar six since July 1895," except only during a few days when he was absent at Pretoria. I doubt if editorship would have had much attraction for him on other terms. He valued it as an instrument of direct self-expression.

Next, there is the question of the relation of the editor to the proprietor, or proprietors, of a paper. Every proprietor, if he have political interests or ambitions, selects an editor whose views are likely to agree with his own ; and this rule presumably holds good alike whether the

* "Have Papers Souls ?" *Cape Times*, February 18, 1896.

proprietor's capital be derived from gold-mines, mustard-fields, cocoa-plantations, mineral waters, ground-rents or what not. Some proprietors reserve rights of political control in their own hands; others concede a free hand to their editors. Garrett would never have accepted any editorship except on the latter terms. He had no sooner been appointed to the editorship of the *Cape Times* than the story was put about that he was "Rhodes's nominee" and that the paper was "controlled by Rhodes." In what degree such statements were inspired by professional rivalry or political animosity, need not be discussed. As political feeling about South African affairs intensified, the statements were repeated both in that country and in this. Insinuations were also made that "Rhodes's gold" was not unknown to the pocket of his "mouthpiece" in the *Cape Times*. To the friends of Garrett, the most independent, the least self-seeking of men, any refutation of such insinuations seemed and seems ridiculously superfluous. But even to this day you may hear in South Africa, and from the lips of men who ought to know better, a repetition of the slander that the *Cape Times* was in Rhodes's pay and its editor presumably in his pocket. It may be well, therefore, to state that Mr. Rhodes was not a proprietor in any sort of the *Cape Times*; that his friend, Dr. Rutherford Harris, though a part-proprietor, had no voice in the management; that full, absolute and exclusive control over the contents of the paper was, by legal instrument, vested in Garrett throughout his editorship;* that his salary was £800 a year, and

* The Memorandum of Agreement between Mr. F. Y. St. Leger and Dr. Rutherford Harris of the one part and Garrett of the other is before me. Clause 4 runs: "Fydel Edmund Garrett shall have sole control over the policy and conduct of the said Newspaper and of everything published therein, and nothing shall be published in such paper except by authority of the said Fydel Edmund Garrett." By another clause, Garrett could only be deposed by twelve months' notice, whereas he was free to leave at three months' notice. At an earlier date there had been negotiations with a view to Garrett becoming editor of the *Cape Argus*, in which Mr. Rhodes had an interest. The draft

that this very modest sum was never, directly or indirectly, increased. Garrett himself, early in his editorship, took occasion to notice the insinuations to which I have referred, and the piece well expresses his high ideal :

It is a great trust which Mr. St. Leger has confided to me. I am touched and humbled by it. But humility does not exclude pride and I know not what, in the record of my eight years' work as a journalist, should suggest that I care for the squabbles of millionaires or the rise and fall of rival dividends. I have never written for a kept paper—not even for a party paper. I graduated in the school of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of which five years ago I was assistant editor. The first editor of that journal differed from a new proprietor ; he resigned and founded the *St. James' Gazette*. A successor differed from his proprietor ; he resigned and founded the *Review of Reviews*. This successor differed from a new proprietor, a millionaire proprietor, and he resigned with all his staff and founded the *Westminster Gazette*. Coming from the grand English school of open speech, it is strange to me that the giving an independent support to any public man or cause should entail on a journalist the indignity of having to explain that he is not in that man's pocket. I do so only because I will not in silence let the fountain of the influence of a great paper be puddled at the source. I will not leave matters so that I rest under a chronic temptation to damn with faint praise, even where I wholly approve, in order to conciliate paltry suspicions. I will be free here, as I have been free all my journalistic life, to praise or censure just as it seems to me right according to such faculties as God has given me. (*Cape Times*, June 25, 1895.) *

agreement stipulated that "the said Cecil John Rhodes hereby expressly repudiates all claim to control or influence the policy or management of the said newspaper." Rhodes agreed to this ; the negotiations fell through, because Garrett had not yet made up his mind to migrate to South Africa.

* Mr. F. Y. St. Leger, the principal proprietor and former editor, in a "valedictory" article on the previous day had thus referred to his successor : "Of all men in the world of journalism I should say that about the last to serve a monopolist's purpose would be Mr. Edmund Garrett, as honest, independent and fearless a fellow craftsman as I could have found with the aid of Diogenes' lantern itself. . . . Mr. Garrett I need not introduce. He is known in South Africa ; he has written about South Africa ; and he has watched with intelligent eyes the making of South African history. . . . In his editorial undertaking Mr. Garrett is assured of the perfect independence which is indeed the sole condition on which a man of his spirit would carry on the work. It has been

“I well remember,” writes one of his colleagues, “the first—and the last—attempt to induce Mr. Garrett to submit to a censorship from outside the editorial sanctum. He had completed his article for the following day’s paper when a certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, entered the office and, after discussing with Garrett the subject of the moment which the latter had dealt with in his leading article, took strong exception to the line Garrett proposed to take, and ended by ordering him, under divers pains and penalties, to cancel the article and write another according to his own views. The tension was high for two minutes. Garrett’s door flew open—it opened near the head of the stairs—and his visitor was invited to make what speed he could out of the building, failing which Garrett promised to hasten his departure by other means. Garrett’s anger was blazing; his visitor hesitated a moment as he glanced at the thin wasted frame; then he went, never again to enter the *Cape Times* office in any capacity.”

It was on these lines of fearless independence that Garrett speedily made his paper a power in the land.

Garrett threw himself from the first enthusiastically into every question which concerned the well-being either of Cape Town or of the colony. He was insistent upon the need of better education for the coloured races—as a corollary of the coloured vote: “to abandon the poor black and brown children to the discipline of the streets would be to pull down with one hand while building up with the other; with a nursery of dock and thistle under the hedge of the flower garden, what would the garden

objected to him that he believes in Mr. Rhodes; it has been said that he invented Mr. Rhodes. I too have had the misfortune to incur rebuke because, with all my criticism of Mr. Rhodes’s policy, I have still retained an affection for his personality. . . . Mr. Garrett’s appreciation of Mr. Rhodes centres in his great work of expansion and in his conciliatory attitude towards the old Colonists.”

show ? ” He was an ardent advocate of the Scab Act. He wanted to see the Cape made the health resort which its climate rendered possible, and pleaded for the compulsory notification of diseases, and for the provision even for the lepers of at least “a decent Hell.” He crusaded against slumland, and advocated better holidays for shop-assistants. He argued for the development and extension of art galleries and South African museums. Municipal elections were pending in Cape Town shortly after Garrett’s arrival. He noted the absence of any meetings or other signs of public interest, and wrote a series of articles on the text that “Cape Town was worth serving.” He organised, too, a *Cape Times* Labour Bureau, distributing on the liners forms for newcomers to fill up. In short, as editor of the *Cape Times*, he showed himself to be a public-spirited citizen, seeking earnestly to lead public opinion in a Progressive direction upon all matters of municipal and State concern. He was much interested, too, in the old buildings of Cape Colony, and an illustrated Christmas number which he brought out in 1898 introduced some readers for the first time to the Dutch domestic architecture of the eighteenth century.* A scheme which owed something to his advocacy was that for building a cathedral in Cape Town :

Our surroundings are eloquent of commercial activity, of industrial progress, of the “push-along, keep-moving spirit” proper to the age. What we want is more that is beautiful to the eye ; more that suggests repose of mind ; more that lifts up the spirit from the depressing influences of the struggle for existence—a *sursum corda* in stone. . . . There must be many, not numbered among regular churchgoers, perhaps not even among churchmen, who would be glad to see the gate of South Africa dominated by such a symbol in stone of the old tradition

* Many of the illustrations were by Mrs. A. F. Trotter, who incorporated her sketches in a book entitled “Old Cape Colony : a Chronicle of Her Men and Houses from 1652 to 1806.” (Constable and Co. : 1903.)

and of the higher aspiration. . . . (*Cape Times*, November 10, 1898.)

A *sursum corda* in stone ! Garrett's endeavour was in all things to raise men's hearts and minds to the things which really matter, and for such service he is gratefully remembered in Cape Town, even by many who differed from him in politics.

Very acceptable, too, to many readers scattered through South Africa was the literary touch which he brought to all his work and the attention which he paid in his columns to things of the mind. To educated men, living far from any literary centre, the leading articles in the *Cape Times* were as water in the desert—or, almost literally in one case, at least—a rose in the wilderness. “I thank you most sincerely,” says a letter to Garrett which I have before me, “for all you are doing in the *Cape Times* for our land . . . I am moved to write on this occasion in consequence of your article of (to us) to-day's issue. I have for a long time been looking for some felicitous quotation from Browning and to-day my expectation has been fulfilled—‘Roses, roses all the way,’” &c. This was an article on the vicissitudes of Mr. Rhodes's public career. For the most part what a journalist writes lives only for a day. His words of wisdom, as he deems them, go on the morrow to light the reader's fire or wrap up his boots. I was struck, however, in speaking to friends about my intended memoir of Garrett, to find how often a particular article of his—and among them, literary articles—had remained in their memories.

What, however, most attracted serious and earnest men to Garrett and his newspaper-work in South Africa was the spirit in which he approached public questions. They might agree or disagree with his views on particular matters ; but the vigour of his touch and the elevation of his tone commanded their grateful respect. From several letters which illustrate this I here print two—the first from a

dignitary of the church, writing from a distant part of South Africa, the other from one of the best-known missionary workers in that country :

I am addressing you personally—if I may—to thank you again for many articles in the *C. T.*, which one feels sure are good for us all to read ; but specially, I think, for so many who “ know not ” and only think they know or think they think they know. If I may say it, we’ve got to fashion, or rather *form*, opinion here far more than in England. The manhood of the Colonist is splendid, but it’s a splendid *childhood* as yet, and men who think clearly and express straightly their thoughts have a very solemn opportunity for guiding (not driving) all young and rising men into solid ways. The world, just now specially I think, needs inspiration. It does and dares gloriously—most, I fear, for the love of doing and daring. It wants an *object*. Writers like yourself and preachers of sorts can do this. Men will listen and read if we supply them with “ meat in due season.” It may possibly encourage you to have a word of sympathy from even a Bush parson. So pray go on lifting up public questions into the *Blue* (by no means the blues !), and helping men to see that politics and policies and objects and plans may be, and ought to be, *formative* of national character, and should be prophetic of the glory that is to be—in “ common aims and common service,” as Keble so beautifully puts it, “ each for her brethren, all for God.”

I want to tell you what a blank Mr. Garrett’s departure left in my life. I mean, of course, his departure from the Cape ; for when he went back to England he was lost to those of us who had felt the influence of his noble personality in our community here. We may not always have agreed as to details ; but beyond and above these, it was good to have among us a man who lifted the treatment of public affairs into a higher and clearer region—a man strong and at the same time sensitive in his perception of the standard of honour ; who will strike hard, and yet take no mean advantage of an adversary. I would fain believe that, though his career was prematurely cut short in South Africa, he has left behind him in the hearts of some an influence that will not die.

Into Garrett’s treatment of purely Cape politics I do not

enter. Scab Acts, Glen Grey Acts and the like—important though these are in their sphere—were very far from circumscribing Garrett's activities, and they are of minor interest to the general reader. As editor of the leading paper in the then premier colony of South Africa, Garrett conceived his position to be the journalistic counterpart of that held by the representative of the Crown, who was at once Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa. It was into Cape politics, as affecting those of the sub-continent, and into the larger questions of South African development, that Garrett threw his most eager efforts. He was a good citizen of Cape Town and a loyal Cape Colonist; but above all, his ambition was to do something to forward the wider patriotism of a united South Africa.

He had returned from the Cape in 1890 full of conviction that to this event the stars in their courses were inevitably guiding, and of hope that the end would be reached without catastrophic disturbance. During the five years which had now elapsed, many of the tendencies, sketched in a previous chapter, had run their expected course. The gold-mines of the Transvaal had been greatly developed, and there had been a large inrush of English and other settlers. Railway extension had forged ahead, and given South Africa the plant, as it were, for closer union. Natal had received "responsible" government. The Orange Free State was pursuing the even tenor of its way, as a model Republic, with no grievances or burning questions. Cape Colony, under the premiership of Mr. Rhodes, had "helped him in his Northern extension," and taken over British Bechuanaland. The Chartered Company was negotiating for the transfer of the other portion of Bechuanaland (the "Protectorate"), had fought its Matabele war and established effective occupation in the further north. Suzerainty over Swaziland had been given to the Transvaal, but Amatongaland

between it and the sea was annexed by Lord Ripon to the British Crown. The conditions, so far as they have hitherto been described, seemed all favourable to the ideal which Garrett had brought from South Africa in 1890—the ideal of internal union under different flags, secured externally by the sea-power of Britain. But there was one condition, and that the most important of all, which had palpably worsened. “South Africa,” wrote Lord Milner at a later date, “can prosper under two, three or six Governments, but not under two absolutely conflicting social and political systems—perfect equality for Dutch and British in the British Colonies, side by side with permanent subjection of British to Dutch in one of the Republics.” The disquieting feature of the situation in 1895 was that President Kruger had shown little disposition to remove this cause of disunion, and some indication of cherishing a quite other ideal. His reforms in the franchise had been reforms backward.* To a deputation from the Transvaal National Union, he had replied, “I shall never change my policy, and now let the storm burst” (1892). To a petition presented in the Volksraad, one of the members replied, “Come on and fight” (1895). Lord Loch, the High Commissioner, had by a visit to Pretoria (1894), secured the abrogation of commandeering applied to the Uitlanders, but no satisfactory promise of political reform. A few months later, President Kruger, at a banquet in honour of the German Emperor’s birthday, had spoken of his desire to foster intimate relations with Germany and “to give her all the support a little child can give to a grown-up man.”

Such, in brief, was the South African situation as it was known to exist in June 1895. In that month Garrett arrived to edit the *Cape Times*, and Sir Hercules Robinson

* A reader desirous of detail will find the facts tabulated in chap. ii. of my “Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War.”

to succeed Lord Loch as High Commissioner.* The centre of interest was Pretoria ; and thither Sir Hercules Robinson repaired early in July. A fortnight later, Garrett followed and had his second interview with President Kruger. The report of their conversation, printed in this volume (p. 209), is a document, as I have already said, of some historical importance, and it excited widespread attention. "A Plain Talk with Oom Paul," Garrett called it ; and plain his language certainly was, plainer and more direct than any official diplomatist was likely to use. It required no little adroitness on Garrett's part to coax the President into allowing this plain talk to appear in cold print. Nowhere—either in the windings of Blue-books or in historical tomes founded on them (and it has been my lot ere now to delve a good deal into such)—is so clear a presentation to be found, as in Garrett's interview and subsequent articles, of the policy of "sane Imperialism" which, had it been accepted on all hands, might have spared South Africa much of blood and tears.

The leading idea in Garrett's mind, as in that of others at this time, was the gradual accomplishment of South African union on the basis of (1) internal Home Rule for each State and Colony, subject to (2) union in matters of tariff, customs and railways, and to (3) the external paramountcy of Great Britain. There was, as we have seen, a fourth condition, a condition precedent, indeed, of the others : namely, that causes of internal dissension and commotion should be removed by substantial equality of political rights between English and Dutch. This already obtained in the British Colonies and in the Orange Free State ; it did not exist in the Transvaal. (4) Garrett's

* Sir Hercules Robinson told Garrett that when the appointment was being made he had received a letter from Mr. Rhodes saying : "If we come to disagree on anything, I promise to take that as indicating that I am wrong." "I file that letter," added Sir Hercules drily.

hope was that pressure would be exerted upon the Transvaal through the constitutional agitation of the British settlers therein, supported, as far as might be, by the sympathy of the British, and by some of the Dutch in the other States. The sphere left in this scheme for the intervention of the British Government was thus small. Sir Hercules Robinson, now for the second time High Commissioner, had said that there was no permanent place for Downing Street in South Africa.* (5) Garrett accepted this dictum, with one qualification. The Imperial Factor, if it interfered at all, must never do so except in the interests of South Africa as a whole.

Such, then, were the leading ideas upon one or another of which, as occasion served, Garrett's articles were made to turn. The first of them—that of internal autonomy—went indeed without saying at the Cape, as in any other British Colony. There was no need to preach to the converted; but Garrett always conceived of himself, and not untruly, as addressing England, as well as South Africa. He was, therefore, careful from time to time, to preach the truth, as he had come to hold it, upon the Native Question—a question which has been in the past a fruitful source of misunderstanding between English and Colonial opinion. Even now the question is very much alive; it was acute in the discussions of closer union in South Africa in relation to the native franchise, and in relation to the Native Reserves much is likely to be heard of it. Moreover, and apart from any particular controversy, the Native Question is the greatest of all the permanent South African questions. For the natives, the people whom many of us, in thinking of the future of South Africa, often leave out of account altogether, are more than 80 per cent. of its inhabitants. I think, therefore, that

* "There are three competing influences at work in South Africa; they are Colonialism, Republicanism and Imperialism. As to the last, it is a diminishing quantity, there being now no permanent place in South Africa for Imperial control on a large scale" (April 27, 1889).

some account of Garrett's standpoint on this question may not be unprofitable or uninteresting. He called one of the chapters in his "In Afrikanderland" "From Assegai to Ballot-Box," and the following extracts are taken from it :

We are wont to class the Cape with Canada and Australia. India, if we for the moment take colour as a great ineradicable marking-line, independent of all others—India would be the better parallel. In Canada and Australia, despite a flicker now and then, the natives are a decaying remnant. In South Africa, secured from internecine warfare under the *pax Britannica*, they daily increase and multiply. How are the twin destinies to be harmonised, to be saved from clash, and secured to concord ?

The old-fashioned way of fighting has been replaced by the civilised plan which we call "competition." Except over comparatively small areas, the blacks are numerically double, treble, or quadruple the whites. These numbers are increasing year by year ; and their largest and most virile factor is the racial family which we call Kafir.

But, you will say, surely there is plenty of room ? That is true. Even if we treat the Karoo and the Kalahari as Sahara-patches to be taken out of the map, you have only to compare the square mileage with the population to see that South Africa is one of the spots where the world has lots of elbow-room. It is true also that the whites require the aid of unskilled labour, plentiful and cheap, and that the Kafir supplies it. But there's the rub. The Kafir *au naturel* has no affection for work. He loves to lie in the sun, and watch his wives doing it for him. Lazy and independent, satisfied with a mess of mealies, he has few wants to which we can appeal. Wives are a want, and cattle are the currency with which wives are bought. For these then, he will serve a term, as Jacob did under Laban. Then off he goes again. In Natal the planters had to give him up in despair, and take to importing coolies from India. The result is that the coolies in Natal are now as numerous as the whites. Already they are beginning, like the "Arab" traders from Zanzibar way, to compete with the small shopkeepers of Cape Colony and the Transvaal, and their white Indian dress catches the eye in the streets of Kimberley and Johannesburg. In Natal the semi-tropical conditions preclude white field labour. Elsewhere, in places which latitude or elevation renders suitable for the European worker, the Kafir ousts him by dint of his

strong thews and slender needs. He is the miner, the navvy, the labourer, under white supervision. As his wants and his intelligence increase together, he will more and more infringe the frontier which divides skilled from unskilled labour. And upon whatever field of work the Kafir enters, there the European working man throws down his pick or spade and discovers that it is "nigger's work." Because of these things the pessimists predict that the South Africa of the future will be a white aristocracy buttressed upon the universal labour of a subject race.

You see at once that the "labour difficulty" is a very big factor in the Native Question. But there is at least one good thing about it. There are some excellent philanthropists who are in a chronic apprehension that the "poor black man" out in South Africa will be ill-treated by his white masters. It is reassuring to find that it costs those masters no small pains to tempt and wheedle him into disposing of his labour. Look at Kimberley, and compare the Kafir there to the Kafir at home. I have seen the "compounds" where the native is housed and fed and amused, and kept from drink, during his term of contract, with a solicitude to which the British working man is a stranger, and in receipt of wages which many a British working man would jump at. When I was in the Transvaal I made a visit to a small native kraal, the mud walls and low-cooped huts of which harboured half a dozen dusky families. There was much that was pleasant, I admit. There was the friendly hospitality which handed me a gourdful of dusty-tasting "Kafir beer." There was the swarm of pottle-bodied babies waddling about, and the strange Methuselah figure sitting torpid in the sun: a mere skinful of bones, how old none knew, but "an old man when the Boers came into the country"—half a century ago. There were other signs of kindness towards age and childhood. But the squalor, alive with vermin—the body, horribly scarred and seamed, of an old crone bent double with laborious motherhood—the half-articulate animalism of the whole scene—these things stuck in a pigeon-hole of my memory next to that which holds the pleasanter sights of Kafir service on Afrikander farms or in the Kimberley compounds.

I must own that to enter into the Dutch farmer's point of view about his "boys" requires some little effort. You must be prepared to exercise, not only common charity, but a little sympathetic imagination. In the Transvaal Volksraad, for instance, an old-fashioned Boer will get up and thunder against the idea of black children attending the same school with white

and will do it with all the pious ferocity of a Georgian or Louisianian holding the polling-booth with his revolver against the enfranchised negro. I wonder if I can make the standpoint at all intelligible ?

In the early days of frontier reprisal there was, of course, many a deed of Dutchman and of Englishman too, that would not bear the light. The practice of adopting and bringing up as servants the black children left in a village from which the parents had been harried out, was a mixture of kindness and kidnapping in which kidnapping played sometimes the bigger part. No doubt, too, long after that a farmer would shoot a Bushman on sight as he would a beast of prey. He had no quarter for the pariah race of dwarfs who came sneaking about with a poisoned arrow on the string ; though, to be sure, the rifle bullet against which shields of hide are vain must have seemed to the Bushman equally unfair. But what else could you expect from a people whose only book was the Bible, who had all kinds of queer manias about being the chosen people, who made a fetish of the bloodthirsty Old Testament ? If they were the chosen people, the Kafirs were obviously the Canaanites. And was it not written : “ Go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not ; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass ” (1 Sam. xv. 3). — All these things they believed were written for their learning ; and when, stung by our tactless philanthropising, old Pretorius set up his State of malcontents beyond our borders, he wrote it upon the tables of stone of their constitution that they acknowledged “ no equality of the coloured people either in Church or State.” That will go down in history side by side with the immortal declaration of Abraham Lincoln.

Theoretically, you see, these Israelitish old Dutch settlers were as bad as they could be. Practically they treated a coloured servant almost like one of the family. There was the feeling, no doubt, of “ below the salt.” But it was a patriarchal despotism under a patriarchal roof. From slaves to servants, it was but a change of name. All along, to the Dutch way of thinking, the natives have been grown-up children. That is what they seem to the Afrikaner to-day, whether his blood be Dutch or English. And that is exactly what they seemed to me. Naughty children, pleased children ; children at work, or children at play ; children to be treated kindly, educated firmly—but always, at bottom, children.

Let us distinguish principle from cant. The Afrikaner of

to-day, of the new generation, would no more dream of harking back to slavery than of restoring the blunderbuss. But he cannot readily frame his mouth to our fine phrases about the perfect equality of the black man. What is it that we really mean, if you come to think of it? I yield to none in my abhorrence of disabilities based on the accidents of birth. I hold that rich and poor, gentle and simple, white and black, are equal by right of common humanity. That is, they have an equal right to all the opportunities that can be given them. Make your raw Kafir equal before the law by all means, so long as it does not mean letting him debauch himself with "Cape Smoke." But remember that he is *not* equal, unless by a prodigy, in half the attainments, aptitudes, inherited amenities, of the European. It would be a poor thing otherwise for the centuries of Aryan civilisation. Our duty is to help the African to catch up "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." But the leeway of an æon is not made up in a generation, and nothing is gained by pretending that it can be. No, whatever may be dreamed over here by good people to whom the word "native" suggests confused associations of Christy minstrels and missionary meetings, a black man is not merely a white man painted black, nor will he at one stroke of the pen emerge (like the little nigger-boy in the pictorial advertisement of a certain soap) snowy as his cravat, the black all concentrated into boots and broadcloth, to take his place in the European social march, step for step with his European fellow citizen.

In the Dutch States there is no pretence of giving the Kafir political equality. In Cape Colony he has it. But how about social equality? Broadly speaking, a white man who should think of marrying a Kafir woman, however educated, would regard himself as altogether *déclassé*. The thing is unknown.

Did you read that curious literary product of the fashionable Orientalism of a few years ago—Mr. Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs"? And if so, could you really reconcile yourself at heart to the union of the Iranian hero, with all his gifts, to Katharine Westonhaugh? How, then, would you have felt if, instead of the refined descendant of Zoroaster, the novelist had imposed upon his English heroine a hulking, woolly-headed, prognathous Kafir, whether straight from the wilds or a mission product—however much¹ the poor fellow's well-schooled smugness might add suggestions of the conventicle to those of the prize-ring?

“Yes, but,” says the ardent philanthropist, “all this will be changed. Educate, educate, educate!” Educate by all means, but do it to equalise, not to assimilate. It is an axiom of the colour problem, all the world over, that there is no solution in fusion. The half-caste is either a crime or a mistake, and the octoroon the ghost of one. That way lies, not regeneration, but degeneration. Nature’s bars, the ingrained differences of race, are not all differences to the advantage of the superior white. But there they are, as plain as the nose on your face, and quite distinguishable by that organ. To the sensibilities of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, if I remember him aright, the grosser physique of Brobdingnag smelt most unsavoury. Europeans have made the same observation upon the Kafir. But when Mr. Gulliver was among the Lilliputians he was chagrined to discover from their finer sense that the same fault of unconscious offensiveness was chargeable to himself. There is a profound allegory in that, and it suggested a curious inquiry to me in South Africa, as the result of which I am happily able to instruct my countrymen upon a delicate point. To us, the Kafir smells abominably. But, ladies and gentlemen (how shall I say it?), so do we to the Kafir. And it is a question of skins, not of soaps. The point is significant of many other things—things which are recognised perforce by every white man in South Africa, and not a whit more by Dutch than by English. It is a very cheap humanity for us to hold out our arms to the “man and brother” six thousand miles away. It is another matter for the colonist-cousin who is within daily touch.

Nowhere in South Africa, neither in the British colonies nor in the Boer Republic, is the law really colour-blind as between black and white. And those who would make it so as to property, as to person, and as to political power, are the first to plead for special treatment of the black in regard to drink. Broadly speaking, I should say that the black is regarded as an adult citizen in the colonies and as a minor in the States. But he is a “citizen” with a difference—especially in Natal. His is a citizenship which stops short every evening at the curfew bell, and which ceases on the threshold of the “canteen.”

As to master and servant, a Kafir will always submit to be struck by his own *baas* for a fault, as in the eternal fitness of things; and a “boy” caught thieving on a remote farm will sometimes be offered the choice of being beaten at home or taken before the distant magistrate, and will choose the beating. But, if he thinks otherwise, he has his remedy at law as much

in the Transvaal as in Cape Colony. A great hulking Kafir was "larking" with some luggage outside a store, when out dashed a little counter-jumper and welted him over the arm with a *sjambok* (riding-crop). My blood boiled, and I looked to see the black giant crumple the counter-jumper up like a piece of paper. Not a bit of it. Nor did he dream of taking out a summons. But what he showed was not the cringing passiveness of servitude—it was the rueful stoicism of the school-boy caught cribbing.

There remains the franchise. The Kafir votes (and, as we have seen, drinks) in Cape Colony alone. It is a great and generous experiment—how great I only realised when I saw at Kimberley, walking about in blanket or in nothing, beating a kind of tomtom, or skipping in a furious war-dance, savages who, a few weeks afterwards, might be free and independent electors. I recalled the description I had heard of raw Kafirs marching in single file to the poll, blanket on back, long *kerrie* in hand, and chorusing in Kafirised form the name of the candidate—"Oo-smit, Oo-smit, Oo-smit!"—for whom the missionary had bidden them vote. And as I remembered all these things, and looked upon my naked fellow citizens, I confess I was bewildered. Of every one I met I asked questions about the Kafir voter. The replies were more bewildering still. I heard of Kafir working men in the eastern provinces, clothed artisans, politicians who would walk for miles and miles to register, who turn elections, and who poll 90 per cent. of their men. Five minutes afterwards I hear of a canteen-keeper who boasts that he can bring up some two hundred black "lambs" for either side. But if I was surprised to find what different views different Cape colonists took about the Kafir voter, I was still more surprised to find how many people had formed no views at all. In face of the fact that there are twice as many natives in the colony as whites, all within easy reach of the qualification, nobody seems in the least afraid of the issue, and very few appear to have given it a moment's thought. The white men mean to govern the country, and there is an end of the matter. Yet, it is easy to imagine a political regimentation of "the colour"—a canteen party, let us say, with white or half-caste "bosses"—which would be as intolerable at the Cape as it was found in America. The fact is that the enfranchisement of the black, here as in America, was as much a piece of gerrymandering as of generosity.

Where enfranchisement is such a gigantic experiment, it does not lie with the rulers of British India to cavil at the Boer

Republic for not hastening to copy Cape Colony, nor at Cape Colonists for looking carefully to the electoral qualification.

And now, I hope, you will begin to understand what it is that the colonist means when he growls about "meddling with the Native Question." You cannot discuss that question (or, I might almost add, any other) with a South African colonist, Dutch or English, without hearing the words "Exeter Hall" and "Aborigines' Protection Society" repeated with every inflection of contempt and epithet of contumely. Does this mean that your South African friend wishes to re-establish slavery, or to rival the atrocities of the Aruwimi? Not a bit of it. A few years ago it came to light that some brutal fellow had twisted a bit of soda-water-bottle wire in with the strands of a "cat" which was in use (or was alleged to be in use) at a certain prison where natives were confined. "It came to light," I said; no, it was brought to light by a Commission appointed to look into prison treatment by the Colonial Government itself. No sooner was the news flashed over here than all England was roused against the cruel colonist who habitually flogs the poor black man with "cats" made of twisted wire! At this the colonist waxed furious. But it was not because he was in favour of flogging with wire.

I do not share, I merely record, the sweeping colonial prejudice against the A.P.S. Let me define my position. The sentiment to which that society appeals, the principles on which it relies, go to the bottom of the English character at its best. In the hold which those sentiments and those principles have upon the English mind lies the essential strength of English rule wherever it is strong. Right round the world men look to us to do justice and to love mercy. When the British Empire has served its turn and gone to pieces, it will be remembered that in its day it made some of the dark places of the earth less dark, that where-soever it came it made the strong more orderly and the weak less afraid. And as long as the dark places are dark, there will be use for a bull's-eye, even in the hands of a busybody. All this I believe, the colonists at bottom know and feel as well as we do—or, if less keenly, only because they are more close to the practical difficulties, and the bulk of them can surely be shamed into righting a wrong, if only you go the proper way about it. The society begins at the wrong end. Wherever a self-governing colony like the Cape is concerned, the public opinion to which the society should appeal is the public opinion of that colony. Active work on the spot should take the place of wire-pulling in

London. There is the press, the platform, all the machinery of agitation equally open there as here. If the appeal failed, be sure it would be for some good reason. If it succeeded, even to the point of reversing a policy and thwarting a government, it would be by the consent of those to whom that government is responsible, and without straining one single tie between the colony and the mother country.

Let us put some trust in our own kith and kin ; let us do some justice to our cousins of Dutch descent ; let us recognise how deep and complex a problem is before them, and be slow to meddle imperiously with things which to them are entangled with every thread of daily life. That is what, in these rough suggestions, I have tried to say.

One other extract, taken in this case from a leading article, will suffice to make Garrett's position clear :

We do not propose to round off this article by solving the Native Question. But there is one practical point which we may suggest—one thought which has often struck us when confronting the social aspect of the colour question all over the world. This social aspect, remember, only presents itself where the darker race is rather highly developed. It is easy enough to recommend frank legislation on the tutelage theory in regard to the raw Kafir working at the Docks or in the Kimberley compound. The social difficulty arises when one is dealing, so to say, with the first-class, not the third-class, passenger. On this public resort side comes the crux. Ought we to put resolutely before us the ideal of equality and try to act up to it, or should we here too, as in our laws about locations and drink and so forth, frankly recognise that between us and our coloured countrymen (the very word sounds odd to a South African ear) a great gulf is fixed, and never try to overpass it ? We are inclined to think that while the former plan may be pursued by small and special circles of people missioning, teaching and the like (always short of miscegenation), the latter is the only possible one for the mass of the community. How, then, minimise white overbearingness and black degradation ? The one clue to the maze, we think, is to substitute as far as possible the conception of difference in kind for that of difference in degree.

Say not that we are superior and they inferior (a thing by no means true in every respect), but simply that we are *different*, and that the difference involves, as a matter of practical comfort and convenience for both colours, a certain amount of keeping to ourselves. Of course we shall go on thinking ourselves the

superior race ; but it is quite open to our coloured friends to do the same. . . . We fancy a little true racial pride, shunning white familiarity within some limits of preference, taking the tone, "I don't wish to force my company upon you," would be a most healthy sign in our dark neighbours. And we are convinced that to err in the opposite direction—to force the trial of these delicate issues on every pretext and to press a pretended amalgamation in social forms where no real one exists—is to challenge that American bitterness of feeling to which South Africa is happily a stranger (*Cape Times*, October 2, 1895).

Such, then, was the spirit in which Garrett appealed to public opinion in the Mother Country to leave to South Africa internal autonomy ; therein to work out a solution of the native question for herself. Of his suggestions upon the problem in connection with present-day politics, I shall have something to say in a later chapter (p. 192).

On the second of the subjects noted above (p. 93), that of Customs Union, railway agreements and the like, I shall not enter here. Details are of the essence of such discussions, and the details have changed since Garrett's day. The third fundamental of his South African policy—the external defence of the sub-continent by Great Britain—is of more abiding interest, and in regard to it he was able to contribute the service of a pioneer. At the time when I am now writing (April 1909), the Mother country and the Empire have been stirred by the unconditional offer by New Zealand of a first-class battleship for the Imperial Navy. The British State which set the precedent in such unconditional offers is Cape Colony. In 1897, at the time of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, Mr. Goschen announced one evening that he had "received the present of an ironclad at the hands of a British Colony. There was," he added, "no ceremonial, there was no great reception, there was no blare of trumpets ; but Sir Gordon Sprigg simply came to the First Lord of the Admiralty and told him that the Cape Colony was prepared

to place an ironclad of the first-class at the disposal of the Empire.”* Sir Gordon Sprigg was the Prime Minister who accepted a resolution to this effect passed in the Cape Assembly; Sir James Rose-Innes was the private member who tabled the resolution. The real author of the proposal was Garrett. It was, as he had often said to his friends, one of the main objects which he put before himself in going out to South Africa, and he lost no time in setting to work upon it. H.M.S. *Afrikander* was the title which Garrett gave to the battleship of his imagination, and he first floated her in the current of public opinion a few weeks after he landed at Cape Town.† That all was not going to be plain sailing was clear from the fact that even Mr. Rhodes was at first indifferent; the idea was impracticable, there must be a united South Africa first, and the question of coast protection would follow; in any case Garrett must “get up more steam.” And he did. The leading article was followed up by a “boom,” taking the approved form of “special interviews,” “special articles” and so forth. Garrett endeavoured to persuade Sir Gordon Sprigg to make H.M.S. *Afrikander* a Government proposal, and place a definite sum on the estimates for her. Sir Gordon, however, is one of those cautious politicians who like to be well assured of public opinion beforehand, and Garrett pegged away at driving the idea into the public mind. He had his reward on June 3, 1897, when Mr. Rose-Innes (who had been favourable to the idea from the first) carried without a division the resolution on which Sir Gordon Sprigg acted.‡ “It will make him a big man at the Jubilee Conference,” wrote Garrett to his cousin (June 9), “and all the time

* Speech at the St. George’s Club, July 10, 1897.

† *Cape Times*, August 16, 1895.

‡ But acted, as it afterwards turned out, without the authority of his Parliament. Ultimately, after some vicissitudes, the scheme was embodied in an unconditional contribution of £30,000 a year (afterwards £50,000). Garrett reviewed the story of the movement in an article (December 2, 1898) on the second reading of the Bill.

it's I who pulled the wires—isn't it fun ? Not a single allusion to the *Cape Times* either in the Parliament discussion, where they faked up my old arguments, or in the Press ; but that doesn't matter. Most of my other little 'booms' I have got well tacked on to the paper ; this is too big a thing for one to care about such incidentals." Garrett knew the rules of the game, it will be seen. It is often a journalist of ideas and initiative who starts the ball ; the statesman who takes up the ideas gets the glory of the goal. The journalist, with unmoved muscle, applauds, as if they were new to him, the "bold initiative," the "happy phrase," or the "convincing arguments" which he, it may be, has supplied to the statesman. And this, I think, is generally the more excellent way ; for the way to get things done, as a wise man has said, is not to mind who gets the credit of doing them. If, on the other hand, the journalist works up some idea as a newspaper "boom" and parades his "scoop," his self-gratulation should not be judged too harshly. He has the Paper to serve, as well as the public cause. He should be judged by the standard applied in like case to politicians. A statesman's ambition may be pure, and his public service disinterested, even though he should boast of some achievement as reflecting the highest credit on the insight of a Ministry or as adding new glory to the Great Liberal (or Conservative) Party. The real test is whether the policy, which is the subject of the newspaper "boom" or the party pæan, is inherently wise and beneficial.

That the policy of H.M.S. *Afrikander* was wise, will be generally admitted. The principles of it were explained by Garrett in the letter to his cousin from which I have already quoted :

Note that while the Australian squadron idea is to get a sort of local fleet semi-detached from Imperial central control,¹ the Cape proposal has been kept on the right lines of simply subscribing to the Queen's Navy, without making conditions. I do

hope people will see the significance of this, the only *practicable* scheme of Imperial unity yet on the tapis, which can begin to-morrow if all the colonies agree, and what an object-lesson for the world! I do hope nobody will raise the objection that if once help with the navy is accepted it will lead sooner or later to pressure for colonial representation at Westminster. Of course it will. Just the beauty of it! But my idea is again quite simple for the transition period. Triennial Premier Conferences on Foreign Policy, merely consultative, and therefore requiring no new constitutional machinery but carrying naturally great advisory weight with Imperial Cabinet in decisions which may require the use of the weapon subscribed to by the colonies, the actual responsibility and control, of course, remaining where it is at present, till actual representation becomes practicable, too far ahead for us to see.

Those who have followed recent developments and proposals will note Garrett's suggestions with lively interest. But his H.M.S. *Afrikander* was not at the time quite so beneficial for its incidental effect upon South African politics, as Garrett had hoped. He had advocated it on its merits as a contribution to the better and fairer adjustment of the problem of Imperial Defence; but also as a means of emphasising the solidarity of South Africa, locally self-governed, but depending for external protection upon the paramountcy of Great Britain. This was the meaning of a speech which Sir Hercules Robinson made at Pretoria on the occasion of the extension of the Delagoa Bay railway from the Portuguese frontier (July 8, 1895): the Transvaal, he said, must remain "a member of the South African family, with none but family differences with the British Colonies." President Kruger, however, was looking fondly, as will be seen from the interview with him (p. 218), for a seaport of his own, and Garrett advocated the policy of H.M.S. *Afrikander*, partly as a counter-demonstration to "this Europeanising policy, this itching anxiety of the little Transvaal oligarchy to masquerade as a fifteenth-rate European power, instead of loyally working as 'a member of the South African family,' as

the High Commissioner happily phrases it " (*Cape Times*, July 22, 1895). Garrett's naval policy was thus connected in his mind with another of his leading ideas, as defined above. He hoped that his demonstration would do something to promote the idea of a "South African family" in which all its members were, though under different roofs, entitled to equal rights. More and more it was becoming clear that unless President Kruger could be persuaded to soften his heart towards the Uitlanders serious friction would result; and more and more it was seen to be probable that in case of such friction the intervention of Great Britain might in one form or another become inevitable. Concurrently, therefore, with advocating his H.M.S. *Afrikander*, Garrett was preaching his other doctrines—that the conception of "the South African family" required some sympathy with the Uitlanders on the part of the Dutch elsewhere, who themselves already enjoyed equal political rights, and that any interference on the part of the British Government should and would be made in the interests of South Africa as a whole.

The criticism which Garrett's "Plain Talk with Oom Paul" had evoked in the South African press gave him occasion to define his position very clearly. The criticism was as conflicting as voluminous. The Rand papers found Garrett too indulgent to President Kruger: "any sympathy with his sullen stand against the inevitable was," they complained, "absurd and ignorant." Garrett, however, maintained his ground, recognising that President Kruger's extreme Conservatism was not contrary to nature, but losing no opportunity of appealing to the Cape Dutch to prevent persistence in it becoming contrary to peace and good policy. The Krugerite press, on the other hand—"that chorus of newspapers which we may describe as the Pretorian guard"—were very angry with Garrett for exposing the President's German intrigue:

The main idea—the broad give and take of South African policy—has been missed by editors, but while they are tearing their hair it may be their readers were giving attention to this. If there is one point on which the boulevardiers, the anti-colonial clique, are unable to influence their readers, it is the matter of German intriguing.

We in South Africa do not want any power in for “balancing against England” or any other pretext. We are perfectly confident of our power to maintain our own self-government without any meddling from Berlin. . . . Great Britain in South Africa is simply acting as guardian of the interests of the future whole against hostile action by any of the present parts. A Free State Transburgher may detest England . . . but he sees that England is the only power here whose interests are for integration, not disintegration. . . . When Germany steps into Damaraland and Namaqualand those are gone—or only to be rescued for South Africa like the Portuguese bits by some happy bankruptcy, while England regards every bit . . . as simply held in trust till one or other of the self-governing members is ready and competent to take it over.

The burgher “feels that so long as the union England works for . . . leaves the republics their autonomy, she is simply doing our work; while the Europeanising policy of Dr. Leyds and his henchmen can do nothing but drive South Africa to decorate a clique with the Order of the Spread Eagle.” *

This characteristic article well shows the fundamental object of Garrett’s policy; it was to appeal to the wider patriotism of South Africa against the exclusive particularism of President Kruger.

The appeal deserved more success than it obtained. At one moment there was an appearance, but only an appearance, of a response. In October and November 1895 Great Britain and the Transvaal were on the verge of war over the closing of the Drifts on the Vaal River. In pursuance of his policy of “building a wall” around the Transvaal, the President had used the completion of the railway from Delagoa Bay to strike a blow at the import of goods by the Cape route. The Netherlands Railway Company raised to a prohibitive figure the rates between the

* “Unity or Disunion,” *Cape Times*, August 2, 1895.

Vaal river and Johannesburg. Importers thereupon unloaded their goods south of the river and placed them in ox waggons. President Kruger retorted by closing the Drifts as ports of entry for oversea goods. The Cape Government, thus threatened with a loss of customs dues and railway rates, protested against the President's proclamation as a clear violation of the London Convention of 1884. The protest availed nothing, and the Cape Government (of which Mr. Rhodes was Premier and Mr. Schreiner Attorney-General) appealed to Downing Street. Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, promised to take the matter up and to see it through, provided that the Cape Ministry, in the event of an armed expedition becoming necessary, would bear half the expense, furnish an armed contingent, and give the free use of its railways for military purposes. The Cape Ministry accepted these terms, which, however, it stipulated, were not to be divulged unless action upon them became necessary. Mr. Chamberlain, thus armed, sent an ultimatum to the Transvaal Government, and the Drifts were reopened. Mr. Chamberlain's ultimatum and its success were quickly made known in Cape Town, but not the action of the Cape Government which had supported it. Mr. Rhodes, the Cape Premier, enjoyed at this time the support of the Bond. When the full facts became known, it was, therefore, assumed, and in discussions upon the subsequent war it was in some quarters vehemently asserted, as conclusive proof of the willingness of the Cape Dutch to put pressure upon President Kruger, that the Afrikaner Bond had supported the Drifts ultimatum. It was not so. Garrett's hopes that they would be induced to take any decisive line, in the interests of the South African family against the Transvaal, were, as he afterwards had to admit, never realised :

The sole shadow of excuse for saying that " the Bond offered to back Great Britain " is the fact that the Rhodes Ministry

offered *secretly* ; and Mr. Rhodes (then on the eve of his fall) thought, or affected to think, and advised Sir Hercules Robinson that he would be able to get a Parliamentary majority, and if so, presumably, some part of the Cape Dutch, to support him if the secret agreement had to come to light. Mr. Rhodes was wrong. The agreement did not come to light till a year or eighteen months later, when the question had become academic and another government was in office ; but the Bond showed, and has continued to show, that Mr. Rhodes could as much and as little have got it to go halves in the Raid as in the proposed Imperial campaign. There was one Bond man in the Ministry which made the secret agreement ; at the next election the Bond turned him out as a "false Afrikaner," and on one ground or another they have since proscribed every other Minister concerned. . . . The truth about the Bond "offering to back Great Britain," then, comes to this : that the Bond knew no more than the man in the moon about the offer till all was over, and since it has got to know has proscribed everybody concerned with making the offer (*Contemporary Review*, August 1900).

All this, however, was matter of subsequent comment. Garrett, meanwhile, eagerly turned the Drifts incident to the purpose of his constant text. A few weeks before, the annexation of British Bechuanaland to Cape Colony had been approved by a unanimous vote ; and presently the Bechuanaland Protectorate (lying between the now extended boundaries of the Colony and Rhodesia) was handed over to the British South Africa Company. Garrett pointed to these events as illustrations of "John Bull as Afrikaner," of the Imperial Government acting in South African affairs only in interests of South Africa as a whole :

Every intervention has been on behalf of South Africa as a united whole as against the supposed interests of a part, and has in fact served South African and not any selfishly British purposes. Take Bechuanaland, *e.g.*, which was not a mere grabbing of territory for Great Britain ; the territory is now being handed round in South Africa. What it did was to rescue the way to the Hinterland for the South African unity by saving it from being parcelled up into little particularised Transvaals, which at this moment would be exhibiting little particularist Hol-

landerisms, Drift-closings, and all the rest of it, on the present Transvaal pattern. There will be no Drifts closed on the Buluwayo line—thanks to John Bull Afrikander (*Cape Times*, November 5, 1895).

Among the Dutch in Cape Colony, however, there was no indication of any forwardness to side with the Uitlanders in their agitation for those political rights enjoyed by both races equally in Cape Colony. Garrett was constantly trying to “draw” Mr. Hofmeyr, with whom he was on not unfriendly terms, but, though some wise counsels were, it is believed, privately given, nothing of marked significance was forthcoming. To Garrett, therefore, things seemed in the late autumn of 1895 to be tending dangerously “to an end which cannot be foreseen.”

Much, meanwhile, of the true inwardness of which he was as yet unconscious, was going on behind the scenes.

There were, for instance, the various negotiations, already briefly mentioned, which were to give Mr. Rhodes command of what was afterwards called the “jumping-off ground of the Raid.” These included the question of Khama’s territory, ultimately settled by leaving the territory as a Native Reserve, but requiring the cession of a strip of land for the purposes of the Matabeleland Railway. Khama, it will be remembered, came over to England on the subject, and Garrett had a series of articles which were very sympathetic to the claims of the Bechuana chief. “Rhodes very angry with me,” he wrote home, “for coddling Khama, as he calls it.” He did not connect such matters with events which were presently to follow. He knew, no doubt, as much as Mr. Chamberlain knew, but no more. Things seemed to him to be drifting dangerously, and South African statesmen to be careless or lethargic. Some of them were, in fact, reckless rather, and headstrong. Some months later I remember seeing Mr. Rhodes in London, and our talk fell, among other

subjects, upon Garrett and his attitude towards recent events. "A week or two," said Rhodes, "before Jameson started, Garrett said to me one day, 'Now look here, Mr. Rhodes, I can't stand this country! You are all too fat and lethargic; nothing moves.' I smiled and advised him to wait. The next time I saw him was after my trouble had happened. 'I hoped it was hot enough for him now'!" He would have been hard to please, if it were not. In November and December the Reform movement at Johannesburg seemed to be coming to a head. On December 26 President Kruger made one of his pithy speeches. He was "often asked," he said, "about the threatened risings. Wait until the time comes," added he; "for take a tortoise, if you want to kill it, you must wait until it puts out its head." Next day, Mr. Charles Leonard, President of the Transvaal National Union, issued its manifesto; President Kruger waited. On December 29 Dr. Jameson, in Rhodes's phrase, "took the bit between his teeth," and started on his ill-fated raid. The news reached Johannesburg on the following day, and caused the greatest consternation among the reformers to whose aid and assistance he was supposed to be coming. In Cape Town, meanwhile, that same day, Monday, December 30, was one, as Garrett described, of strange, undefined tension of feeling, though the general expectancy strained towards Johannesburg, not towards the Border. Gradually, news began to filter through. The situation thus disclosed was "hot" enough for the most eager spirit; difficult, also, and embarrassing enough for the quickest and most nimble-witted of journalists.

CHAPTER VIII

“ THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN CRISIS ”

The teller had to consider two classes of reader, those in South Africa and those in England. As *The Princess* has it :

“ And I, betwixt them both, to please them both,
And yet to give the story as it rose,
I moved as in a strange diagonal,
And maybe neither pleased myself nor them.”—F. E. G.

THE night of Monday, December 30, 1895, was a memorable one in Garrett's life, as in that of others who were making or chronicling South African history. He described it, two days later, in a letter to his cousin, from which some extracts may be given :

Let me tell you the history of one night of my life—Monday, December 30, 1895. News of Revolution being hourly expected, I send for Hofmeyr, and after an hour's hard work squeeze out of him a word of *almost* sympathy with Uitlanders for publication.* I know, meanwhile, not from Rhodes, that “ something ” has begun in Transvaal. Wires blocked : exact news coming in morning. I concoct a most careful article to secure Afrikaner sympathy ; the Physician, sent by me, drags by the beard a Dutch master from Normal College to translate same into Dutch, ready to print in Dutch and English. Long wires from Edwards [representative of *Cape Times*] at Johannesburg on tension of feeling there, but ignorant of Jameson's movement so far ; I also ignorant of exact facts. Scarcely has Hofmeyr gone when in comes Sir Graham Bower, Imperial Secretary. Tells me of Jameson's move ; authorises me from High Commissioner to announce that Excellency had repudiated and recalled Jameson, but announcement only to be made if I get

* “ His views on the franchise demand Mr. Hofmeyr has expressed long ago. He favoured a compromise then, but it found no support at Pretoria. Now it would be useless to offer the compromise which then might have satisfied legitimate aspirations.”—*Cape Times*, December 31.

news of Jameson's move from other sources than official, so that it can't be kept longer unknown in colony. I have to write such a leader as covers this, and puts best face on it while not appearing to know the facts! Telegrams filtering in all night. News of Jameson comes 4 A.M. only! Paper going to press. I write up new matter, adding news and High Commissioner's message thereon. Meanwhile a friend from Johannesburg comes in; goes quite hysterical when I say that Rhodes and Government must and will repudiate blunder, and tell him my news from High Commissioner. I send for shorthand man and dictate very slowly in his presence the part of leader expressing impossibility of backing Jameson. 4.30 to 5.30, doss on office sofa. 5.30, walk up slope of Table Mountain *via* Roeland Street; find I'm tired; watch sun rising over Cape Town; come back to Physician's, 6 A.M.; she is up already; we confer; she feeds me; I doss again on her sofa; bath and breakfast, and the *Cape Times* going like wildfire; it has partly saved situation with Afrikanders for one day.

Garrett's letter gives a vivid picture of the strain, the excitement, the pressure under which a journalist has, at moments of acute crisis, to do his work. The politician need not speak till he likes, and can take time for second and third thoughts, with all the facts before him in orderly sequence. The journalist, on an occasion such as Garrett describes, has to collect his facts as he writes, to form his judgment on the instant, to express it on the spur of the moment. Only a cool head, a quick intelligence and a firm grasp of principles can carry a man successfully through the ordeal. Garrett's handling of the crisis with which he was suddenly confronted showed all these qualities. If I do not print *in extenso* the article which, as he hoped, had "partly saved the situation," or any of those which followed it, my reason is that even the best of articles, written solely for the occasion, are apt to lose their savour when the moment has passed away, and even to become unintelligible without a formidable array of critical apparatus. Nor do I propose to retell here the story of the Raid and subsequent events. The original sources are to

be found in Blue-books, Green-books, White papers innumerable ; and the gist of them has been compressed in many histories of the time. Garrett's own "Story of an African Crisis," published by him in 1897,* remains, in my judgment, the best monograph on the subject. It may be hereafter, when access is possible to private memoirs, that "some acuter wit, fresh probing," will "sound this multifarious mass of words and deeds deeper, and reach through guilt to innocence," or through innocence to guilt. It may be, though I doubt it ; but Garrett's account of the events is as clear and readable, as his estimate of the motives, actions and responsibilities of the principal personages is fearless and impartial. To "The Story of an African Crisis," then, the reader is referred who desires to refresh his memory, in any detail, of that unhappy page in South African history. Garrett himself, however, played some part—though neither so large nor so Machiavelian as his opponents put to his count—in the events of the time. For this reason, and because the part he played belongs to the story of his own life and throws light upon his character and ability, some account of it is given.

What was generally known in Cape Town at the turn of the year 1895-6 was that Dr. Jameson had crossed the border into the Transvaal ; what was expected was that the Uitlanders in Johannesburg were making, or would make, an armed rising ; what was not yet known was that the movement—or rather *a* movement—was preconcerted between Mr. Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, and the Reformers, that Dr. Jameson was armed with an undated letter from them invoking his aid in protection of "unarmed men, women and children," and that he had forced the pace by riding in before the Reformers were ready for him.

* First issued by him as the 1896 "Christmas Number" of the *Cape Times*, and re-issued in 1897 with additions in book-form—"The Story of an African Crisis : being the Truth about the Jameson Raid and Johannesburg Revolt of 1896, told with the assistance of the leading Actors in the Drama." By Edmund Garrett and E. J. Edwards. Constable and Co.

Some of this knowledge was now in Garrett's mind ; but nobody at the Cape knew or foresaw what was actually to happen ; the revolution might, it was supposed, still occur. In these circumstances, Garrett, as he put it, had to ride two horses. On the one hand, in accordance with a fixed principle of his already explained, he appealed for sympathy with the Uitlanders. " The struggle to-day," he wrote in his leading article addressed " To all Afrikaners," " is the same as the struggle of 1881, only the parts are reversed " :

What did the burghers fight for, then ? For the right to govern themselves, to be free men, not to have to obey the laws of other people. And what are the " Uitlanders " fighting for to-day—if to fight they are forced ? For that very same right to govern themselves, to be free men, to have laws of their own, not of other people's. The burghers called God to vindicate a great right in 1881. The " Uitlanders " can call to God to vindicate the very same right in 1895. The " Uitlanders " are struggling for their freedom, aye, and for their country ; for they feel that it is their country. The Boer began the making of it, but they are finishing it ; it is their work that has added all that power and prosperity and wealth, all those outward and visible signs of a great Republic, of which the Boer is as proud as anybody when he outspans his wagon at Nachtsmaal in the square at Pretoria and looks at the splendid Raadzaal. The Boer would see that he is in the wrong now, as he was in the right then, were it not that his simple mind, his little stock of prejudices (the Cape Colonist knows his cousin's little weaknesses), have been worked upon by evil counsellors from outside South Africa. When the Boer was right, Cape Afrikaners saw it and said so. Will they not now see that the right is on the other side, and say so with equal honesty ?

But those who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ; it was no part of the Imperial Government's duty or right to intervene, or to sanction intervention by means of a raid. Garrett's second point, then, in accordance with another of his fixed principles, was to assert and defend the duty of the Imperial Government to disavow, repudiate and recall the raiders :

We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that if the troops in question did cross the border in this airy way, they would be promptly repudiated and recalled by the Imperial authority. Trouble in the Transvaal has been long foreseen, and the infatuated policy of the President has threatened to set his house on fire these two years past. Everybody foresaw possibilities which might even render it necessary to send for the Suzerain Power to intervene with armed force and part the combatants, in order to stop a race war. All this is commonplace, but through all such events the High Commissioner's duty is to stand high above the quarrels—even the just quarrels—of the "Uitlanders," for it is to him that all South Africa will look to hold the balance even and to mould the united statesmanship of South Africa into the great settlement which must inevitably follow the struggle.

That settlement was not to come so soon as Garrett hoped, nor in the way that he anticipated ; but to the two lines indicated above—sympathy with the *objects* of the Revolution, reprobation of the Raid—he steadily adhered, endeavouring on his part also to hold the balance even. At one point, however, his zeal on behalf of the Reformers at Johannesburg ran somewhat away from discretion. He saw much of Sir Hercules Robinson during the anxious hours before the High Commissioner started for the north. Sir Hercules knew and respected him as a man of independent judgment to whom, as to himself, the honour of England and the welfare of South Africa were dearer than any private interests of Mr. Rhodes or of Johannesburg. To Garrett, therefore, Sir Hercules showed the Draft Proclamation which had been suggested and approved by Mr. Hofmeyr. Garrett criticised one passage in the Draft which seemed to him not to hold the balance even, which might, indeed, be read as an interference (though on President Kruger's side) in the internal affairs of the Republic. "It was one thing," he argued,

to proclaim Jameson's external intervention. It was quite another thing to use words tantamount to an internal interference between the Transvaal Government and certain

Transvaal inhabitants. The Imperial policy towards the Johannesburg movement *per se* had been, so far, one of strict impartiality. It could neither promise the Uitlanders support nor could it officiously bid them sit down under their grievances. It might intervene to part the combatants, as the Power mainly responsible for the peace of South Africa ; or to prevent whichever side won from proceeding to extreme action against the other ; but the conversation of the Johannesburg leaders then in Cape Town sufficed to show how deeply Johannesburg would resent any act on the part of the Imperial Government that could fairly be described as first leaving the Uitlanders to work out their own salvation against an armed Government, and then stepping in to divide and paralyse their ranks the moment they began to do it.*

There was one sentence in the Draft Proclamation which seemed to Garrett obnoxious to this objection. It was the last, calling upon British subjects even to abstain from demonstrations or any action calculated to disturb public order. Garrett pleaded with the High Commissioner for the omission of this paragraph. An injunction which vetoed even the calling of a public meeting was, he argued, an unnecessary piece of intervention in the internal affairs of the Transvaal ; as such, it would amount, in spirit, to a breach of the Convention. Sir Hercules Robinson, after long consideration, admitted the force of Garrett's arguments, and the paragraph was struck out. This action of Garrett's was legitimate enough, though as things happened, it caused some little delay in the issue of the Proclamation—a delay which was indeed of no practical consequence, but became afterwards the subject of some bitter controversy. Garrett's next action was, I think, injudicious, though it is not so easy to be wise in the excitement of the moment as afterwards when the consequences of each move can be considered in due sequence. He sent the following telegram to the Johannesburg *Star* :

You must expect, and not misunderstand, a proclamation putting Jameson formally in the wrong. Imperial authorities

* " The Story of an African Crisis," p. 193.

have no other course. Don't let this weaken or divide *you*. This merely for your information.

This, Garrett explained, "was merely a private reading of the situation exchanged between two journalists, perfectly understood by the recipient, and conveying a common-sense hint which proved of some small use in the confused *brouhaha* at Johannesburg." The substance of Garrett's telegram was defensible; it was on the lines of the amendment which he induced Sir Hercules Robinson to make in the Proclamation; he intended to emphasise the distinction between Revolution (an internal affair) and Raid (an external act of aggression). But the wording of the telegram—"putting Jameson *formally* in the wrong"—was not happily chosen; and it is easy to understand why the Transvaal Government, in the strain of suspicion produced by the crisis, seized on Garrett's message as a find of sinister significance and gave prominence to it in their Green Book. It was afterwards the subject of a debate in the Cape Parliament, and Garrett was called before the Select Committee of that Parliament to give explanations. The telegram was sent, it should be stated, entirely "off his own bat"; it was an impulsive hit, characteristic of him. He longed to be on the spot himself, believing that his presence there might be of importance, and he even made plans for going up to Johannesburg disguised as a German waiter—a make-up, by the way, which he would not have found easy; but the strain and excitement were telling on his lung, and the doctor imperatively forbade the journey.

Garrett's famous telegram revived the standing fiction that he was "Rhodes's mouthpiece." The absurdity of this should have been obvious to any candid and intelligent reader of the *Cape Times*. Garrett was, it is true, on very friendly and even familiar terms with Mr. Rhodes. It has been said of Delane that no Minister would have thought it odd if he had sent in his card and asked to see

him at any hour of the night *; Garrett's way of summoning the Prime Minister to an audience, I have heard him say, was upon occasion to throw a stone at the window. But at the time of the Raid Rhodes saw little of Garrett, and said little to him. "Well, there is a little history being made; that is all." And that was all that he said. "Among his Dutch furniture at Groote Schuur," wrote Garrett in his paper (January 6, 1896), "Mr. Rhodes sits mute as the Sphinx." As Garrett gradually learned from other sources scraps of the real truth and of Rhodes's complicity in the affair—in *a* Raid, that is, as contemplated, not at the last moment in *the* Raid as actually carried out—he blurted out his information in the hope of forcing Rhodes's hands or rather tongue. Whereupon, said some, "even Mr. Rhodes's mouthpiece admits" this, that and the other. The real fact was, as Garrett wrote to me, that he knew nothing, but printed what he surmised to be likely, "in the hope of bringing Rhodes out into the open and forcing him to be as frank as possible. This infuriates Rhodes and the rest." But Garrett was not the man to be deflected from his own course by the fury either of friend or of foe; and he stuck consistently to his line that the proper and the wise course was for Rhodes to make the cleanest possible breast of it at the earliest possible moment. The phrase, which afterwards became current, that Mr. Rhodes was "to face the music," was Garrett's. He was equally free and independent in his criticisms of the Reformers and their plan, as he called it, of "Revolution by Proxy," and, as any reader of "The Story of an African Crisis," will speedily note, of Dr. Jameson and his associates. "We know," he wrote in the paper (January 4), "there must be brave men on the Rand. We feel that we do not yet know all. Some day, perhaps, we may be enabled to take back some of our reproaches." That day came, when Garrett was entrusted with a

* Sir Algernon West's "Recollections," vol. i. p. 244.

commission to write the story of the Imperial Light Horse, and the epitaph for the officers and troopers who fell in the war.

Meanwhile, for all who were in positions of influence there was work to be done in "picking up the broken crockery" left by the Raid. Garrett here acted with admirable energy and wisdom. The first thing to be done was to prevent the blood-feud which could hardly have been avoided if summary vengeance had been executed upon Dr. Jameson. Nothing seemed impossible at the moment. Even men ordinarily level-headed were expressing the hope that President Kruger would hang the Doctor upon the nearest tree, the terms of his surrender to Commandant Cronje being as yet unknown in Cape Town. Garrett immediately promoted a petition to the High Commissioner, "earnestly representing that Your Excellency should treat the release of Dr. Jameson and his comrades as of more importance than any other conditions which the Government of the South African Republic is asked to grant." Part of every copy of the *Cape Times* was made into a form for this petition, and in a few days 10,000 signatures, in twos, and tens, and fifties, had come in; and the Mayor telegraphed the fact to the High Commissioner. The *Cape Times* petition ran through the Colony; Kimberley, Port Elizabeth, and East London did the like; there were many Afrikaner names among the signatures; and the united voice found an echo in the watchwords of the negotiations then in progress. The position had been somewhat eased by the telegram of the German Emperor. This officious mis-sive, of which the inner history is still matter of occasional and conflicting revelations, aroused a storm of anger among the British; and its hint about the help of other Powers being available excited uneasiness even among the Dutch. Here was a matter which vitally affected one of Garrett's root-ideas—the external paramountcy of Great Britain;

and he was quick to defend it. *Ons Land*, the Dutch organ at the Cape, had an article palliating the German Emperor's interference; Garrett at once drew attention to this in the *Cape Times*, and appealed to Mr. Hofmeyr to speak out. The appeal was successful; Mr. Hofmeyr sent to Garrett for immediate publication a most emphatic repudiation of "Kaiser William's blundering utterances." * Garrett's personal relations with Mr. Hofmeyr were, I may here remark, of a friendly character. Garrett had a high opinion of Mr. Hofmeyr's abilities, and often took occasion in the English press, to defend and expound some aspects of his policy. As his articles "In Afrikanderland" were among the first to popularise the personality of Mr. Rhodes in this country, so also he did much to introduce to the British public the figure of the Veiled Prophet of the Afrikander Bond. He used to give amusing accounts of his friendly intercourse with Mokanna; discussing the vexed question of Mr. Hofmeyr's illnesses, which some explorers affirmed (inaccurately, I believe) to have only a diplomatic origin, and describing how the presence of a *chaperon* was always deemed necessary when he and Mr. Hofmeyr met at table. From a journalistic point of view, it added not a little to the interest and influence of Garrett's paper that he was able, on occasion, to play Mr. Hofmeyr as well as Mr. Rhodes.

The release of Dr. Jameson and the raiders, to be dealt with by the British Government, was presently followed by the trial of the Reformers. Garrett went up to Pretoria to describe the scene, and a note of a characteristic incident will be found in another chapter (p. 172 *n*). The four ringleaders—Mr. George Farrar, Mr. John Hays Hammond, Mr. Lionel Phillips, and Colonel Frank Rhodes—were condemned to death, whilst the rank and file were sentenced to imprisonment for two years. These sentences were soon commuted to fifteen years' imprisonment,

* *Cape Times*, January 14, 1896.

in the case of ringleaders, and to reduced terms in that of the others. It was believed that further commutations were in prospect ; but it seemed to Garrett that what was wanted, in the interests of South Africa, was speedy amnesty, rather than "a doling out of magnanimity of inches." He set on foot therefore, through the *Cape Times*, an Amnesty Movement, which proved one of the most successful of his politico-journalistic "sensations." He started it in the *Cape Times* of May 23, in a stirring article addressed "To the Towns of South Africa : an Historical Opportunity," suggesting the adoption of a uniform resolution to be sent to the Transvaal Government in favour of amnesty.

This article evoked immediate response from many centres. On the following Monday a letter from Mr. Rose-Innes proposed a capital amendment to the *Cape Times* plan : viz., that the "uniform resolution" should take rather the form of a uniform petition, which the Mayor should be authorised by each town's meeting to sign and carry to Pretoria as its delegate. Mr. Innes' name gave the movement fresh impetus. The Political Association of Cape Town (May 27) set to work to organise the other centres. On the 29th of the same month the Cape Town meeting under the scheme was held in the Good Hope Hall, and in the course of the ensuing week the rest of the towns followed suit. The example thus set told in other directions. The Cape and Natal Governments, as soon as they saw that the movement was going to be a universal one, addressed friendly representations to the Transvaal Government recommending amnesty, while the Bond itself and the Associated Chambers of Commerce determined to send delegates of their own to Pretoria. The first fruits of the agitation were soon gathered. The day after the great Cape Town meeting, the whole of the prisoners, with the exception of the four leaders and Messrs. Sampson and Davies, were released on payment of their fines and entering into a bond not to meddle with Transvaal politics for a term of years. It was explained that as Messrs. Sampson and Davies had refused to sign a petition to the Executive, their cases had not been considered, and they still remained in prison.* On June 10 the great

* Garrett hammered away in his paper for the release of these prisoners also, printing day after day that this was the 100th, the 101st, and so on,

deputation of over fifty mayors or other municipal officials, having a large additional number of petitions from unrepresented centres, mustered in Pretoria. And on the following day came the news that the four leaders were to be released immediately on payment of a fine of £25,000 each. The decree of banishment was waived on an agreement being entered into by each of the four not to be mixed up in Transvaal politics again for the space of fifteen years (*The Story of an African Crisis*, pp. 265-6).

Garrett was in high spirits at the success of his action. "I predict," he wrote to me on June 3, "that Leyds will let out the rest—forty-six out already—*before* my Mayors have time to get up to Pretoria. It's the mobilisation of South African public opinion just at the right psychological moment. I wired all over the country; forced the hand of the political folk here, and made *them* force the Pretoria Government's hand. We even galvanised up dear old Hofmeyr; he was just going to start for Pretoria when they let out the forty-six. *Such* larks!"

The other side of the work which Garrett set himself to do after the Raid was more difficult. "How can we get back the Afrikaners politically?" he asked in a letter of the time. How indeed? As for inducing them to exercise any friendly pressure in favour of reform in the Transvaal, that, as we have seen, was not hopeful before; it was hopeless now. But how to get them back to the position which they held before the Raid, when they were at any rate in sympathy on some points with Mr. Rhodes and his general policy? This was a piece of broken crockery which Garrett knew to be well-nigh past mending. But he must try. "Any fool," he wrote—and the words,

day of their confinement. They were ultimately released on June 22, 1897. Both played a conspicuous part in the subsequent war. Garrett had characteristic stories of both men. Colonel Wools Sampson, as soon as he was released, wrote a letter which Mr. Rhodes showed Garrett with much relish, volunteering for any kind of use or service in Rhodesia, with the characteristic postscript—"P.S.—Nothing shady, of course." Of Major Karri Davies, Garrett used to say that he declined to be recommended for the V.C. "I shouldn't like," he said, "to go about wearing it, and then come across the mother of some other fellow wearing crape."

as I have said before, were often in his mouth—"any fool can play a *winning* game." One thing, at any rate, he could do to prevent what he saw must inevitably be a losing move.

Mr. Chamberlain, after the Raid, seems to have thought for a while that the time was propitious for cozening or compelling President Kruger to a settlement. Garrett on the spot saw quite clearly that the Raid must necessarily be followed by a breathing-space. The High Commissioner was instructed to enter into proposals and negotiations; but it is absurd, wrote Garrett privately, "to expect Sir Hercules Robinson to play the part of a Cromer without Cromer's army of occupation," and this view, as is generally known, was entirely shared by Sir Hercules himself. Then Mr. Chamberlain invited President Kruger to come over and have a square talk with *him*, and a scheme of modified "Home Rule for the Rand" (originally suggested it is said, by Mr. Merriman) was formulated. The overtures were rejected, and war-talk began to appear in the Jingo press. Garrett thereupon wrote a series of articles in the *Cape Times*—entitled "A Fool's Paradise," "A Word to Mr. Chamberlain" and so forth—in which he strongly deprecated any continuance of the Colonial Secretary's pressure :

We hear that the Pretoria Government is very restive under some recent despatches. If Mr. Chamberlain is allowing himself to be pushed over the precipice, it is the duty of the High Commissioner, and the Colonial Government, too, for that matter, to pull him up before he gets any nearer the edge. We value the influence of the Paramount Power too highly in the present chaos of South African units to care to see that influence imperilled by a blunder. . . . As we have pointed out over and over again, even while the negotiations for the Kruger visit and the Big Deal seemed still practicable, the "Uitlander" must not expect that much can be done for his political status at the present moment. The Boer would have to be either a fool or a supreme statesman—and he is neither; he is a Boer (April 1, 1896).

These articles rendered real service in damping down

an impolitic movement. They caused a good deal of excitement, and Garrett was freely denounced as a "turn-coat" by the pavement politicians of Cape Town. His articles were, however, warmly approved, I believe, by Sir Hercules Robinson; and Mr. Hofmeyr wrote to beg that the substance of them should be cabled immediately to London. Garrett's sagacity was shown also in his treatment of the status of the Chartered Company as affected by the Raid. "My own idea is," he wrote, "that the military side should be taken away from the charter; administration left with an Imperial magistrate in independent command over the police. This is the best we can or ought to do for them." It was exactly what the British Government presently did.

Garrett's conduct of the *Cape Times* during the stirring and critical times glanced at in this chapter enhanced the admiration of his friends, and won the respect even of many opponents. During a little breathing-space in July 1896, he gave a dinner to his editorial staff,* to

* "To his staff," writes one of his colleagues, "Garrett was always a firm friend and wise counsellor. His quick appreciation of good work done was a stimulus to one and all. Perhaps his goodness of heart led him at times to make greater allowances than a strict sense of newspaper requirements would justify. Once, for example, he had sent one of his staff a two days' journey to Graaff Reinet. The occasion was the opening of a railway, and the reporter, learning in the afternoon that Lord (then Sir Alfred) Milner was to deliver a speech of the first importance that night, sent a warning message. It never reached Garrett, but it reached the sub-editor, who walked home composedly at ten o'clock without troubling his head as to the fate of the speech. By some unlucky chance—and allowance must be made for the easy-going ways of Cape newspaper offices in those days—not a member of the staff remained when the first portions of the telegram began to come in at eleven o'clock. Garrett himself happened to be away for the day. The telegram—it was Milner's first declaration of his policy, his first clear and unmistakable warning to Kruger—lay unopened in the office, and next day the rival journal printed a full report. To one of Garrett's keen journalistic instinct the miss was almost crushing. The explanation was wholly unsatisfactory; the erring sub-editor had frequently offended before and was to make equally grave blunders in the future. But his appeal on behalf of his wife and children touched Garrett's quick sympathy, and the man was let off with a reprimand—and an increase of salary. For, poor fellow—he has long been dead—his income, as Garrett found in the stormy interview that morning, was little enough for his needs."

which also Mr. St. Leger, his predecessor, was invited. No man held a longer or a more honourable record in South African journalism, none was of greater esteem in Cape Colony than he; and Garrett was much pleased when Mr. St. Leger rose and "said very nice things about me which you can supply, that I had steered the paper with, &c. &c., through the most difficult period he remembered." He had the satisfaction also of knowing that the circulation of the paper had steadily and largely increased during his year of editorship. He had never spared himself in his endeavours to serve it, and he found little time for any outside occupations. He was supposed to live, for his health's sake, at Rondebosch, a suburb to the north of Cape Town. "One day," records a printer on the paper, "Mr. Garrett comes in and says, 'I'm going to live out at Rondebosch, and the last train goes at 11.45, so you're bound to get the leader by 11.30. We shook hands with ourselves at that, we did! But Lord! it made no difference. He'd stay and lose the last train and drive out to Rondebosch in the small hours, or spend the night at the City Club.'" On one occasion, when Garrett did catch the last train to Rondebosch, he found awaiting him there a telegram from Sir William Milton containing important news from Rhodesia. There was no train back, and in those days neither cabs nor motors were available in the little suburb. Garrett dashed up to Groote Schuur, only to find that servants and occupier had retired for the night. From the path without he bombarded Rhodes's bedroom window with gravel until at last the great man put out his head with a grumble and asked what was the matter. Garrett's words brought him down in a hurry; the telegram was discussed; Rhodes threw fresh light upon it; and at half-past twelve Garrett was engaged with the groom in saddling up the cart, and driving furiously into Cape Town, a distance of some five miles. "There," says a member of his staff, "I remember well

watching him, standing at the 'stone' in the printer's room, dashing off slip after slip of copy, and completing a column of magnificent stuff without a word altered and without hesitation, in something less than three-quarters of an hour. The *Cape Times* caught the post that day by inches, and readers throughout the country had a wonderful piece of journalism to digest at their breakfasts, five hours later."

Rondebosch was sometimes abandoned for Muizenburg, by the sea, where Garrett shared quarters with his friend, Mr. Herbert Baker, the architect, in a cottage known as "The Eagle's Nest." It was here that Garrett invited a party for a week-end "to meet Rudyard Kipling." Mr. Kipling had either not been asked or had failed to come. In his absence, Garrett hastily put forward an early arrival, whom we will call Charlie, for the part of the great man. Now Charlie was a stockbroker, and at the time had never read a word of Kipling. Garrett, having introduced him to the next comers (who were as much impressed as were the boys in "A Conference of the Powers" at meeting Mr. Cleever), proceeded to put Charlie in a tight place by plying him with questions about stories and poems he had written, and places and persons he had seen. None of the party has forgotten the demure and glum silence of "Rudyard Kipling" under Garrett's endeavours to make him talk about "himself." Garrett seldom failed to be the life and soul of any company he was in. "I think he was happiest," says a Cape Town friend, in recalling a series of Saturday meetings, "on those days when he was with us." "He was never so happy," says a compositor in recalling a wayzgoose, "as when he was with us!"

His high spirits and the amount of work and energy which he had put into his task are astonishing when one remembers that his health was all the while on the verge

of breaking down. The achievement was only made possible by the constant solicitude—more careful and minute than he was allowed to suspect at the time—which was devoted to him by his physician in managing his diet, in seeing that he had warm clothes and sheets, in counselling him to sleep, whenever possible, by the sea-shore at Muizenburg. Some years later, when Mrs. Fawcett was in South Africa inquiring on behalf of the British Government into the Concentration Camps, Garrett thus wrote of his friend and physician, Dr. Jane Waterston of Cape Town :

October 5, 1901.

She made the greatest difference to my life conceivable. I simply can't imagine those years at the Cape with her taken out. . . . She helped me in my work, she helped me in my election, she kept me alive, I think, and I am sure she made my life incalculably brighter and happier. And she is that best kind of friend who will always have a friend be, and do, his best. God bless her for all ! And now you have been adopted too, and I tell you all this which you knew already because I know that *now* you will understand it. It is written in the Euclid of moral geometry that friends of the same friend should be friends of one another, and *vice versa* ; but it isn't always so ; and when it comes off, it seems to double them all round ! . . .

Garrett was not, it is to be feared, the best of patients. If he had been, he would not have done so much in the world of South African affairs as he did. When he was better, the physician had to report that he was "intoxicated with betterness." So long as there was any physical strength left in him to respond to the stimulus of his eager brain, he was never a man to do things by halves. He was intoxicated with betterness when he joined a Riding Club at Cape Town, known to its members as "The Suicide Brigade." "We were afraid of over-tiring him when he first joined us," says one of the survivors, "he looked so white and frail ; we used to slack down a bit for him. But before we had done, it was *he* who was off away and

ahead, and it was all we could do to keep up with him." These rides—sometimes with the club, sometimes with Cecil Rhodes or other friends—were among Garrett's happiest hours at the Cape, and they often figure in his letters. "On Saturdays six to twelve of us go a regular two hours' spin over the Flats and through the bush and everything; it's huge fun." "I went out on the Flats yesterday, taking Colonel Rhodes and led him galloping through bush two feet high studded with mole-holes. He said his heart was in his mouth all the time, but I feel, now that this piece of work is off my mind, what matters a broken neck." Whether this form of fun was prudent in the case of a man with a damaged lung is another question. But Garrett was intoxicated with betterness! Here is the letter written on his 31st birthday to his cousin (July 20, 1896):

At this moment I feel less of an invalid than for several years past. How many "well" people who marry and breed up sons and deem themselves living a full life, enjoy such a full year of effort as 1895-96 has been to me? The horrible haunting fear of being knocked out of the line and walked over by the other fellows, a subject no more for the battle, only for the ambulance, no help to the world but a burden only—that is lifted for the time at least. Some good work has been done. I have never told you all the difficulties or early doubts and struggles. The other day old Faure, one of the Ministers who was up at Pretoria and came to see me in bed when I was ill there just a year ago, said to some members in the Lobby of the House: "Look at this fellow! I visited him on his sick-bed at Pretoria, fading away to slow music and looking like a regular 'sent out to die'—and here he is, the most dangerous man in South Africa!"

Garrett meant to make himself more "dangerous" still. For in that frame of his, "so white and frail," there was an indomitable spirit, and the whole man tingled with vitality and honourable ambition. "Rhodes goes off to Rhodesia, nothing else for him to do," he wrote; "but then what are we to do at the Cape? I shall have

to go into Parliament here in the long run if I stay. I wish one could be editor and M.P., and revolutionary, and war-correspondent* all at once." "Life piled on life were all too little"; and of one, little was destined to remain to him. What use he made of it, before the fates doomed him to inactivity, will be told in the next chapter.

* The reference is to the revolt in Rhodesia (March-October, 1896).

CHAPTER IX

MEMBER OF THE CAPE ASSEMBLY

“ He dares not bind,
He dares not stem, whate’er befall,
The headlong current of his call.”

F. E. G. (from Ibsen’s *Brand*).

THE combination of the rôles of Member of Parliament and Editor is one which has often attracted energetic and ambitious men, but few, if any, even among those blessed with strong constitutions, have found it practicable. To be at once an actor on the political stage, and a critic of it, to make political history in Parliament and record it in the newspaper : this may well seem an alluring prospect of power and influence. But the double strain is too great, and the chances are that a man, in aiming at both spheres of influence, will either sacrifice something of each, or involve himself in physical breakdown. The combination of sleeping Member and active Editor, or of active Member and sleeping Editor, may indeed be possible enough, and there are cases in many countries in which it has been accomplished not without some measure of personal success. If, however, a man means to pursue a full life of journalistic work on the one hand, and an energetic parliamentary career on the other, he soon finds that he must make his choice between the two. There are journalists who have stepped from the editorial chair to high place in the political world. Others have preferred to remain in their chosen calling, content to exercise therein a political influence which, after all, may be infinitely greater than any which most members of Parliament can ever hope to

wield. Lord Morley chose the one course ; Delane the other. Garrett, within the more modest sphere of Cape Colony, aspired to double the parts.

Perhaps he calculated that the easier conditions at the Cape would make the thing possible even to his delicate constitution. The sessions there are comparatively short, the hours are early. By husbanding his physical resources, he might be able to sit, vote and speak in the afternoons, and yet to direct, write and control in the evenings. There is an exhilaration in the air of South Africa which has caused many men to believe, and attempt, the impossible ; and Garrett, as we have seen, was "intoxicated with betterness." Or it may be that he counted the cost, and was prepared, on due deliberation, to pay the price. Not many years, but full years, may have been his choice. More probably, I think, he made no such calculation ; but like Ibsen's hero flung himself unreservedly into "the current of his call." During the period between the autumn of 1896 and that of 1898, when he was elected a member of the Legislative Assembly, the politics of Cape Colony and of South Africa generally became of absorbing interest to him. He had ideas, plans, policies for shaping them, and he followed, at the call, where his own increasing influence might seem to lead.

The Raid had broken into atoms the party crockery in Cape Colony. Mr. Rhodes, who had been Premier for six years, was in disgrace and almost in exile. The political combination which had kept him in power was irretrievably destroyed. The average citizen had lost his bearings. In the confusion and uncertainty which prevailed, there seemed room only for policies of drift, for stop-gap governments, for the day of the "mugwumps." Yet the Cape was an integral part of South Africa, and the larger problem, in which the Raid was rather a symptom than a cause, was as insistent as ever. That political

adventure had justly given a time of grace to the State whose exclusive policy was a standing menace to the peace, and an obstacle to the union, of South Africa ; but nothing was more certain than that, if the grace were not well used, the crisis would recur. There was need, then, for political reconstruction at the Cape, both in view of its own developments, and as a factor in the larger South African question.

Garrett had a policy for the occasion. At this point, I must explain that here as elsewhere when I speak of "Garrett's policy," I am not perpetrating the absurdity of claiming for his brain or his paper any patent rights or exclusive credit. In the shaping of all policies, many factors and many influences—personal, economic, intellectual, sentimental—are involved, and it is always difficult to determine the several measures in which a politician or a newspaper forms or reflects public opinion. The influence of an editor with a fixed and definite policy must always, however, be considerable, and especially in times of unsettlement. He is on the platform every day. He enforces, or insinuates, his principles on every occasion. His paper is a mirror which flashes the light from every point. The forces of reiteration and emphasis are great ; and it is a tenable proposition that this influence of a newspaper with a definite policy is greater than elsewhere in new and sparsely-populated countries, where other means for the formation of public opinion are less highly developed. With this explanation, I proceed without further circumlocutory qualification to speak of "Garrett's policy." I shall not forget my promise not to entangle the reader in any *minutiæ* of Cape politics. There is the less reason to do so, because Garrett's line at this time can be traced in accordance with a few very clear principles.

His main objects were to put Mr. Rhodes again in the saddle, and to make him a Progressive. The latter purpose

was the more difficult of the two, but Garrett did it. I recall conversations of later years in which we talked of the difficulties which a certain High Commissioner had in persuading a minister to agree to one thing, and another eminent man to do another thing. Garrett used to say laughingly that the only stiffer job was *his* in inducing Mr. Rhodes to "toe the line" of his Progressive programme. There are few more dramatic events in Cape politics than the rehabilitation of Mr. Rhodes after the Raid. He had left for the north early in 1896, a broken man. He returned in December, a popular hero in Cape Town. Garrett's enemies in the press credited or discredited him with having as they said "engineered the Rhodes boom." It is quite true that he suggested (December 4) "a public reception for Mr. Rhodes after his services in Matabeleland"; but he did not create the popular reaction; he only recognised it, and suggested the absurdity of pretending that it did not exist. "Somebody," he wrote (December 5), "has passed the word: 'Mr. Rhodes is coming to Cape Town, let's pretend we don't see him.' " Other people found in the popular reception of Mr. Rhodes, and in his subsequent rehabilitation in Cape politics, the mark of moral obliquity, the sign of complicity in political brigandage. Garrett was careful to distinguish his own point of view from extremes on either side:

There are [he wrote] people so incensed by the Jameson affair that they consider that any good thing that Mr. Rhodes may do should be passed over in silence for the rest of his unnatural life. This category numbers many people in the Republics, and some newspaper writers and politicians elsewhere. Then there are people so delighted by the Jameson affair, so pleased with Mr. Rhodes, because, as they think (they are quite wrong, by the way), he tried to "jump the Transvaal," that they would be equally ready to cheer him if since then he had done nothing but rest upon the supposed laurels plucked at Doornkop. This class of profound thinkers includes, it must be confessed, a certain number of men in Cape Town, who aforetime used to

denounce Mr. Rhodes for "truckling to the Dutch." . . . Thirdly, there is a large and increasingly large number of South Africans who see in Mr. Rhodes's labours in Matabeleland during this year a reparation, a first and splendid instalment of a great debt owed to South Africa. They do not pretend that the debt is thus paid off. . . . (*Cape Times*, December 5, 1896.)

Neither at this time, nor later, did the desire to see Mr. Rhodes again in the saddle mean condonation of the Raid, or blindness to his faults and failings. It meant a recognition of two things, neither of them easily disputable: first, that Mr. Rhodes with all his failings was a commanding man; secondly, that his influence at the Cape was in any case bound to be considerable, and that it was better to have that influence linked to open responsibility. The first point was clearly put in a reported conversation with the Rev. J. S. Moffat: "I have often seriously differed," he said, "from Mr. Rhodes, but he stands on an altogether different level from any other politician we have; and he is so great that, notwithstanding his faults, we cannot do without him. He stands alone for his far-reaching and really statesmanlike views."* That was Garrett's estimate also, as it is eloquently expressed in an article on one of Mr. Rhodes's speeches to an open-air meeting at Cape Town (October 26, 1898):

Last night the great Expansionist spoke to Cape Town about what he calls the "big idea" under a roof expansive enough for anything; for he spoke practically under the Southern Cross. But it makes up for all when Mr. Rhodes gets on to his far-off dreams and ambitions, the real ideals of his own rectitude—unctuous or otherwise—and lifts his hearers up with him into the same vast uplands. The thread of that argument is one of which Cape Town audiences never tire from Mr. Rhodes, because what would be talking in another man with him has been doing. He takes the current petty matters in the lobby in Cape politics and throws them all against the great background of the expan-

* *Daily News*, November 9, 1898.

sion of Africa : brings them into relation, in short, with his life's work, and with all that to Cape Town audiences he himself embodies. That is the best thing to see at these gatherings, the lifting of the young fellows in the audience out of themselves and out of our localisms, and making them feel that they too are a part of the great mysterious process that is creating a new world out of the chaos of the continent. Faces kindle at this familiar talk about "Kitchener at Sobat" and the "telegraph at Tanganyika," and the confident promise of the railway link to follow these, and of the political developments to follow the railway, make them feel that the Good Hope Hall and the hum-drum work in shop or store are all in the same moving world of effort. There is here, after all, something of the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream. It leavens much cynicism, it gives the clue to what is best in the human mixture labelled Rhodes.

That was one of the true secrets of Mr. Rhodes's power ; and Garrett desired to see the power frankly harnessed to responsibility. "Many persons," he wrote in a review of the year 1898 (January 1, 1899), "especially among the relics of the older Rhodes' following were desperately anxious over the prospect of his leadership becoming open. They preferred that he should sit behind the scenes and pull the wires, Hofmeyr-like . . . The view persistently preached by this journal was that if Mr. Rhodes admittedly led, he should lead openly and responsibly." That was surely a sound principle.

But whither and whom was Mr. Rhodes to lead ? Garrett was ready to tell him. The effect of the Raid and Mr. Rhodes's downfall had been to detach the Afrikaner Bond finally from him. He could no longer count on their support or sympathy in any matter. Therefore, argued Garrett, if Mr. Rhodes was "to lead a party which was anti-Bond upon external politics, he should frankly break with his Bond past upon *internal* politics also, and come out on the Progressive platform." Now Garrett was a convinced Free Trader ; and, although the full gospel of free imports might be too strong for a Colonial public, the Cape con-

sumers were suffering painfully at this time from high taxes on corn and meat. In the autumn of 1896 Garrett started a vigorous campaign against these duties. The files of the *Cape Times* for several months are full of it. Nor did he merely preach a crusade; he did much to promote it, especially by suggesting an appropriate organisation, starting a "shilling fund" to provide it with the sinews of war, and convening a Cheap Food Conference. "When I started the shillings," he wrote home, "I went into the compositors' room and made a little speech. They cheered and every man put down his bob. The example is being followed by every place of business in the country; it is a new idea here." In the following January, Garrett came to England for a few weeks—his first real holiday since he had been editor of the *Cape Times*. Mr. Rhodes came in the same ship, "to face the music" of the Select Committee on the Raid. Garrett, we may be sure, made the most of his opportunities in preaching the Progressive gospel; but there was doubtless some difficulty. Sir William Harcourt's amusing parody of Mr. Rhodes's views will be remembered: "Reasonable man, Mr. Rhodes—so easily satisfied. All he asks us is to give up Free Trade and restore slavery." It chanced that "Oliver Schreiner" was also on the boat, and Garrett said that both his friends thought him desperately wrong-headed when they talked politics. Oliver Schreiner considered that he had woefully misused his opportunities for telling Mr. Rhodes what was good for his soul, while Mr. Rhodes classed him in Cape politics with "the Innes group" (a great honour, but not meant so), and even congratulated him on making common cause with the "unctuous rectitudes." Garrett returned to Cape Town in March; Mr. Rhodes a month later. His speech on landing contained a memorable phrase—a watch-word which was to be remembered through many

and stormy events, and which is now, we may hope, inscribed for ever in the act of South African Union—"EQUAL RIGHTS FOR EVERY WHITE MAN SOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI."

It was a wide formula, covering not only the Transvaal problem but involving also the question of Redistribution at the Cape, then much canvassed. But Garrett found Mr. Rhodes slow to follow it up; why did he not attend more regularly in Parliament, take a more prominent part in the proceedings, speak out clearly as a full-fledged Progressive? He was constantly egging Mr. Rhodes on in this way, both privately and in the paper. The articles of the time turn on incidents of the moment, but are amusing in their frank admission of the difficulties of the editor's task. They alternately call on Mr. Rhodes to be more Progressive; and argue that after all he was quite as Progressive as practical politicians in South Africa need expect. It was "only by comparison with the material we have got to work in that Mr. Rhodes could be called a Progressive at all"; but then all terms are comparative, political "Progress" in South Africa was not extreme, and "it is obviously idle to trouble about the more complex parts of Liberal speech while the very elements of its grammar are still to seek among us." The A B C of democracy was the fight for the franchise, and there Mr. Rhodes could be warranted sound. This was in May 1897. By March 1898 Garrett had completed what he used laughingly to call his education of Mr. Rhodes. An important interview with the great man was published in the *Cape Times* (March 9), and referred to as evidence that the pupil was now competent to stand any reasonable Progressive test. This interview with Mr. Rhodes, which is of great interest, is printed *in extenso* (p. 222). It is, I think, a masterpiece in the treatment of a journalistic medium which, though often misused and turned to paltry

purposes, is capable of the highest things. I know no statement which, within so short a compass, embodies so much of the manner, character and ideas of Mr. Rhodes as this presentation by Garrett of the substance of several conversations.*

The reappearance of Mr. Rhodes in the fighting-line as Progressive leader *in posse* was a great gain for the party. Another thing which was essential to success was the closing up of the ranks. Then, as so often in the politics of South Africa—elsewhere, as well as in Cape Colony—the strength of the Afrikaner Bond, or similar parties, was in union ; the weakness of the opposing forces was in division. A Bond partisan would say, I suppose, with the old Greek poet, that there is only one way of being right, but various ways of going wrong. On the other side, it might be said that there is only one way of standing still, but many ways of going ahead. At any rate, the British element in South Africa has generally been weakened by divisions about the more or less, the quicker or slower ; and there has often been a middle party which seemed to eager spirits to be “neither for God nor for his enemies.” A campaign for the elimination of the mugwumps was after Garrett’s own heart and the vigour with which he prosecuted it is still remembered in South Africa.† He had a constitutional dislike of the tribe—not of the

* Journalistic beginners, to whom I will venture again to imagine myself as speaking, may be advised that a fatal impediment to a really good interview (either as a vehicle of eliciting ideas and character or as a work of art) is the presence of a note-book. A good memory is, of course, necessary ; but who ever talks with any characteristic freedom to a companion armed with a reporter’s note-book ? I remember telling Garrett of some journalists who came away disappointingly barren from a great man’s ante-room ; “and yet,” they had said to me, “we had our note-books with us.” Garrett was greatly tickled ; and “there they were with their note-books” became a stock jest.

† During the elections at Johannesburg in February 1907, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick was addressing a meeting of some six thousand persons. He was attacking the mugwumps, and a phrase of Garrett’s—“virulent moderates”—came to his mind. It excited much laughter, and Sir Percy then acknowledged

persons (for some of them were attached friends of his) but of their politics. Against a certain Cape politician—a *vir pietate gravis*—Garrett's grievance was "not the conscientiousness of his decisions, but the indecision of his conscientiousness." And of another friend he said that he longed to apply to him the law of Solon who, as Plutarch tells us, "declared disfranchised a citizen who in a party conflict took neither side, seeking to encourage men boldly to attach themselves to the right party and share all its dangers, rather than in safety to watch and see which side would be successful." The law of Solon, and the philippics of Garrett, are contrary to the decrees of Providence in its ordering of human nature; but for a while there was unusual unanimity among the Progressive forces at the Cape.

A General Election was now imminent. The Government of Sir Gordon Sprigg, who had succeeded to the Premiership upon Mr. Rhodes's resignation in January 1896, was drawing to an end. The Upper House (the Legislative Council) was dissolved in January 1898, and the elections in March resulted in a small Progressive majority. Sir Gordon Sprigg, as a preliminary to the dissolution of the Lower House, had brought in a Redistribution Bill, and this passed its second reading on June 20, by forty-two votes to thirty-five. But the state of parties was in unstable equilibrium, and two days later Mr. Schreiner carried a vote of no confidence by forty-one votes to thirty-six. Sir Gordon Sprigg thereupon dissolved, appealing to the country on Redistribution and the other issues. Garrett, as we have seen, had played a considerable part in shaping the Progressive policy, and in providing the Progressive leader. He believed victory to be in sight, and the prospect of taking a personal share in the campaign in and out of Parliament appealed to him with irresistible force.

his indebtedness to the author of the phrase; whereupon from many different parts of the hall there were cheers for "good old Garrett."

Into the electoral fray Garrett threw himself with the utmost vigour. "We'll have a grand fight," he wrote home, "and very likely be beat, but what does that matter?" "The fight is half the guerdon," and that share of the guerdon was within Garrett's own power to seize. "I made that speech," he wrote to his cousin, "in a shouting and surging crowd of four hundred roughs without feeling any lung or paying for it afterwards." That was earlier in the campaign—a speech, I think, in support of Mr. Rhodes. Garrett was keeping a careful eye on his leader; dotting the i's and crossing the t's in any of his Progressive utterances, and explaining away any ambiguities. A political journalist is fortunate indeed if he does not acquire extensive experience in that gentle art; but Mr. Rhodes's campaign-speeches gave on the whole much comfort to his supporter: "he is all right," wrote Garrett, "speaking largely on my phrases and with my points," though "not always word perfect." At a public meeting where he was called upon to speak after Mr. Rhodes, he confessed that he "would have liked him to go a little further"; but "there," he added, pointing to the great man, "we have a big, strong, half-way horse ready to take us some way up Table Mountain, and I think you had better accept him." The constituency which Garrett himself was invited to contest was agricultural, Victoria East in the up-country. Electioneering has many common features all the world over, and Garrett's impressions of campaigning in a rural constituency in South Africa will not be without interest at home:

It happened that my own previous experience had been gained in more or less urban constituencies. That means packed halls, processions and demonstrations, mass meetings at corners, applause, groans, interruptions, gladiatorial heckling and everything at fever-heat. Consequently my first impression of a Cape country constituency was "Oh, how dead!"

Over a few thousand square miles are sparsely scattered a

farming population, not in villages or hamlets, but in farmsteads half an hour's ride from each other or more.

A meeting is called by notice and handbell, in the town-hall or the schoolroom. Do not expect a packed vivacious audience of politicians, keen to catch a party point or spot an omission. Do not prepare a peroration. Do not weakly depend on applause for encouragement. In short, do not expect to find your audience ready-made. You have to make it yourself. You must build a political public from the foundation up. You will get a fair hearing—fair to a fault ; use it to pave the way for a keen one on some future occasion. Into the depths of the country, to men busy with making their livings, which are often hard enough—men unhelped by a daily press to take the world's affairs hot-and-hot each morning—you have come, no matter what side you are on, as a missionary, a political Revivalist preacher, a sort of Extension Lecturer, and as such you must behave. Do not think that fifteen men in a schoolroom, or twenty men in a town-hall, listening in profound silence as if they were in church and not helping you out a bit with your points or your pauses, represent a cool reception. Not at all. They represent a material out of which it is your honourable duty to create something organised and interested.

The material is there. It will not kindle at the first spark ; but you will find later that there are strenuous, patriotic, devoted people latent under this seeming tolerant or kindly indifference ; and through them, if you can once win them, all the rest will come. Do not shirk hard work ; ride and drive to and fro, speak wherever you can get more than six hearers, canvass patiently, repeat yourself shamelessly ; and in a few weeks you will find your packed room (meaning probably 150 people) and earnestness and enthusiasm, and current political information, of which you and your immediate helpers have got to be the travelling focus. As an old Dutch farmer said to me : “ It's a school for a candidate coming round among us.” It is a school and an invaluable one.

In a country in this stage of development, or undevelopment, it is inevitable that the Parish Pump should bulk big, dwarfing grave national policies. To get a railway, which means a market for produce to men living wholly off the land, and which in the little towns seems like rescue and salvation to the inevitable few who feel oppressed by the smallness and monotony of their conditions—what, besides this, matters it who holds the reins of power in Grove Street ? But the Pump has been quite at a discount at the General Election of 1898. The country has

wakened up for once, and with the League providing a stir and a nucleus on one side, and the Bond moved thereby to redoubled efforts, the constituencies have received, and even compelled, a discussion of the basic principles of our politics. For my part, I was, of course, often asked, sometimes with pathetic wistfulness and doubt, Parish Pump questions by men to whom they meant much : and I showed that I was up in the details ; but I put it that it was best not to multiply pledges beyond the general one to do one's best wherever there was a fair opening, and in the end that always commanded their assent. I was returned on a platform almost wholly national.*

Though the constituency was agricultural, there was an English settlement :

What gives character to the Border population is the note of "Englishman" and "Frontiersman." Here in the Western Province English folk in the towns, when they go afield, find the country Dutch. One gets an uneasy impression, fostered by much of the talk in Parliament and in papers, of the English-speaking population as a transitory exotic shallowly planted on the pavement of sea-coast towns ; the Dutch-speaking population being deep-rooted on the soil. We are all so much in touch with those educated Western farmers, and they are so pleasant in their pretty old homesteads, that one feels at their deep-rootedness no pang ; but one feels envy. To an Englishman going East, therefore, however friendly with Western Afrikaners, it is pleasant to find the soil there planted out with Englishmen—at least English names preponderating over large areas.†

With these British frontiersmen Garrett got on famously ; but he succeeded also in conciliating many of the Dutch farmers. The elections in Cape Colony were fought by the Afrikaner Bond largely on the race issue ; but Dutchmen voted for the young British candidate "on the personal" (as Mr. Rhodes used to say), and Garrett described with pleasure how on the polling day "one of them went for another with a stick for evil speaking of me."‡ When

* "A Candidate's Jottings," *Cape Times*, October 4, 1898.

† *Cape Times*, October 6.

‡ A South African colleague of Garrett sends me this anecdote:—"On polling day he was near the booths when an old and decrepit Boer, with one foot

the figures were announced, Garrett and his Progressive colleague were found to be returned by a handsome majority*; the capture of the second seat was a gain to the Progressives. Garrett maintained that the most remarkable feature of the elections was the double return of Mr. Rhodes (for Namaqualand and Barkly West), but Mr. Rhodes generously replied that Garrett's own return was more remarkable still.

The elections as a whole did not go so favourably for the Progressives as the more sanguine of them had hoped.† Some results were in doubt owing to election petitions, but as far as could be seen the House of Assembly would show a slight majority for the Afrikaner Bond. Mr. Rhodes hoped that the Governor would consent to a further prorogation, but Sir Alfred Milner declined to listen to this suggestion.‡ In October the House met, and Sir Gordon Sprigg met the new Parliament by reintroducing the Redistribution Bill. Mr. Schreiner thereupon moved a vote of no confidence, and this was carried by thirty-nine to thirty-seven. Sir Gordon Sprigg resigned, and Mr. Schreiner became Prime Minister. Garrett's maiden speech was a great success; the report is punctuated throughout with more "cheers" and loud

in the grave, almost unable to totter along, hobbled out of the voting shed. He was introduced to Garrett by an acquaintance as a bitter opponent of the Progressive Party. Garrett smiled one of his magnetic smiles. 'I don't care what your politics are, old friend,' he said, 'but I honour the man who in your state of health has the pluck to drive thirty miles in order to record his vote.' The Boer was delighted, and from that moment he and Garrett were firm friends, remaining so for years. It was this old Boer who, as Garrett was driving through the town a day or two later, when the result of the poll had been announced, came out to seize his hand and congratulate him on his success—a success, be it said, which from the party point of view was a bitter pill to the poor old fellow. Feeling ran high in those days, and this simple act of the Boer farmer, though to those acquainted with the amenities of election struggles to-day it may appear trifling, was at the time a marvellous tribute to Garrett's personal magnetism."

* H. T. Tamplin (P.), 387, F. E. Garrett (P.), 383; W. Hay (Bond), 226.

† In votes polled, however, they claimed a large majority—thus: Progressives, 73,680; Bond, 57,048.

‡ On this point, see p. 165.

laughter" than often fall to the lot of a new member on his first appearance. It was made in the course of one of those debates which always follow a General Election. In them, the Government claims that now at last the great heart of the people has beaten true, and the Opposition retorts that it does not envy them a victory won only by "terminological inexactitudes." Garrett's speech was on the regulation lines, but showed what in a new member was unconventional directness, vigour, audacity. He went straight for the Prime Minister. He challenged denials, courted interruptions, and turned them to effective use. "We Press fellows," he said, "are recording angels," and he made great play with a collection of newspaper reports of all the more wild and whirling words used on the other side during the campaign. There was a blood-curdling appeal to race prejudice, it seems, from a Mr. Moll—"not *the* Mole," explained Garrett, "though it was not to be decided what subterranean communications there might be between one Mole and another"—a dig at Mr. Hofmeyr which convulsed the House; and so forth, and so forth. The position which Garrett made for himself in Parliament on his first appearance was maintained and strengthened by many subsequent speeches both in Parliament and on the platform. One happy hit may be recalled without offence, now that the bitter memories of the past are disappearing. It was during the debate in the House of Assembly upon the despatch of arms and ammunition through Cape ports to the Orange Free State. Garrett with an irony that bit deep, though his remarks were couched in the mildest language, gave the Prime Minister (Mr. Schreiner) his assurance that for his part he had no suspicions that the rifles were to be used for any sinister purpose. "Of course," he said, "they are intended for shooting buck. But would it not be the most natural thing in the world for the Prime Minister to say, 'Gentlemen, we feel with you; we admire

your attitude and we reciprocate it, but inasmuch as the state of feeling in the country is very exacerbated and anxious, we would suggest that you should pretermitt the shooting of buck during the present crisis.' ” The remark for many years afterwards became almost proverbial in South Africa.

A piece of legislation stands to Garrett's account in this session, on a matter which he had very much at heart. A small Bill had been introduced by a Dutch member amending a Police Offences Act by increasing the fines for solicitation by women. Upon this Garrett grafted several new clauses dealing, on the lines of the English Criminal Law, with procuration and other offences of a like kind by men. The manoeuvre required much adroitness and perseverance. Garrett described his tactics, and their success, in a letter to one of his cousins :

To MRS. FAWCETT.

Your Act on the Statute Book of Cape Colony is, or should be, a useful bit of work. I merely adapted to Cape conditions the English Act which you sent, and read your *Times* extract to the House to drive it through. The joke is that the thing which I made the vehicle for it all was a little amending Bill (of a Police Offences Act) introduced by a Dutch member to increase the fine for soliciting. On this peg I hung all your proposal. The last two days of Session found it not yet in Committee stage, though I had engaged Schreiner's and other Ministers' sympathy for my amendments (which were the whole thing) ; but I vowed not to let my first session slide by. I got several members with precedent Orders of the Day to drop them or move them off ; I got the Clerk of the House to waive some red tape about not having time to prepare a clean proof of amendments incorporated in text for the Speaker ; I got Chairman of Committee to rattle through, and the little Dutchman whose Bill it was supposed to be to leave it all to me and devote himself to securing the Upper House old Dutch buffers to take it on (as his) when it came up ; I told, of the two professional obstruction pedants, each that the other was going to play the pedant on it and showed each the paragraph I had ready ridiculing that other as patron of the pimps ; and in short, in two days we put it

through Committee stage, Report and third Reading in the Assembly, and *all* stages in Council, and in three days it was law.* A most disgraceful precedent ! . . . If I can do anything worth anything here it will be with the tonic sense of your being behind the Grille.

Garrett, as we have seen in an earlier chapter, had given much study to the painful subject touched by this Act ; when it had become law, he was vigilant in stirring up the police to take action under it ; and a shocking case reported in the Cape papers presently showed how serious were the evils for which he had provided means of legal punishment.

As a speaker on the public platform Garrett had a facility unusual in the writer who is accustomed, under the stress of extreme condensation of thought, to compress his ideas into the minimum of space, and is unable in a single article to reinforce a particular argument by frequent repetition. One of his first public appearances was at the Good Hope Hall during his agitation on behalf of the Reform prisoners. " When he first rose," writes one who was present, " his extraordinarily youthful appearance amused the crowd. Roars of laughter went up, for he was known only by name, and there were cries of ' Go home to your mother,' and the ordinary banalities of a rather stormy meeting. Garrett faced the meeting with absolute composure and dignity, looking over their heads with that curious half-abstracted smile that was always so winning. Then he suggested that we had had ' enough of this nonsense,' and a moment later the whole vast gathering was hanging on his every word. He had an extraordinary gift of picturesque illustration, and made his points come home to every man in the hall."

" I shall never forget meeting Garrett first," writes the same friend (Mr. Wilson) ; " he did not know my age or

* The Act is No. 44 of 1898. If any one should chance to turn it up, I may explain that the substance of the Bill as introduced was limited to Clause 2. Garrett's new clauses were 3, 4, 5 and 6.

my extremely youthful appearance at the time, and I was in like case with regard to him. To meet one's new Chief and find him *primâ facie* a mere schoolboy was a delightful sensation." Garrett's boyish appearance was seized by the caricaturists, who would represent him now as a youth running beside some Minister who was learning to ride a Progressive bicycle, and now as a Little Minister in the pulpit. He himself, by the way, had much felicity in devising cartoons, and often furnished the rough draft for those which appeared in the *Cape Times* during his editorship.

His extra-parliamentary speeches made a profound impression upon many of those who heard them. Of few of his speeches, however, is any full report extant, for he made it a rule never to admit into the *Cape Times* any but the barest summaries of his platform performances. He belonged to what must now, I suppose, be called the old-fashioned school which holds that the individual editor or writer is made for the paper, not the paper for the individual. "I shall never forget," writes a cool-headed Cape merchant, "a speech he once gave at Kimberley; he made me realise then what it meant to be an Englishman. Why, you know, he had us all out of our chairs and on to our feet." Some passages from this speech—made at a "South African League" dinner in April 1899, and printed by the League—will show his gift in this sort:

There was a question so great that the Rhodes question they heard so much talking about was but a little offshoot of it—a question which was to-day dividing them, and dividing them, he was sorry to say, largely upon race lines, and a question which would continue to divide them and embitter their life in Africa until it was settled. He meant the question whether those who were having the making of Africa in their hands were to be equal citizens, or whether there was to be a class above and a class below, an upper dog and an under dog, those that freely gave and those that freely took, those that asked and could not receive, those that took and withheld.

The Bond had just beaten them at the elections. There was no harm in that under the British flag. Self-government!—that was right enough; they fought, and took the fortune of war. Yes; but why were not their kindred allowed a chance of winning an election in other parts? Why did the Afrikanders of the Colony use their influence here to encourage their kinsmen there in refusing to ours what we gave to them? When they went north of the Zambesi and further up, when they went in imagination right up into the heart of this great Continent, through the central forest where the savages still with reverence showed the tree which marked the grave of Livingstone, up into the far wastes of the Soudan to the grave of Gordon, men who, by their elevation of character and their strong personality, commanded a veneration among the natives that men of no other race but ours had ever been able to inspire; when they went up through the trackless places among the real sons of the soil in their black myriads—sons of the soil beside whom voortrekkers and Huguenots were only fungus-growths of yesterday, where the name of Afrikander was only senseless babble;—they said how absurd it sounded, this cry of Africa for the Afrikanders, along the miles of map we had painted red with the blood of our best and bravest, Livingstone and Gordon and the rest, right through the heart of the Continent where the genius of one man—an Englishman and an Uitlander—was carrying the arteries and the nerves of civilisation—the iron road from Cape to Cairo. After this did it not sound almost funny, this cry of “Africa for the Afrikander.”

Ten years ago, in 1889, he came to Kimberley a roving special correspondent. He returned to-day editor of a paper that they knew; and nothing touched him more, though it made him ashamed, too, when he thought of so many days or nights of scamped work and tasks half-done, than to be shaken by the hand by men from far districts whose names he scarcely knew, and told, “We have often read and thanked you for things you have written; even when we were down we liked to see there was fighting kept up, and you were doing your best.” He could promise them this for the Progressive Party, that next session as before, and for many a long day, whether or not they saw them triumphing, they should see them fighting.

Garrett was ever a brave fighter, and it was this that helped to make his reputation and to cause his memory to be cherished. “We have much to be grateful to him for,”

wrote one of the leading politicians at the Cape ; “ we don’t forget it, and we don’t forget him.”

So far, I have spoken in this chapter of Garrett’s share in the politics of Cape Colony ; but during these years (1897–9) other and more momentous forces were at work in South Africa in which also he had a part to play. In May 1897 Sir Alfred Milner had arrived at Cape Town, succeeding Lord Rosmead as Governor and High Commissioner ; and it soon became clear, as Garrett put it, that “ the Imperial Factor was in the saddle.” The rights or wrongs of Lord Milner’s policy, which culminated in the South African War and has been followed by the South African Union, need not here be discussed. They have been treated by many pens in many books—in one by myself, among the number. Garrett’s considered retrospect of these events has also been printed, and in several places.* He had first met Lord Milner, as we have heard, in Egypt, and saw him often afterwards in London. They were warm friends ; and Garrett, during his visit to England in January 1897, took occasion, I do not doubt, of interviews with Mr. Chamberlain to add his voice, for what it was worth, to the many which were suggesting Milner’s appointment to South Africa. Mr. Chamberlain’s choice was a great pleasure to Garrett, and Garrett’s presence in Cape Town was, I imagine, very agreeable to Lord

* “ The Inevitable in South Africa,” *Contemporary Review*, October 1899. “ Sir Alfred Milner and his Work,” *Contemporary Review*, August 1900. “ Lord Milner and the Struggle for South African Union : a Retrospect, 1897–1905,” *National Review*, February 1906 (reprinted from C. S. Goldman’s “ Empire and the Century ”). The article last mentioned ended thus : “ All who during those hard years had to do with him, be they soldiers or civilians, will echo of Milner what was said of Chatham—that ‘ no one ever left his Cabinet without feeling himself a braver man.’ ” In some verses also, entitled “ Off Duty ” (*Outlook*, April 8, 1905), Garrett summed up his appreciation of Lord Milner’s work in South Africa ; as in these lines taken from them :

The long, lean face, whose level look
Outstared the frowning hour, nor shook,—
The man on whom the choice was thrust,
Who weighed great issues like fine dust,
And while the iron dice were thrown
Stood answerable and alone.

Milner. He trusted Garrett as fully as his predecessor, Lord Rosmead, had done; and doubtless with more familiarity of intercourse, as was natural between personal friends. Not that the new High Commissioner was one to see with other people's eyes or lean over much upon any other man's advice. Lord Milner was the most self-reliant and independent of rulers. "The Governor takes his own line," we shall hear Mr. Rhodes say of him. The fact, however, that Lord Milner's line agreed with that at which his journalistic friend had arrived may well have lent closer sympathy to the intercourse between them. However this may be, Garrett was a whole-hearted advocate, at every stage of Lord Milner's policy—alike of the pause, at the first, and of the effort to rally the Cape Dutch to a broadly South African policy, and of the subsequent development of pressure by the Imperial factor. All this was in the logical sequence of Garrett's ideas, as I have traced them in an earlier chapter. There could be no internal peace or external security in South Africa unless the Transvaal accepted a place frankly in what Lord Rosmead called "the South African family," and accorded freely to the British within its borders the same political equality that the Dutch enjoyed elsewhere. When all other means of attaining this end were seen to be hopeless, the direct intervention of the Imperial factor alone remained. Garrett summed up the situation in an article on May 2, 1899 :

"Clouded" is again the Bond organ's word for the political atmosphere. There is undoubtedly a great suspense caused by the growing belief that the Imperial Government is going to "do something" in response to the late petitions from British subjects. Let us state as simply and concisely as we can the facts of the situation. During the series of elections to both Houses which have been going on from March 1898 to April 1899, it has been drummed into the ears of Afrikanders from every platform that if they returned the Progressives to power it meant war, and *per contra* if they returned the Bond it would secure peace. The elections are practically over. The Bond

thanks very largely to this very cry of peace and war, which has secured from Cape Afrikaners an almost solid race-vote, is in the majority. The Ministry of Peace is at last firmly seated. South Africa ought to be able to turn over and go to sleep. *Redeunt Saturnia regna !*

So far from this what do we find ? A war scare, worse than any that ponderous Peace Resolutions have been called in to assuage since 1896. The same authorities who told us that the safe cure for alarms was to return a Bond Ministry are full to-day of the gloomiest vaticinations, and hear, like Kubla Khan, ancestral voices prophesying war. There must be something wrong somewhere. What is it ?

Can it be that after all the real storm-centre is Pretoria ?

The Kruger Government, and the pastoral oligarchy behind it, since the time when the Raid gave them a new lease of life, have had three years' grace. To relieve the situation, which was then shown to be acute, they have done—what ? Absolutely nothing.

Leaving aside the proper persons to end this state of things, since for three years they could not or would not even try, what of others ?

The Uitlanders have tried and failed ; every one admits that they are to-day powerless.

Mr. Rhodes has tried and failed ; every one admits that he is wholly out of court.

Afrikaner would-be reformers within the Kruger fold have tried and failed—Kotze in 1897, Reitz and Smuts in 1899.

Friendly advice from neighbours, *if* it has been tried, has failed. We do not say that it *has* been tried, but if not it is all the more unlikely to be tried to any real purpose now.

There remains, then, the last resort—to the Power which in 1881 set up the *régime* complained of, the Power whose subjects are the persons complaining and the Power which is most dammed through its surrounding possessions by the resulting unrest and distraction.

It was often said by opponents of Lord Milner that a little more tact, a little more pains and a little more patience might have changed the course of affairs. This is a point with which Garrett dealt fully in his accounts of Lord Milner's work :

The solution—"equal rights for every civilised man" *—had

* Not quoted textually : see above, p. 139. The turn which Garrett here gives to the formula was Lord Milner's rather than Rhodes's.

been formulated by Rhodes at the moment of his fall. It remained for Milner to apply it. How ?

Direct Imperialism was supposed to have gone to the scrap-heap a decade since. Rhodes' Colonialism, after the Raid fiasco, had just followed it. Milner decided first to give the colonial method one more chance. He began hopefully—worked, as no predecessor had done, at the Dutch language, both High Dutch and the Cape taal ; studied, as nobody else has ever done, the Dutch vernacular press ; talked with leading Dutchmen and travelled hundreds of miles among the farmers, with whom in Cape Colony, as recently in the Transvaal, he got on excellently. He soon saw the need of the moment. The storm-clouds were banking up ; if the Dutch of the Colony were to be roused to the danger and their duty, the need was not smooth sayings, the well-worn *clichés* of Government House, but “straight talk.”

On this matter of faithful dealing one thing is certain. Let them say what they will of Rhodes, the charge of not being “straight with the Dutch” is one which calumny itself can hardly bring against Milner. No husbanding influence, for him, at the price of a neglect of urgent duty. He had borne witness at the Jubilee to Dutch loyalty—the personal loyalty of Dutch colonists to Queen Victoria. That was a genuine sentiment. Had it all evaporated in a *feu de joie* on the Queen's birthday, or was it of such stuff as would stand in a day of trouble ? Was loyalty to the Queen only valid unless and until the call came to choose between it and loyalty to Paul Kruger ? If so, the Queen's representative could not count on it for any help in the hard task before him of securing justice while keeping peace. If otherwise, now was the time to show it. He invited them to throw over that old tradition, “The Republics, right or wrong !” and substitute for it the principle, “Rights for the British in the Republic like those which Dutchmen enjoy in the Colonies.” He granted fully the claim of kinship, but he asserted that of allegiance, and called upon the Dutch colonists by timely mediation to reconcile and fulfil both. Such in essence was the famous “Graaff-Reinet speech” of 1898. A Cape Governor, in the heart of a Dutch district, suggested the point of view, seemingly a novel one, that they should think of England not as a debtor for their loyalty, but as a generous creditor for their freedom. What a stir it made ! What a tale of a tradition of mealy-mouthed officialism is told by the mere fact of that stir ! It stands as a historic appeal, that fell, alas ! mainly on deaf ears.

Not altogether so, however. People may talk now as if Milner

had never tried to influence the Dutch, or, trying, had wholly failed to gain their confidence. But that will not do, since a chance of war has broken into the post-bags of Dutch leaders, and a Blue-book shown the world the terms in which they wrote from Colony to Republic at the time of the Bloemfontein Conference. We thus have it beyond dispute that before Milner went to meet President Kruger he had convinced the Cape Dutch leaders, who had come into personal contact with him, that he was honest, that he preferred peace, that he was not prepared to pay all prices for peace, and, lastly, that unlike Sir Bartle Frere, he had the British Government and people behind him. And of these things they advised Presidents Steyn and Kruger, who went their own appointed way. If Milner failed with the Dutch, in this, at least, he succeeded beyond any predecessor: he opened the lips of the Dutch leaders in Cape Colony. To open the ears of the Dutch leaders in the Republic was beyond him; and beyond any man was it (since not even to gods is it given to undo the past) to make that secret and temporising voice, wrung from Cape Dutch politicians, penetrate to the dumb masses of their countrymen—the men on whose consensus really hung the issue of peace or war, and who had to decide without ever having heard the truth—except from Milner. . . .

In short, it is as unreasonable to blame Milner for not conciliating the Dutch into Imperialism in 1897–1899 as it is to blame him for not coaxing Mr. Kruger into abdication, when in June 1899 at last they came to conference. Critics suggest that if Milner at Bloemfontein had abandoned dialectics for true diplomacy—if Mr. Chamberlain, somewhat later, had said, “Ah, my kind Christian friend!” instead of talking about a squeezed sponge—the prejudices dear to the strong old Dopper as life would have melted away. Such critics do not know their Kruger nor their Boer. The Dutchman is not, like the Irishman, a creature of sentiment. Providence in its infinite indulgence has spared us the task of reconciling any race which combines both the Dutch and the Irish gifts of recalcitrance. Our redoubtable Dutch fellow subject is a practical fellow. He knows what he wants. Give it him, and you may call him a squeezed sponge or a scalene triangle, and welcome. Insist on his giving it to you, and he will dislike you, even if you say that he prevail and sing more sweetly than the nightingale. The most that can be expected of him is to admit of Milner, as the schoolboy of Dr. Temple, “A beast, but a just beast.” *

* “The Empire and the Century,” pp. 493, 497; also in the *National Review*, February 1906, pp. 1104–1105, 1107.

It was on these lines that Garrett supported the policy of Lord Milner and Mr. Chamberlain—not desiring war, not for a time believing in war as probable, but recognising without reserve that pressure must be applied up to ultimatum point and beyond, if necessary.

At the beginning of June the Bloemfontein Conference was held, and failed. War was now seen to be inevitable ; but Garrett was not destined to remain in the country. Under the combined pressure of his journalistic and parliamentary work, his small strength was fatally undermined. He held on as long as physical power availed, and a little longer ; to give in would be to desert his post. But serious hæmorrhage of the lung recurred, and his life was in imminent danger..

“ I consciously and deliberately kept on too long after danger-point,” he wrote to his friend Mr. Baker, “ and I must pay for it. I shed my blood for the country like Paardekraal.” *

* Referring to a meeting of Boers held at Paardekraal in 1899, when there was talk of “ shedding the last drops of their blood.”

CHAPTER X

BROKEN THREADS

The fight is half the guerdon,
The hope is all a gain.—F. E. G.

INTO the next four years of Garrett's life were crowded all that circumstance could bring of bitterness, vexation, disappointment. The thread of his career had been broken—at its brightest point, so far as the hopes of honourable ambition were concerned; at a most critical point, in the fortunes of the country which he longed to serve, and this second disappointment was the more poignant of the two. "Ah," he wrote wistfully, to his old friend, Mr. Money (and our old friend the "Dartrey Fenellan" of an earlier chapter), "what schemes and dreams I had for serving England in that strangely fascinating problem-country! A few know partly, but probably nobody will ever quite know now, what a pull I was getting towards realising some part of them." It is no secret among those in official circles that Garrett was at one time recommended for responsible employment in the service of the State in South Africa. Afterwards, when he had entered the Cape Parliament, those best able to judge predicted confidently that, if his health sufficed, he would attain very high position in that Assembly. The opinion generally entertained of his abilities was shown by a speech which Sir Gordon Sprigg made on Garrett's resignation*—a

* "The House would doubtless pardon him if, before proceeding with the business of the day, he made a few remarks concerning the losses the House had sustained during the last two or three years. He would refer in the first instance, to the hon. member for Victoria East. Mr. Garrett had rendered excellent service to his country; he had occupied a distinguished position as

speech the more significant and generous because Garrett had not always abstained from sharp criticism of the Premier. In many ways, though also with many differences (and not all of them to Garrett's disadvantage), he seemed destined to be the political successor of Mr. Rhodes, who in his characteristic way had been heard to speak of "I myself, Milner and Garrett." His forced departure at so critical a moment in South Africa was a heavy blow to some of those who bore the burden of affairs. "It is no use," wrote Lord Milner, "protesting against the decrees of Fate, nor do I want to say too much on what Rhodes calls 'the personal.' But this really was a great blow to me, and I have never quite got over your breakdown and departure, never quite felt the same man since, either politically or privately . . . Dear friend, I miss you fearfully, always shall miss you. So does this young country." Garrett hoped against hope; thinking at first to be able to resume either his editorship or his parliamentary career. The esteem in which he was held in both spheres was shown by the action of the newspaper proprietor in the one case, and the party managers in the other, in keeping his place long vacant for him. One after another, his hopes had to be abandoned; the editorship shrank into the chance of perhaps sufficient strength to conduct a South African magazine; the seat in Parliament, into the possibility of an occasional political essay. The shrinkage of hope went on in surroundings of painful contrast to the stimulus of the South African air and the

a journalist—they all knew the magnitude of their loss in the latter respect—(hear, hear)—and they regretted also his absence from the House. The hon. member, who spoke with evident emotion, was at this point partially inaudible, but he was understood to say that those members of the House who remembered the tenor of Mr. Garrett's speeches regarded him as one of the coming men—(hear, hear)—as there were not too many of the younger type of members in the House to take the place of the elder men who would soon be passing away. (Hear, hear.) He felt sure they felt with the deepest regret that Mr. Garrett would occupy his seat no longer, and they regretted still more that serious illness was the cause."—(Speech in the House of Assembly, September 1, 1902.)

glad excitement of busy life among men. These years of sickness, of inactivity, of hope abandoned, were as severe a trial as Fate could conceive for a man of Garrett's eager temperament, and nobly did he pass through the ordeal. "Even in a palace, life may be led well!" Garrett had a task, perhaps, of even greater difficulty. His it was to show that even in a sanatorium, life may be led unselfishly and touched to fine issues. The friend who, apart from his nearest relations, was most often with him during these years sends me words which from my smaller intercourse I can thankfully accept as my own: "When he himself had to drop back and let the 'firing line' go on without him—forced gradually to realise that it was no longer a question of regaining health but only of keeping up the weariful fight against disease, and of doing what he could yet do before the end—still no one ever came to him without finding fresh courage with which to face a difficulty, small or great, or left him without carrying away a deepened sense of the worth of life. To the affairs of Empire, and the joys and disappointments of his friends, he brought the same living interest, the same warm personal devotion, and the same strength of will to find the best possible and help to get it done." "Even in a palace," or even in a sanatorium. The stage of life matters not. "The aids to noble life are all within."

Garrett's breakdown at the Cape in August 1899 was severe, and his life was in imminent danger. He was sent to the sanatorium at Kimberley, and there gained sufficient strength to undertake the journey to England. With great pain and difficulty, but with no weakening in point of vigour, he wrote, before leaving South Africa, an article on the situation for the *Contemporary Review*. It was called "The Inevitable in South Africa," and may be consulted with advantage, even now, by any who are in doubt upon the proposition which it was meant to

enforce.* When the article appeared (October), Garrett was already in England, and the editor of another Review, who was much struck by it as "the ablest statement of the case for intervention that I have seen anywhere," begged him to follow it up. But he was unequal to any exertion. I remember seeing him the day after his return. He was the ghost of his old self; frame and cheeks were sadly sunken; but his eyes were as bright and he himself as cheery as ever. He was full of hopes and plans, and talked of "if I live" as calmly as others might say "if I stay in town." After a day or two, he was sent by his physician into the country for a short spell of fresh air, and a month later he went for a second time to Nordrach.

The Nordrach-Colonie in the Badische Schwarzwald is a health-resort of much repute, but in a wet and cold winter its dripping woods are not the most cheerful of places. The winter of 1899-90 was unfavourable in those respects, and still more so to our invalid in its social surroundings. The society at the sanatorium was mainly German, and the bitter anti-English spirit, called out by the South African War, made life at Nordrach difficult to endure, and deprived his stay of most of the benefit he had reaped from his former "cure" there. He shall tell his experiences in his own words:

To E. T. C.

December 5.

Devilish sleety biz taking one's walks abroad here in the current weather. And I've concluded that German food is really

* A happy phrase, suggested by President Kruger's "turn for comparisons from animated nature," is worth recording here: "On certain plants—rose-bushes, for instance, one finds clusters of a fat and sticky insect, the aphid, which, as Linnæus long ago observed, serves as milch-cow to the ants. The aphid labours to produce a kind of honey, and then the ant squeezes him. The aphid does not object; he is a soft, industrious creature; only let him make himself sticky and drowsy enough, and he will not 'care a fig for the franchise,' or even if he does it will not matter. A few soldier-ants, taking toll at discretion, find no difficulty in maintaining order in a large herd of aphides. President Kruger has missed, I think, the perfect analogy of burghers and Uitlanders to soldier-ants and aphides."

unnecessarily offensive to the palate of a civilised man ; especially their revolting foible of eating the flesh of various beasts uncooked. Unhoused, unannointed, unannealed, a large plateful of raw swine went to its long home last evening, and the struggle is vivid in my memory. The Doctor's contention, however, that it doesn't matter a d—— whether one eats with gusto or otherwise so long as one eats, is once more proved by my slow but steady average gain of 1 lb. a week. I have been here seven weeks and there's exactly 7 lb. German (more than English) more of me than when I came. This is done along with walking a lot lately, and should stick better than the quicker mass I put on in Miss Walker's place at odd times and generally off again in my swoops on London. I had a worse turn than for years—wretchered than I *ever* felt—with Stevenson's fever and 'Bluidy Jack' (aren't his Letters jolly ?)—soon after I arrived. But now *all* symptoms have set fair, and with steady progress one can put up with any discomforts. They will very likely send me away in spring—your spring. But just what sort of plunge I shall then be wise to take offhand is not clear to me. I should dearly like to go another seven years before the next breakdown and put in something worth doing in the time. . . . [Then talk about politics, the *Daily News*, &c.] The Germans are disgusting about the war ; but I am acquiring a power of sarcasm in their ponderous tongue, and when they capitulate Ladysmith once a week, I have a fine day out on the morrow. The only man I could bear war-talk with was, oddly enough, a Hollander, now departed. We both *felt*, you see, and so respected each other's feeling.* A sample German joke (not bad) is as follows :

A. Have you heard, the English are already in Pretoria ?

B. What, already ? Is it possible ?

A. *Aber als gefangene !*

To MISS AGNES GARRETT:

December 1899.

Christmas is a week away. I walk the freezing woods and stamp my feet and say "seasonable weather." Fancy lifeboat work in that wintry surge ! and all this heroism, tragedies

* A friendship which Garrett made at a later time was with one who differed fundamentally from him on the subject of the war. "The fact," writes the friend in question, "that he and I were to so great an extent in opposite camps in the matter about which, perhaps, I have cared most and felt most deeply of anything in public life, had a softening effect upon my judgments which nothing but his noble candour, large sympathy, and generous consideration and appreciation could have produced."

divinely met, suspense, cold death and bitter endurance, to save a few lives ; and then we send those same lives or others to beat themselves out against a heap of stones in South Africa. The man behind the stones giving life up for an idea, too ; their heroism, their suspenses and fortitude, the same human stuff as ours ; and on both sides always the agony of waiting women and grieving lovers outside the struggle. One man left his bride after church to rush to the front, and was shot dead the day he got there. And here, to add the touch of satire in all human things, are fifty or sixty mostly useless and potentially noxious sick men and women living month by month only to keep alight the flame that these strong men squander and quench so gloriously. It's quaint ; I often think of it ; and all to go through the same thing in the end, so desperately shrunk from so often and so narrowly avoided. . . . [Then, after describing the courage of certain of his fellow patients] I feel sorry for these people, and wonder if I shall have some day as sore a fight, and fight it as patiently. Any fool can fight a *winning* battle. [Then remembering himself] Mine seems to be a winning one, my Deare, so don't find this talk of others mournful. I may come out with no more right to pose as one marked for such wrestling than half the people one meets. Were it otherwise, I should say, Thank you for the life you have helped me to : the happiness. As it is, let us with grateful heart celebrate yet another Christmas.

To the same.

March 17, 1900.

The rare, almost unique conjunction of a spring morning with a spring mind in me makes me hasten to write before the sun has gone in again figuratively as well as literally. I do sometimes despise myself for "want of character," to quote Walther's unvarying explanation of anything amiss, because I have lost my old cheerfulness during these weary months without getting any of that iron resolution in its place which kept up the Lady-smithers after they lost hope of relief. But did it really ? They didn't wilt in their bulletins. Well, I could write stoical bulletins if there was any point in doing so. But I doubt if they were cheerful company in private life.

Well, here's a morning with sunshine in fugitive blots, and a wind which a healthy person would find delicious and which even we Kranke shiveringly pronounce "fresh." And I feel the tonic in my blood for once. You know, I missed the Cape spring ; the Flats lay still sodden with late and long rains when

I left Cape Town, and Kimberley had been nipping. Here, a record winter, trailing off in interminable alternations of snow and slush. I have had nearly a year's winter, between the two hemispheres. Then lately a few spring days found me gloomy that I didn't muster any answering impulse to meet the spring's embrace. "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to"—what was my fancy to turn to? Patent spitpipkins and a temperature chart. I was feeling sick. To-day's my first good turn in good weather, and, as it happens, first walk, for long. I pull myself together, and thank God, and greet you. . ."

Garrett, it will be seen, had his periods of depression. So for that matter had many of his countrymen, in good health, during the black weeks at the end of 1899. The uncongenial surroundings in which he was placed weighed upon him. Even at home such surroundings had sometimes to be borne. An occasion is burnt in upon my memory when, on the receipt of news of one of the British reverses, I was confronted with the cheery remark, "Well, your friends do not seem to be making much of it." "My friends" were the British army. But we who were well were able to reply promptly and sometimes not wholly ineffectually to attacks upon the British cause. Garrett, in his weakness and forced retirement, had but small and pitifully inadequate means of reprisal. I shall never forget his describing to me how the foreigners at the sanatorium used to write up on the walls of the *salon* or carve on trees or seats in the woods the name of each British defeat. When Mafeking was relieved, Garrett retaliated in like fashion, but his inscription was speedily effaced. So he went out after dark with an iron, carved the letters **MAFEKING** once more, and burnt them in. To such poor resources was he now confined, in order to secure the last word (and he an editor!). "Childish," is it said? Well, there was always, it is true, something boyish about Garrett, and it was one of his greatest charms; but I know that when he told me the tale, in his lively,

sparkling way, it moved me wellnigh to something else than laughter. Childish or not, the escapade was certainly reckless; Garrett was never deterred from any adventure, small or great, by self-calculating prudence. The consequence in this case was a serious return of hæmorrhage.

There was the same contrast in less trivial matters between Garrett's eagerness of spirit and poverty of opportunity. The outbreak of the war, the anxiety of the struggle, had not diminished the bitter zeal of those who were convinced that their country was in the wrong. Garrett watched the controversy eagerly, and was ever alert to pin down a misstatement or expose a fallacy. He would write his letters or articles for the newspapers, and hurry them off by special messengers, only to find, too often, that the correspondence had been closed or a new turn given to the discussion which made his contribution no longer timely. In those days, when the passion of anti-patriotism ran high, any journalist on the Liberal side who took an anti-Boer line was accused or suspected of the basest motives, and some controversialists imagined that it was an effective way of meeting Garrett's points to raise the old cry of "Rhodes's gold." When some particularly malevolent attack of this kind had been made, Garrett consulted me, among other friends, upon the question of bringing an action for libel. We strongly dissuaded him. The enemy, we said, was not worth powder and shot. Malevolence would not be persuaded by proof, and for those who knew Garrett the suggestion that he was the servile tool of any other man could only excite a contemptuous smile. He was somewhat impatient with such counsels, and implored me to "drop the silent contempt line." His friends had, however, another reason for maintaining it. The medical advices showed that the excitement of any other line would be at peril of his life.

Some effective blows, for the cause which he held dear,

Garrett was able to strike even during his internment at Nordrach. He contributed various letters and articles to the *Daily News* (which I was then editing), and to the *Contemporary Review* of August 1900 an important paper on "Sir Alfred Milner and his Work." Like some other of Garrett's controversial pieces, this is too full of points for the moment to bear reprinting in full to-day; but a characteristic anecdote of Mr. Rhodes may be cited. After the General Election of 1898 at the Cape, the balance of parties hung on the upshot of a number of election petitions. If the Governor could be persuaded to postpone the summoning of Parliament, the Sprigg Ministry might pull through.* Mr. Rhodes was set upon keeping that ministry in power. "Ministers having failed to move the Governor, Mr. Rhodes himself was called in. 'I happened to meet him,' said Garrett, 'just after the interview.' 'No,' he said shortly, 'the Governor takes his own line.' 'So what did you say?' I asked with unholy curiosity. 'Oh, I didn't waste time; I simply said, "I see, sir, you have made up your mind."' And, with a quality which gives much of Mr. Rhodes's talk its zest, he at once began to sketch a new plan for turning minority into majority under the new conditions." The whole article was alert and full of point. "What was so delightful," wrote a friend after reading it, "was to see that illness had not blunted your rapier, or more wonderful still, damped your spirits."

When the summer came, Garrett left Nordrach, little the better for his cure; and at the suggestion of Dr. Hope Lehmann, to whose kindness and professional help he owed much throughout the years of his illness, he went, with relations to keep him company, to the Walchensee in Bavaria. My wife and I, with a niece of ours, spent two or three days with him there. He was painfully weak, could walk only a few yards and that very slowly.

* See above, p. 145.

The shoulders were round; the back was bent; the appearance was of an old man. But the impression vanished the moment he began to talk. Though sad at times, when he spoke to me of the apparent failure of his cure, he still laughed and chatted with us all as gaily as ever. We rowed him on the lake to a favourite haunt, where he swung his hammock, and the invalid was not the least merry of the picnic party.

He had an unfailing resource in reading, and his cousin kept him well supplied with books. One or two letters may be given as examples of the comments he would make :

To MISS AGNES GARRETT.

The *Athenæum* was very irritating about R. L. S.'s Letters. It regretted lack of polish. R. L. S. could break every part of speech in twain and yet give a charm to his most careless word, and the letters show that his style was not affected; only his own natural way of putting things raised to a slightly higher power.

To the same.

I have asked Nurse to send back some more of your many books—including "Jowett's Life and Letters." I got a great idea of J.'s sweetness and holiness of disposition, and I could never again speak of him as a humbug. But the puzzle what he really believed and how he reconciled his *non*-beliefs with (not only his "orders" but also) his praying and piety and general framework—that is as much a puzzle as ever. They regret that he published no system. I don't think he ever could have made one. Plato didn't either—at least I speak under correction, as you certainly know much more about Plato than I do; more shame to me whom you sent to College! — always speaks of Jowett as a dilettante—has his Plato in his top shelf of all: "you see how *high* I place him." That's the scorn of the systematic scholar (Oxford says "pedant") for the purely literary and ethical culture. Privately I think the clue to Jowett is this. He was neither a philosopher nor a theologian, but a Tutor: the greatest of Tutors. Balliol and "the young men" were his whole life. They hint that he sacrificed marriage on this altar. And when they said "Sign the Thirty-nine Articles," what he really signed was "I believe in—Balliol"; and the

duty of doing nothing that would spoil his life-work for Balliol stopped him from becoming the great Heresiarch as neither money considerations nor social, nor anything else that generally stops people, had power to do. Milner, as you know, is one of his "young men." They are in the ends of the earth in high places : as Kipling has it :

Wherefore praise we famous men
From whose bays we borrow ?—
They that put aside To-day—
All the joys of their To-day—
And with toil of their To-day—
Bought for us To-morrow.

In the autumn of 1900 Garrett returned to England, and from that date till the beginning of 1903, he remained under the medical charge of Dr. Jane Walker, first in a farm-house (Maltings), and afterwards in her East Anglian Sanatorium at Wiston, near Colchester. It was of this devoted friend that he was thinking when he wrote some verses on "A Woman Doctor" :

I know a woman
Who lives life with a childlike zest
And has a heart for all things human ;
And well she loves the world, and best
Whatever in the world is loveliest ;
Yet cannot wholly scorn the rest—
Vice, dirt,
And poverty, and helplessness, and pest.
Not hers to avert
From the prone wretch beneath the wayside palm
The virtuous Levite skirt :
She asks not, What is his desert ?
But, Is he hurt ?
That found,
She pours her cunning oils into the wound
And tends the wastrel with the costliest balm.
For this she made
Herself a Good Samaritan by trade ;
Cloaked her large heart
And bounteous feeling
Behind the faculty and art

Of healing :
That oftentimes those whom she relieves
Give, kneeling,
Thanks for that day they fell among the thieves.

The story of Garrett's sojourn at Maltings Farm and the sanatorium is still of broken threads—of life deprived of most of its opportunities for work and action, but bravely battled for, and even in its darkest hours, accepted with a smiling face. There were, indeed, here as at Nordrach, times of depression. "I sometimes feel," he wrote to his cousin, "with Odysseus on his raft in the storm: would I had fallen with so many brave comrades on the plains battling round Troy, for then I should have had fame but now I shall perish and be forgotten." In July 1901 he was thought to be dying. Intimate friends did not dare to hope, and one of them wrote to his cousin: "He will be able to quote Stevenson: 'Gladly have I lived and gladly will I die.' To live gladly and spread sunshine, in spite of the suffering body, is a very noble achievement." For achievement in this sort, he was destined still to find scope. Gradually he crept back, as he wrote, "to companionship with the moist, warm, kind earth of living things."

As he recovered some little strength, Garrett threw himself with renewed zest into reading and writing. The death of Cecil Rhodes moved him much, and to the *Contemporary Review* of June 1902 he contributed an estimate of "The Character of Cecil Rhodes." This is one of his best pieces, and it is reprinted in this volume (p. 228). There is no trace of weariness in its pages, but the article "threatened," he said, "to cost me an inch of lung." There was at one time some idea of commissioning Garrett to write a life of Rhodes, a suggestion which Colonel Frank Rhodes strongly favoured; but the proposition was not, I think, definitely made, and in any case Garrett's strength would have been unequal to the task. He was

asked to undertake a History of the Imperial Light Horse, and this was a work which almost to the end he clung to the hope of being able to accomplish. But it was not to be. One after another each bit of his plans and hopes had to be resigned and renounced. By careful husbanding of his failing strength, he could write a letter or an article ; but the continuous and sustained labour, required for a book, was impossible to him. The book on Rhodes shrank into one or two further magazine sketches. Already in January 1900 he had resigned the editorship of the *Cape Times*. It then still seemed within the bounds of possibility that he might be able to return to South Africa ; and as the party managers did not desire to force an election, and his constituents were willing to give him leave of absence, he clung to his seat in the Legislative Assembly. The time had now come when this also had to be resigned. His farewell to his constituents contains some references to the politics of the moment which need not be detailed ; but also some personal references, as well as a plea for moderation, which gives eloquent expression to his constant ideal—that of a United South Africa :

To the ELECTORS OF VICTORIA EAST.

GENTLEMEN,— . . . Our connection, though not long, has been close enough for you to know that I resign the seat with very keen regret. When I left South Africa, I hoped that six months' steady treatment might send me back to work, either as an editor or as a member, if not again as both. But I had held on just a little too long. In these times of impending crisis there were obligations which could not be hurriedly shaken off. Till the issue passed finally from the politicians to the soldiers, public men, great or small, felt like sentries at a post : in Lord Milner's fine phrase, "civilian soldiers of the Empire." Consequences willingly risked should be accepted without mawkish self-pity ; and when I think of all that has been borne since then, by men and women on both sides, in behalf of a cause, I should be ashamed to grudge my paltry share. If I say I have

spent a time equal to a ninth part of my life in the penal servitude of sanatoria, that for many months I could not see a friend, hardly a newspaper, and that a year ago I had given up the hope, almost the desire, of continuing the struggle—it is only that you may understand that I am not to-day an absentee member from caprice. I am now so much better that with a little more, or perhaps a good deal more, patience, I am believed to have a good prospect of recovery, not to public life, not to parliaments and meetings, but to some obscurer service of the same cause, and, I hope, in the same country.

Parliament, and especially the Progressive party, meets the poorer by some irreparable losses. In the crowd of Cape politicians, Natal politicians, Transvaal politicians, Cecil Rhodes, with all his faults, stood out as the one great political figure of South Africa as a whole. Death, like distance, is a great teacher of proportions. As, when we gaze at Table Mountain from far out to sea, we lose the faults and fissures of the rock and see the whole in its true grandeur of mass and outline, so it is already, and as time goes on so it will be even more, with men's views of Cecil Rhodes. In Sir James Rose-Innes we have given the Transvaal a perfect Chief Justice, and lost, not indeed a perfect leader, but a perfectly single-minded statesman, which is something our public life, and indeed public life anywhere, can ill afford. We felt, at times, that he too much reserved his strength, but how glad we were to draw on that reserve in the late troublous period; how glad we should be to draw on it now! Frederick York St. Leger—my late chief and most kind friend—I may well speak of to you, for without his indulgent help and sympathy I could never have added the honour of representing you to the appointment which I held from him. . . . This is not the place to dwell on his political teachings—a high-minded Imperialism with a strong vein of Christian Socialism—or on the singular charm, once known, of his mind, in which the sense of honour and the sense of humour were equally delicate. But of his long public work let me say this: not a newspaper writer among us but is the richer for it, the better able, after that model, to rise above all that is tawdry or servile or unchivalrous. It means much for the broadening river of South African journalism that it flowed near the source with so pure a stream. . . .

Let me, however, warn you against being carried away by talk about “putting down the Bond once for all,” “putting down the taal,” and so on. British supremacy means not the supremacy

of the "Britisher" but of the British flag, which means political equality. Let the Bond—as it must unless it is to be more Boer than the Boer leaders—accept the new order; let it learn from moderate Afrikanders like Mr. Schreiner to reconcile the nationalism of South Africa with the larger nationalism of the Empire; and we shall all recognise that while treason, overt and covert, sounds as ill in English as in the taal, loyalty is none the worse for being bilingual.

In the time that is coming, Cape politics will become a minor thing relatively to the federal movement. Our late brave foes in their pride of race, preferred to forfeit independence rather than concede equality; but I believe they will find consolation in realising an ideal which is dear to them also, and which, without that equality would have been impossible—the ideal of a United South Africa.

I congratulate you on the honourable share which men of Victoria East have had in this great struggle. You can afford to be tolerant now.

I do not know if I shall have any opportunity to address you further before my resignation takes formal effect; if not, I thank you here and now from my heart for the loyal confidence you have throughout reposed in me, and am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

F. EDMUND GARRETT.

SANATORIUM, NAYLAND, SUFFOLK,

August 21, 1902.

None of his resignations cost Garrett a keener pang than this. One thing, however, he never resigned or renounced—the command of an indomitable spirit. To friends who saw him in the sanatorium, he was still the embodiment of zest and gaiety. Yet not the embodiment, either. If you looked at him, as he lay on the deck chair in the verandah, you saw a sick and wasted body; but if you shut your eyes, and listened only to his continual stream of eager, lively talk, it seemed impossible that this could be a doomed or dying man. The doctors, nurses, or loving relatives would tell you, however, what careful husbandry of resource had gone before, what lassitude, and sometimes what return of fever, followed after. I

never came away from seeing Garrett in these years of his illness without feeling that I had been privileged to witness a rare and beautiful achievement in human life—the triumph of spirit over body.

A visit which Garrett much enjoyed was one from his old “chief,” Mr. Stead, for whom he ever cherished feelings of affectionate regard. There had been some estrangement owing to Mr. Stead’s line upon the South African war, and it was previously agreed that the subject of South Africa should be barred. When the time came, they talked of nothing else. They arrived at an hypothesis which composed matters to their mutual agreement. It was decided that one or the other of them was the victim of demoniacal possession; which of them, was left open. But the visits which probably gave Garrett most pleasure were those from men who could bring him the latest news from South Africa. Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, Major Karri Davies and Colonel Frank Rhodes, to all of whom Garrett was warmly attached, were among his visitors during these years.* Lord Milner also, during a brief visit to England

* Some characteristic anecdotes with regard to the trial of the Reformers at Pretoria were told in print by Garrett. The first is of Sir Percy Fitzpatrick: “When the lawyers reported that the evidence against him was just not black enough to imperil his neck along with the four comrades, who were to be charged with high treason, and that he would be parted from them on the milder charge, somebody found ‘Fitz’ with his head on a table in abject misery. He is probably the only man who ever cried because he could not share the chance of a halter.”—*Contemporary Review*, October 1899.

The other anecdote is of Colonel Frank Rhodes, and refers to the scene in Court when the death-sentence was pronounced over him and the other three high traitors: “A better pen has done justice to his bearing in all that business, especially on its dignified and pathetic side. The scene lives in my mind by a single little touch of another kind, which will not strike any discerning person as bathos unless I fail to convey the charm it carried at the moment. The tension was at height. The climate in court was such as Themis loves to breathe all the world over. The moral climate was heavier still. Four times the fee-faw-fum allocation associated with the black cap was got off in fluent gutturals by the judge; four times it was Englished by the interpreter with professional unction. Some lady fainted and was removed. The courage and self-command of the four were not in doubt. But it was a moment of sympathetic impulses for their friends. I happened to be standing close to the dock, somewhat

in 1901, went down to see Garrett in the sanatorium. I remember Lord Milner saying afterwards how difficult it was to realise that our friend was ill, how bright and animated was his talk, how keen his interest in all South African affairs, "What a magnificent fight it is!" he added; "Garrett will die, thinking and talking of these things." A true prophecy.

Garrett was no less gay and cheerful in relation to the every-day life of his surroundings. In July 1901 Miss Ellen Marriage came as a patient (not with phthisis) to the sanatorium, and her reminiscences will best describe the impression made by Garrett upon those around him :

He was lying out all day in a long chair, and carried up to his room at night; not allowed to talk, or to receive visitors. I remember the strict orders issued to me by his devoted Nurse Preston (also my nurse) "not to speak to Mr. Garrett." For some weeks (I suppose) we were both planted out in this way, lying out of doors in silence. Afterwards I used to feel most grateful

behind, and under cover of the interminable drone I ejaculated, 'Never mind, you fellows—it's only a cruel farce.' Colonel Rhodes heard. Half turning his head as he stood, he caught my eye, which no doubt was full of distress and sympathy. The muscles of his own face were as if in church or on parade. Without otherwise relaxing those muscles for an instant, he gravely, deliberately and reassuringly *winked*—then turned eyes front again to hear the dreary incantation out.

"As a matter of fact, nobody knew better than he that the farcicality of the capital sentence was not at that moment a foregone conclusion at all. Care had been taken that a whisper should reach the prisoners of a certain historic gallows-beam which patriots had brought up from Slachters Nek for their prospective use, and such reassurances as counsel had been able to give had rested on a supposed agreement with the prosecution, the breakdown of which was proved by the mere fact of a capital sentence being pressed for. But all this only made it one of those tight places in which Frank Rhodes had always at call, not merely the soldier's and sportsman's coolness, but a quick sense of humour and an instant response to any kind of comradeship. It is traits like those I have tried to touch on which gave his personality its rare charm. And that is why the friendly wink under sentence of death dwells in my memory as both delightful and characteristic. It was quite unobserved, there was perfect respect for the decorum of the occasion; but Rhodes hated to see anybody distressed on his account, and was simply incapable of taking himself in any stress pompously."—*The Outlook*, October 10, 1903.

to him for the clever ways in which he prevented other people from talking to *me* ; he was doing much better by that time.

A little later we began reading stories aloud of an afternoon, if he was not well enough to get up ; and "The Treasure of Franchard" proved a lucky find ; for he, a Stevenson-lover, had not read it before. From reading (in spite of nurse) we fell to talk ; I well remember his abrupt plunges into deep waters, starting off from a point only reached after an hour or so by ordinary hesitating or timid talkers.

That Christmas, 1901, he started vol. ii. of the *Sanatorium Magazine*. Most of the patients contributed, but his share, the great event and success of the season, was the "Sanatorium Dictionary" : a sort of Jabberwockian language for the use of "Sanageese and Sanaganders," very esoteric and extremely personal.

During a long, discouraging bad spell in November 1902, "stationary quite six months," he wrote : "I try all my old prescriptions, of which the chief is to waive the future wholly, away with efforts and impatiences, and lap myself in any happy hap the present may offer." Waiting for life to come back, he would not fret nor yet fritter strength away. I realised keenly in those times, when I too was a patient, what a day-long battle it was to him to refrain from doing, to give up and to hold back, in addition to the other battle for life which is the routine of a sanatorium. Writing was often out of the question (even the "Dictionary" had knocked him up) ; bird-watching had been a great resource out on the terrace, so taking the nearest "happy hap," we laid a plan for coaxing the titmice up to his window, and made a nest-box for the ledge. The success was great. "I am beginning on a *solid* nest-box with observation spy-hole and shutter !" he wrote. The birds fought over the food. "I shall have to descend to lumps of suet," was the next report, "and high off the ground to foil the wagtails !"

After the farewell letter to his constituents was written, he said, "Well, that's a tooth that has ached a long while ; but it's out at last. And there are lots of things left to do." And he went straight on to talk of these things, Native questions and other problems that he wanted to work at when (if ever) he left the sanatorium. "One of my lungs is about as useful to breathe with as boot-lacings, and I suppose half the other is gone ; still with luck I may perhaps count on five years more. A man in my position can't make plans, but one can dream dreams." And his dreams were of South Africa.

Friends came forward in the autumn of 1902 with proposals of work (I. L. H. memoirs, &c.). "The idea is to give me all the materials ready gotten and unlimited time and facility. . . . I can't tell you how considerate and absurd they are about it; roughly, in brief, this awaits me [and probably in the end the Rhodes life too], and every sign that the latter can wait . . . if only, only, only *I* . . . it's always the same story in the end—Tantalus and Ixion; but you know T. or Ix. would have been much worse off if they'd just been left to grizzle without any proffers and approaches and glimpses at all. It's sickening the success with which I get your and ——'s sympathy about everything. Some day the bottom will fall out of the fraud, but I hope it will hold out a bit yet."

The spell of Garrett's way of making the best of things spread wide in the sanatorium. Patients who had never seen him, caught something of the infection, while others who came into personal contact with him became warmly attached. There was no iron stoicism about his courage; no grim and self-contained fortitude; he valued sympathy; and any pleasures he found, he liked to share. "You are going to have half the cocoa nut," he said, "and we shall see who'll get most tomtits."

Garrett was the "Father of the Sanatorium," and proposals for subscriptions, presentations and the like were submitted to him. He would amuse himself and delight the others by giving them a humorous turn or putting them into ingenious rhyme. Many a patient at the sanatorium, treasures such scraps of his and still more the notes of good cheer he would send to companions in illness, as, for instance, this to a young girl:

This at least I can say, for it's true, *whatever* your bulletin may be: (1) Don't underrate the heart of sweetness in things sorrowful which those who love us find—just when we are grieving over "troubling" them—in the very act of sharing and lightening our troubles. And (2) see how Life sometimes keeps the loveliest surprises in store for one just at what seemed the very greyest or even blackest times. So may it be for you!

It is no wonder that doctors, patients, nurses were all

drawn to him,* “ You would do anything for Mr. Garrett,” was the saying of all who served him in any capacity. He had his own way of putting it. He was terribly spoilt, he used to say, by all the staff, including the nice old cook, whose testimonial to his merits he thus described : “ Oh, Mr. Garrett, he is a nice man ! he pass me on the stairs and says he, ‘ Good morning, Mrs. Jones.’ ”

* Some lines he addressed to his nurse at the sanatorium fit other members also of that zealous profession :

There was a young person called Nurse
Who for exercise don't give a curse,
The pastime called biking
Is not to her liking,
And walking is fifty times worse.

CHAPTER XI

VITA NUOVA

INVENTORY

Health, success, adventure, the rainbow fortune
Dreamed, desired, half-held and resigned with a sigh—
Middle-aged I bid you, whom youths importune,
Hail, bright wings ! and good-bye.

Not, assuredly, in a fever-witted
Fling, sham-stoic, at failure or at disease ;
Only I smile that, lacking you, should be pitied
One who possesses these :

English birthright, in this the old builder island's
Keystone age : a cause to carry uphill
Making each workday trudge a bid for the highlands :
Friends : and just one gift still.

F. E. G. (for E. M. G.).

IN March 1903, Garrett's friends received the following card :

GARRETT—MARRIAGE.—On March 26, 1903, *F. Edmund Garrett*, lately Member of the Legislative Assembly of Cape Colony, son of the late Rev. J. F. Garrett, Rector of Elton, Derbyshire, to *Ellen Marriage*, eldest daughter of James Haworth Marriage, of Ellerby, South Woodford. —*The Times*, March 27, 1903.

Since [he] is, as you see, taking [his] last Farewell of the Country, I think to walk this Sunshine Morning with [him], to help [him] on [his] Way. . . .

Then I saw in my Dream that they went very lovingly on together. . . .

I had sunshine all the rest of the Way . . . also through the Valley of the Shadow.—“The Pilgrim's Progress.”

F. E. G.

To one of the friends who received the card, Garrett wrote further : “I have six months to live. A brave and

sweet woman, my dear Friend Ellen Marriage, is going to share those months with me. Life and Death and Love—what a grand chord they make together.”

On leaving the Sanatorium in January 1903, after a sojourn there of two years, Garrett had gone to stay for a few weeks in Hampshire. He wrote thence in his gay and cheery style to Miss Marriage :

Another P(aying) G(uest) is coming who has a great funk of Lungers. Mrs. ——— evidently fears I shall funk her (vb. active and trans.) even at the distance of half a garden. I suggested I might be passed off as a mental with a touch of “Bronx.” Nurse, if asked where we came from, was to say in a whisper “Don’t repeat it, please, but Mr. G. was in ——— an institution. Sad, isn’t it? By the way, when you go down to the village, will you bring him any new Penny Toy you see?” I am prepared to play up to this, of course. It is my ambition that the P.G. should anon say, “You’d never know when you’re *talking* to him, would you? Perfectly *harmless*, I can see—a *child* could manage him!”

In his rural retreat he seemed to improve greatly in health. He enjoyed the return to something like ordinary life, with walks in the fir-woods and visits from friends. It seemed as if the corner had been turned, and some reward was to come for his long fight for health. He was busy with verse translations, from the German and the Danish, and full of plans—the projected memoirs of the Imperial Light Horse, translations and more translations, and a little book, upon which his friend was engaged, to be finished out of hand in partnership, “our united voltage alone being equal to it.” The plans included their marriage, “perhaps that summer.” Sometimes he felt stronger, and the clouds dispersed; but at others he had misgivings that fresh trouble was beginning :

Only sometimes,

When I have fears that I may cease to be

Before—

we have been able to have a little happy life together—then it comes upon me with a gulp that I can no longer fall back on the old, cheap pretence-stoicism of which I *was* sometimes guilty—you always take the best reading of me—and that any bitter cup I may have to drain must be henceforth for your lips too—and then I drink in all the terror and beauty of this new happiness : and then I fall to concerting plans for getting round the difficulty, if by perverse fate I fall worse just when I most want to fall better . . . and in all I count on you, and know it is futile to invent any way of bearing the burden quite alone : and then nevertheless I pray—my way of praying—that somehow, if I have brought this upon you, I may be enabled to bear it my sole self, and what drags me under may be made somehow not to spoil *your* life at all : somehow : God must know how, they say He can do impossibilities. . . .

Presently the nurse who had attended him at the Sanatorium came on a visit ; serious mischief was seen to be at work, and she urged Garrett to go up to London for medical advice. The sentence of the doctor was that he had but six months at most to live. He broke the news in this letter to his friend :

Dear, we are in for a disappointment about my health—come and hear all there is to it.

But deep down I feel that we shall continue to wrest some happiness out of *any* future, however troubled at times and however clipped.

There remain these three—Life and Love and Death. And the strongest of these is—Death, I suppose. But like the bee, he can but sting once—and the *shadow* of Death is . . . only a shadow. Love is stronger than *that* ! And I shall see you to-morrow.

His friend hesitated not for a moment, and they were married on March 26 at the Registry Office in Broad Street, Bloomsbury. To her, as wife, companion, friend and nurse, he owed not only the happiness of love fulfilled, but a period—a halcyon period, almost—of new life.

The shadow was never far away, but it troubled him not :

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormy seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, doth greatly please.

In early April, influenza, followed by bronchitis, was nearly fatal. In country air at Albury, near Tring, he slowly recovered, though it was three months before he could talk much or hold a pen. The medical verdict was revised, and some hopes were held out of longer life, if every care were taken, if a warmer climate were sought, and if exertion were rigidly restrained. All idea of literary work had thus to be abandoned. His wife's income was insufficient, and his own small resources were near exhaustion. In this emergency two old Cambridge comrades came forward, being joined presently by a few of his South African friends, to relieve him of financial anxiety. He was profoundly touched by this tribute of affection, rendered, as he said, at a time when he was "a back number and might quite well have been allowed to drop out of memory." The winter of 1903-4 was spent in Cornwall, at St. Ives, and Garrett recovered some measure of strength. The idea of setting up house on their own account now seemed feasible, and his wife scoured the west country in search of a suitable sun-trap. They fixed upon a little house, situated on gently rising ground, a few miles from Plympton—Sir Joshua Reynolds's birthplace. There—at Wiverton Acre—in June 1904, they settled and there the remaining years of his life were spent.

The spot was well chosen for the life of fresh air which was indispensable. The open doors and windows of the living-rooms on the ground floor showed nothing across the garden-balcony except fields and trees and clumps and hedgerows. The furnishing of the little house gave him much pleasure. After so many years of wandering, the home of his own, the ordering of its arrangements, the

planning of a garden, the alternate joys and worries of housekeeping—all these, in company with his wife, were a new and grateful experience to him; he was possessed, he felt, of infinite riches in a little room. “We long to show it to you,” he wrote to his cousin, “so soon as the rooms are fit to make their bow to their fairy godmother.” The country around, in which he was sometimes able to walk or drive, is one of deep Devonshire lanes, overgrown with clematis and honeysuckle and foxglove; full of a quiet beauty, with glimpses here and there of the great moor behind. The garden and the birds were very dear to him; and when one visited him, he was sometimes able to walk around his little domain, pointing out improvements, plantations, the latest device in garden-chairs, or cunning sun-traps, with the pleasant pride which every gardener feels. But his own letters will give the best impression :

To MISS AGNES GARRETT:

June 1904.

I am as full of improvements and plans as if I were going to live a lifetime. But, please God, we may have some quiet happy days here.

To the same.

August 10, 1904.

Garden full of birds. Watched a lovely green woodpecker in one apple-tree, and a fluffy family of long-tailed tits (the kind that build bottle-nests) in another simultaneously. Breakfasting, watched four young stoats larking in the grass like a school of porpoises. Water-hens came to a cattle-pool.

To the same.

December 18, 1904.

To-day was like a perfect spring—blue, balmy, sunny. We had dinner in the tent, and the robins sang divinely a yard away. We have had several such days in December, and want you to know how blessed the tent makes them when they do

come. No more fights with the wind, no pegs or ropes now, and a sound wooden floor and frame, raised on piles at one side, backed into the thickest of the hedge, getting the whole day's sun and embowered in trees and shrubs, some of which we have transplanted for the purpose. In short, we have made things hum, as you will see when we meet.

To the same.

July 21, 1905.

We had a lovely afternoon (my fortieth birthday) picnicking in a hayfield with the Stevenson volume—welcome as flowers—over our tea. This was in a new place—a discovery near enough for me to *walk* to, with a shady hedgerow to sit under and command a great open view such as Millie craves—coombes slanting seaward under warm haze and great green glooms of woodland in the middle distance; a few steps away, a gap opens up a mighty blue shoulder of Dartmoor, in the other direction. A great find, so near home. There we sat and read a bit of Fontainebleau—have you, by the way, the “Treasure of Franchard,” a gay short story of R. L. S. with the Fontainebleau colour? And there we counted up our mercies, as the Quakers say, and told our rosary of loved and loving names, the givers, who are themselves the chiefest among our gifts.

To the same.

June 2, 1905.

E. should have added to our bird news the triumph that the house martins, by prayer, and keeping down the bullying sparrows a bit, have at last begun to build on the house. Not a nest till now, though the ledges and eaves and little pents seemed made for them. But now we hope soon to say:

“This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, doth approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's heath
Smells wooingly here.”

At the moment the obscene little noisy sparrow-canaille has succeeded in breaking in on the little twittering masons after two or three nests were up, and annexing them. We are interfering in turn, and hope to abolish the thieves, and woo back the others to the polluted nests. A family of blue tits, nearly ready to fly, are on daily view in that nest-box which I made at

St. Ives out of a bit of tree, which opens and shows the interior at will.

The balance of nature offers problems. Our family of weasels threatens the nests, but keeps down rats and rabbits, and is most graceful to watch. The cats are horrible foes to nests and birds, and Seth-Rascal won't worry them; I wish to pervert him to this practice. Then the garden mice, which eat our peas, and rabbits, which eat our lettuces, begin to swarm. I propose to trap the mice, and cope with the rabbits by wire. This leaves the birds free; but then they badger one another. But I shall bore you with birds.

The birds were a constant joy to him, and he kept a soft place, as well as open house, for insect-friends. "The little glow-worms," says his wife, "were the pleasantest; but we had enormous spiders. Edmund had once 'kept' tame spiders, but these insisted on terms of impossible intimacy. So did earwigs. There was nothing for it but to slay these last, and I got into a habit, I suppose, of killing at sight. I remember that one day when Edmund was lying out of doors in his long chair, apparently absorbed in his work, I brushed the all-pervading earwigs off his writing-pad, and was going to destroy them, when he laid his hand gently on my arm and said, 'No, don't! Out-of-doors is *their* house.' " Then there was his dog—"dear old Seth redivivus"—with his resolute determination to join in: "Let me so much as take E.'s hand for a moment and a damp nose intervenes." Garrett was a true lover of the dog; as these lines from a piece of his shall testify:

Friends, rejoicing in our joys
Sorrowing in our sorrows: friends
Whom our kindness never cloy
Nor capriciousness offends:

Quick, upon the least pretext,
Mood to master-mood to suit;
Rapturous at a word—the next
Wistful, eloquently mute:

Who when all the world's awry
 Never argue, never pose,
 Only hint dumb sympathy
 With a soft intrusive nose.

Soul ? who doubts your Soul ? Not I,
 Yours, who drown, one life to save—
 "Greater love hath none"—or die
 Pressed upon the loved one's grave.

This much of creation's plan
 Shows whatever else is fog :
 Who made Woman for the Man,
 For them both He made the Dog.

The master of Seth was keenly interested in Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's "Jock of the Bushveld." He did not live to see Jock's adventures in print, but he used to say chaffingly to his friend, "When once the book is published, you will be known only as Fitz of 'Jock.'" When the time came and the book had a great success, Sir Percy wrote : "How he would have enjoyed it all in his own boyish and bubblingly generous way : the success of others or of a cause was infinitely more enjoyable to him than his own ; and I was always struck, when his own work was really the theme, with the way in which he managed to rake one in as a sort of partner in it, and almost made one believe that *we* had done something. It was always 'We,' never 'I,' "

As Garrett lay out in his garden, he would often write snatches of verse, both grave and gay—as, for instance, this Tennysonian echo from the farmyard :

And from a neighbour byre sweet country sounds,
 Some not so sweet as others, but all blent—
 The caw of solemn rooks, the low of kine,
 The rakish challenge of cacophonous cocks
 And clucking of incorrigible hens.

To a column of *facetiae* which his friend Mr. Spender occasionally inserted in the *Westminster Gazette*, Garrett

sometimes contributed, both in prose and in verse. Somebody had described Birmingham as "the clearing-house of ideas." "Why not," asked Garrett, "the change-alley of convictions?" "If Free Trade is a parrot-cry, it must be admitted," he wrote during the elections, "that it makes a pretty poll." And so forth, and so forth. To the same journal, Garrett contributed during these years a long series of translations of Ibsen's *Lyrics*. He conceived the idea, too, of doing for *Peer Gynt* what he had already done for *Brand*; but this scheme went no further than a version, in the rhymed metre of the original, of a single scene at the end of the first act*—one of the three scenes in contemporary literature which, he said, appealed to him most poignantly, the other two being the adventure and death of Patya Rostof in Tolstoy's *War and Peace* and the scene in *Brand* where Agnes gives up the relics of her dead child to clothe the child of the tramp. The northern literature had great fascination for him. "We read sagas together," says his wife, "and to these he took at once and mightily. I suppose we read *Grettir* twice, and parts of *Njal* many times. I was also put on my mettle to read to him *the very* best short stories, English and French, ancient or modern, and only the best. He condemned Mérimée's 'How we took the Redoubt' after 'Linesman's' work in the *Cornhill*, which he much admired; efforts to read or tolerate Balzac ended in failure, no Frenchman save Anatole France won his heart. A plan for reading 'Kipling as a *whole*, right through the lot,'

* "To Soria-Moria Castle." This appeared in the *Independent Review*, April 1904. The version is prefaced by a short dissertation on the question between prose and verse translations. "'Prose for the study,'" he reports a friend as saying from experience; "'for an audience one wants the swing and lilt of verse.'" 'Twas Homer's own conclusion . . . Have we not minor poets who have little to say, but a perfect way of saying it? Why should they not turn to verse translation? They might not equal the scholar and poet in one—a Murray, a Mackail, a Verrall. But they would supersede the labours of a journeyman like myself. And if they helped their countrymen to enjoy some part of the best of other literatures, it would be worth a great deal of machine-made poetry on hand-made paper."

unluckily was interrupted; but I had the good fortune to discover that he had not read 'In Flood-time'; borrowed the little grey book with infinite difficulty, and reaped a full reward." This was relaxation. Garrett's main interest was still in South Africa, and he consumed much solid fare from blue-books and the like. "Tell him," he said wistfully, by way of answer to a lad who had written to him from the Cape, "that South Africa is just now *the* place where a man, by minding his own business, can serve the Empire." He wrote during these years many memorial verses and inscriptions for South Africa, and some of these are printed below (p. 269). The epitaph which he adapted from Simonides of Ceos is engraved on the obelisks which at Elandslaagte and on many another battlefield surmount the graves of officers and troopers in the Imperial Light Horse. He was much pleased when his longer epitaph, for Boers and Britons buried side by side, was quoted by Mr. G. P. Wessels in a reconciliatory speech.

Visits from relations and friends continued to be a great pleasure to him; but these had to be carefully economised, for "downs" followed quickly upon "ups," and an hour's talk with a friend often meant days or weeks of previous rest or subsequent exhaustion. He was supposed to listen rather than to talk, and to smile rather than to laugh, but he was incapable of either form of repression. "Larf?" he wrote after a visit from Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, fresh from South Africa with the latest stories, "Larf? I thort I should a' died!" His life had perforce to be, in externals, that of the confirmed, and for months at a time, of the bed-ridden, invalid; but what most struck those about him was that he kept firm grasp of the relative values in life. The little things, the irksome things, the unpleasant things; the discomfort, the pain—these never seemed to become principal. Living, as he did, in an invalid atmosphere, confined, as he often was, to a single room in a small house, he yet never lost his sense of pro-

portion. He took all the "downs" as part of the day's work, to be accepted uncomplainingly, and counted only the "ups." "Why," he wrote to his cousin (July 11, 1905), "the most pink-blowed robusster that one meets fails to get the taste of life on his palate even so much as a poor crock like me can have it, as I have it to-day. I suppose it's a gift of zest."

To friends in London or in South Africa he wrote as gaily as ever, following all their fortunes and activities, domestic or political, with ever-ready sympathy. The first two of the following letters was written from St. Ives; the others from Wiverton:

To J. H. BADLEY.

We have a gorgeous scheme for Jock [his nephew]. Across the bay, a mile away or more, is a stranded three-master, wrecked last winter in a storm, driven ashore in the estuary of the Hayle with a cargo of China-clay—all hands saved. At low tide she seems to be high and dry on Portlminster sands; at high tide she seems well out in the sea, but we never see it break over her, and she is always high out of the water. When she was driven ashore, she was abandoned as hopeless and put up to auction. The cargo fetched 7s. 6d. and the ship 5s.!! No doubt that's all she's worth to a marine store-dealer—but to a boy! Fancy playing pirates on her, specially when the tide comes in. I felt like Loudon Dodd in "The Wrecker." My idea was to buy her, cargo and all, from the purchaser and solemnly present her to Jock. He may refloat her, and sail the Spanish main in her if he can, and likes. E. says: "A boy who has a pony already, and then has a ship given him at eight years old, has nothing left in the world to dream of." We have had great fun imagining the whole thing.

To MRS. FAWCETT.

January 2, 1904.

I am glad to hear of your pegging away for Free Trade. Strange how utterly Chamberlain's Imperial-Colonial aspect of his scheme has dropped into the background under the electoral and material

temptations of the regular Protectionist game—wire-pulling of all the clamorous “interests.” But no wonder. The manufacturers are playing up, all agog—the Colonists are not. They were not ready, from his own point of view. If he had stuck to his line at the last Colonial Conference—“better your offer”—he might have been educating Colonial opinion most usefully. Instead of that, he goes about the country, &c. Clearly, with the volume of our trade, it’s far more for us to put up a wall than for the Colonies to pull down a bit of *their* walls—unless they make some real approach towards the ideal of Imperial Free Trade. That is what, in the teeth of Rhodes’s scheme, I always stuck to and preached at the Cape. But of course now that a British Colonial Secretary has taken the line that the Colonies are doing their bit enough and that we should do ours by putting Free Trade into the melting-pot, the whole case is prejudiced. I know the spirit which colonists are only too ready to show the moment you begin to *bargain* and strike the note of local interests, “legitimate trade assistance,” &c. I’ve seen it at our Customs Union Conferences in South Africa. As I say, this is getting the colonist on his worst and smallest side. On Defence you get him on his biggest. But something might be done some day with tariffs, if Chamberlain would (or could) revert to that Colonial Conference position till things were riper.

To E. T. C.

April 16, 1905.

I see you in the *Times* dining Greenwood, dining with the Libimps and so on. I track you where you eat your way like a caterpillar on a cabbage. Do report of the cabbage. Are the Limps cheering up? Is Sir E. Grey still talking of chucking politics? . . . I wish you and I could write an article together—a sort of group-manifesto; they’re all the fashion now—two or three young solemn asses meet and start it like chaps did a Blazer at the ’Varsity. Seriously, if you ever feel game for such a thing, come down and talk it over. You would have to do all the work and architecture. Mine’s a dropping fire nowadays. But I’m able to report very unusually gaily on the last three months or four. My wife has brought me through the winter marvellously. I’m as lean as a wolf, but with the leanness which nothing checks have recovered the wolf’s appetite. D—the symptoms, but what a relief to the patient! and to his wife’s kitchen strategy. Come and see the garden. The garden’s

great larks, the birds and all that, and my plantings. Put in a new privet hedge and hope to see it a few feet up anyway. I don't rise to Rhodes's old man planting oaks quite *; privet's my form, it's the quickest grower. But you know we've celebrated our second year—almost a silver wedding for us, all things considered. And you've to meet my wife. The pear blossom's out and plum too, in bits; when the old cider apple-trees are in flower you positively must run down, if not before. I should vastly enjoy it. I "torp" a lot, but with big streaks of animation; and find life extremely good.

TO SIR PERCY FITZPATRICK.

November 7 (on being knighted).

I'm frankly pleased. I expect most of your friends are. Don't take great stock in titles *per se*, but all depends on the context. If you and Farrar had been military instead of civil, you would have got a "step" or two; as it is, this is the natural King's Thank you, like Milner's peerage. You needn't tell me your conflicting feelings about having it; but when a chap has played such good cricket, it's in the interests of the *game* that he should get his "blue," as we said at Cambridge—though we all know the "blue" doesn't make the cricketer. . . . One's past work is the *capital* of politics, and a thing like this is a sort of notification that there is a balance at the political bank.

TO E. T. C.

November 17, 1905.

The Lost Leader [p. 265] brought me shrieks of joy from tired Unionists, as I find a nasty one for dear Arthur never fails to do. He nearly had the pea under the other thimble too quick for me, as once before, but I nipped in just in time. Once let him *speak*, when anything seems coming to a point, and you're done. (N.B.

* "I remember in the impetuosity of my youth I was talking to a man advanced in years who was planting—what do you think? He was planting oak-trees, and I said to him very gently that the planting of oak-trees by a man advanced in years seemed to me rather imaginative. He seized the point at once, and said to me: 'You feel that I shall never enjoy the shade?' I said 'Yes,' and he replied: 'I have the imagination, and I know what that shade will be, and, at any rate, no one will ever alter those lines. I have laid my trees on certain lines. I know that I cannot expect more than to see them beyond a shrub, but with me rests the conception and the shade and the glory.'"
—"Life and Speeches of Cecil Rhodes," p. 359.

—Asquith and Co. are in much the same case about Home Rule, and it's larks to see the papers of each side myopically blind to the one absurdity and acute for t'other.) . . . Ever so glad you saw and liked the lines on poor Frank Rhodes * and the others ; it's jolly nice to hear, sequestered with the birds in this shrubbery, when you marked me up a hit.

To a friend on the death of a son in early youth.

November 18, 1905.

Dear fellow, it's a poor pagan sort of comfort, and not one I would dare to offer a woman, but yet methinks not false neither—the comfort I came upon cited in an Addison essay the other day, offered by some old Greek or another to a friend who was in your case : “ As far as it went, this young life was just as bright and innocent as it could be, and a deal more so than any but the rarest can count on remaining if granted the good and evil mixed of life's later stages. You should therefore say, Well that it never *declined*.” We all agree, when contemplating a life prolonged after its best point, that it would have been better closed in the full flush of its best. The book, we say, should have ended *there*. What is the best point, the *happiest* I mean, of a life ? There are few *better*, at least, than the point your dear lad stood at. “ Now stand you on the top of happy hours.” Life as far as he knew it was the life full of zest and possibilities which belongs to healthy young creatures ; he was snatched away from the table with the edge of appetite keen, and that's sad indeed for you who hoped to see him go through many a course yet—but don't you think perhaps he may have had the cream of it ? “ Call no life happy till it be dead ” ; his you may now call happy—it *was* happy. Bah ! how irrelevant is such talk to the *sense of personal loss*, which is the real ache. And for that I can offer nothing, except, my dear friend, a clumsy hand on your shoulder.

To E. T. C.

July 27, 1906.

Forgive my slowness in saying “ Good ” to your fly-sheet of Liberal Colonial Club programme. Have been creeping about, gathering strength. I am, of course, warmly with you, and am prepared to roar as mildly as any sucking dove if only we can get a voice raised at all. What I want hinted is that—with on

* The Memorial verses, given below, p. 272.

the one side Joe and Co. crying "Ours is the *only* policy if you want to unite the Empire," and on the other (only this you can't say out) with half the Liberal party crying "Empire be damned" (except in occasional vague perorations)—naturally we stand to lose all young people who are keen on the Empire and see something must be done in the next generation or so, unless they happen to be so keen on reforms as to forget the Empire in our own politics.

"Mine's a dropping fire nowadays;" but it was fairly constant, and showed all the old brilliance. In 1904 more especially he fired into the political field some of his happiest squibs. One was the piece, already mentioned, which fitted Browning's "Lost Leader" to Mr. Arthur Balfour's "unsettled convictions" on the fiscal question. Another was a parody of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's eulogy of Mr. Chamberlain (p. 263). "A really splendid piece of work," wrote an appreciative editor, "and as full of literary charm as it is of vigour; a more demolishing piece of chaff I never read." "That small jape of mine," wrote Garrett, "brought a shower of letters from old friends and acquaintances, but Kipling's own magnanimous and jolly enjoyment of it was the best." "My earnings last year," he said, "were rather more than in my first year of journalism, which sounds like one of life's little ironies, but would be very cheery really if I were keeping it up."

The dropping fire, however, had to become more and more intermittent; yet he kept it up to the end. His longest piece during these years was a chapter, contributed to a volume entitled "The Empire and the Century," upon "Rhodes and Milner." These estimates had previously been printed elsewhere, and he was pleased at receiving "the jolliest echoes from all over South Africa." A little later, two South African questions especially excited Garrett's interest. They arose in connection with the Transvaal Constitution, and are of like importance now in connexion with the Constitution of the South African Union. One was the Native Question. In this, as we

have seen, Garrett had been interested since his first visit to South Africa. He had remarked then that the people who are often ignored in schemes for the future of South Africa are those who form the great mass of its population. He noticed the same thing in the discussions about the Transvaal Constitution. The newspapers were full of the rights of the Boers, the claims of "Het Volk," the claims of the "Progressive Association"; but the natives were hardly mentioned: "yet most people in South Africa, most people in the two new Colonies for which we were Constitution-making, are natives." Garrett devoted much of his last remnants of strength to the cause of "The Unheard Helot." * The problem is one of equal difficulty and importance. How can some sort of representation of the natives be attained without prejudice to the strong feeling of the white population as a whole against anything like the (ostensibly colour-blind) franchise of Cape Colony? How, on the other side, can the Imperial Government remain faithful to its trust on behalf of the native races without causing its intervention to develop into a Colonial grievance? Garrett's solution took the form of indirect representation through "an Advisory Council of leading natives and experts in native affairs." He developed his scheme in a memorandum upon "Natives and the New Constitutions," which was circulated privately in July 1906. It has since been printed in South Africa †; and,

* See an article by Garrett, so entitled, in the *Westminster Gazette*, July 31, 1906.

† In *The State: the Organ of Closer Union*, February 1909, with the following editorial note: "Though the proposals are not entirely applicable to the situation as it exists at the present day, we think that the Memorandum will be welcomed, as showing the views of one who for many years was well known in Cape Colony as an earnest student of the Native Problem and of the constitutional difficulties to which it gave rise." The Memorandum was the subject of an excellent and sympathetic leading article in the *Manchester Guardian* of April 9, 1909: "We are disposed to favour the suggestion of advisory Native Councils as the most hopeful instruments of native government in those States which are not yet prepared to apply the principle 'equal rights for all civilised men.' Even where a native franchise is accorded the Native Councils might

though it would now require adjustment to altered conditions, the scheme is in principle well worthy of consideration, and in his formula that the natives "think in kraals" a solution may some day be found. The other topic which most interested Garrett was the principle of "one vote one value" as the basis of the white franchise. He was in favour of the grant of responsible government, but he regarded with anxiety the apparent inclination of the British Government of the day to stretch points and make exceptions in favour of the country districts (that is, mainly, the Boer vote) against the towns (that is, mainly, the British vote):

We alone in all the world [he wrote] would have hurried to the sublime experiment, just as we alone stick to Free Trade and hold out against conscription—and I am John Bull enough to be proud of all the peculiarities. Only, why at the expense of our own people? Why this business of the five seats, and all the rest of it? Why any departure at all from the plain justice and common sense of the claim that the industrial and British vote should be made to count at least as much as any other? ("The Boer in the Saddle," *Standard*, April 12, 1907.)

Garrett's attention was thus fixed on the two vital matters upon which the peace and prosperity of South Africa must depend, and by which the success and good credit of British statesmanship there will hereafter be judged—the just and considerate treatment of the native races, and strict equality of political rights among all the white subjects of the Crown. Garrett's last article on

be of conspicuous use as a mode of representing those natives who were not 'civilised' and who still lived under the tribal system. It must not be forgotten that the large majority of Kafirs do not possess or desire that individual status, political and economic, which is essential to the free exercise of a franchise. Most of them not only live in kraals but 'think in kraals,' and the only feasible method of giving them any form of self-government is by some such council of head-men as meets for Basutoland in Maseru. If the Union becomes effective some such Advisory Council as Mr. Garrett proposed should certainly be attached to the Government of the newly admitted territories, and might very well be extended so as to secure representation for the general body of kraal Kafirs in the States brought under the Union Government."

this subject—"The Boer in the Saddle"—appeared in the *Standard* of April 12, 1907,* a month before he died. It had been written several weeks before. Like many of his pieces, including some of his brightest and most vigorous, it was written under grievous physical disability. They were often composed when he was prostrated with illness, and committed to paper by dictation in a whisper.

"He will die thinking and talking of these things," said Lord Milner. At the end of February, Garrett wrote a pencilled note to Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, congratulating him on his electoral victory at Pretoria :

DEAR OLD FITZ,—If you live to be 100 and incidentally (as I trust) Prime Minister of a United South Africa, you will never beat the pulsing swing and joy of this Pretoria adventure. I have been following from this bed tensely. I must tell you I'm in a new trouble just now, and my voice has been hung up for three weeks. No talk ; so I was chuckling and waving my hands at the wife all day. Trust you get a rest. Mind the reaction, old chap.

And on the other leaf he scribbled a little sketch entitled "The De'il's awa' wi' the Mugwump." These were the last lines Garrett wrote. The end came quietly and gently, after a period of weaknesses and exhaustion so extreme that the watchers could only feel thankfulness when the long conflict was over. He died on May 10, 1907. Three days later he was buried, under the elm-trees, in the neighbouring churchyard of Brixton.† The headland to the South is the first sight of England for South African ships homeward bound.

During the last years of his life, Garret had one great wish. It was that the "brave and sweet woman," his

* He had also contributed numerous letters to the *Times* on the subject in January and February 1906, and a long article to the *Westminster Gazette*, February 14, 1906.

† On the slab, after his name, are these true words : "Whose life quickened in all who knew him Love and Courage and Joy in life."

“ dear friend,” who had “ walked with him to help him on his way,” should, in her memories of him, be able to count some unclouded hours. He spoke of this to me, as I doubt not to other friends, and I find the same thought in his letters. No sympathetic reader of this chapter will need, I think, to be assured that Garrett’s wish was abundantly fulfilled ; but I shall venture to quote a few words which his wife wrote to me after the death of her husband : “ I hold fast to the thought that we had four whole years, instead of the few weeks or months promised, and I do not think any moment of those four years was wasted ; they held a whole lifetime, and more.”

Two other wishes Garrett had. He often talked of death ; he had no fear of it, and he cared not what might happen to his body. But he looked wistfully for some little remembrance in the land where he had “ made beginnings.” He put his plea into these lines :

Where e’er I fall, like yonder ripped
Old elm, there lay me ; so but one
Small brass hang where the solemn crypt
Gives respite from the Cape Town sun,
Hard by the hurrying street, alive
With strength and youth : ’tis all I claim,
That where the heart is, there survive
The dust and shadow of a name.

And one other hope he had ; it was that, when he was gone, some few of the things which he had most cared to say would not wholly be forgotten ; that they might here and there be found to have enough of vital force to live on awhile and speak for him.

The first of these wishes was easily and spontaneously fulfilled. A committee was formed in Cape Town immediately after his death to raise a memorial to him there. The subscriptions were limited to five shillings, in order that many sorts and conditions of men and women might equally contribute. A London committee was also formed,

presided over at its first meeting by Lord Milner, and attended by many of Garrett's Cambridge, journalistic and South African friends. The Cape committee, in concert with the other, placed in the cloister of the new cathedral at Cape Town a brass tablet to Garrett's memory : it is inscribed with his own verses. The London committee in addition have presented to the Union Society of Cambridge a "Garrett Library" of books connected with the history of the British Colonies, and especially with that of South Africa.

Garrett's second wish I have endeavoured in this volume to carry out. I have tried to present some picture of the ideals, in journalism and in politics, which he cherished, and to place on record some of the things which he had it most at heart to say and to do. "In the brief opportunity given him he eagerly endeavoured to serve England and South Africa. He looked forward and made some beginnings." And in these later days, when the time of fulfilment seems to be at hand, the memory of Edmund Garrett is cherished among many of those with whom he had lived and worked. "This is the opening day," wrote one of the Transvaal delegates from the South African National Convention at Durban, "and I would like to let you know that old friends and old comrades of Edmund have thought of him, and have been thinking, too, how happy he would have been to be here, helping to realise the great dream we shared. No one can say what part or influence would have been his in this work ; but *we* know it would have been a big part, and an influence wholly good and healing and constructive."

I will end with a hope of my own. It is that I may have conveyed some impression of what Garrett *was*—of the character, which made him respected and beloved, and of the high example which he set in the conduct of life. "I remember," writes his brother-in-law, "how one night after his return from South Africa, when we had been

talking of the hopes and aims that now seemed lost, he pictured a great debate in the courts of heaven on the question of human life—whether it was just to men to give them high powers and noble visions and yet to make their lives, as it seems, the sport of chance. The President, summing up the arguments before he put the question to the vote, concluded: ‘Well, gentlemen, this is human life—all that I could make it if it was to be a thing of growth; battered by circumstance and scarred with failure, but with love and friendship and high purpose. Is it worth having?’” No one who knew Edmund Garrett—and as I would fain believe no one who has read these pages—can doubt for an instant on which side his vote was given.

APPENDIX

CONTAINING

SOME WRITINGS BY GARRETT REFERRED
TO IN THE MEMOIR

SOUTH AFRICAN PERSONS AND POLITICS

I

PAUL KRUGER

(I) OOM PAUL AT HOME

*January 1890 **

HALF-PAST SIX A.M. is not the hour which you would expect to be named for an audience at Buckingham Palace, or even for an interview at Hatfield House. But President Kruger is a hard worker and an early riser. I was accompanied by Mr. Johannes Rissik, my kind interpreter. Mr. Rissik is a Hollander who has lived in the Transvaal for fifteen years ; he holds office in the Surveying Department ; he was the man who surveyed Johannesburg, and, as his friends vow, the man after whom the town was named ; and, what was more to my purpose, he is a straightforward gentleman who enjoys the confidence of the President.

“Oom Paul,” as his own people affectionately dub him, is a strong man and a shrewd. He has matched that strength and that shrewdness against English proconsuls and European statesmen, and for a time he did not come off worst. But no man or President is strong enough to grapple Fate ; and Fate just now is engaged in the experiment of planting out the Englishman, *malgré lui*, over some large regions of the world. We—the English—certainly did our best to forfeit any share in that particular tract which lies between the Vaal and the Limpopo. From the annexation of the Transvaal to its retrocession—from Shepstone with his two dozen policemen and his proclamations,

* Reprinted from “In Afrikanderland,” ch. x. For the occasion of this interview, see p. 31.

to poor Colley with his mob of panic-stricken red-coats on Amajuba Hill—it all reads like one mad abdication, on the part of our statesmanship and of our arms alike, of any title to shape, create and govern. Yet five short years had scarcely passed when the whole situation was changed. To burrow for a precious metal, English men, with English money and English enterprise, swarmed into the country. Undeterred by a thousand difficulties, they built works, they sunk money, they subjugated the earth. Cities sprang up in the wilderness. Markets were created and supplied. The Boer, who had been enjoying his independence with a wry face and an empty pocket, was only too glad to be bought out of his farm. And so it comes about that already the capital of the Dutch Republic is more English than that of the Cape Colony ; that every day brings an accession to the English-speaking population ; and that the Boer in the near future seems destined, in one word, to be swamped. In fact, our position in the “South African Republic,” as it prefers to be called, is far stronger to-day than it would have been had we continued to hold the country by force. Piet Joubert, one of the two generals who divide the honours of Amajuba, admitted as much to me. It looks as if the only result of that disastrous fight on the course of history were destined to be an impulse given to the adoption of the magazine rifle as the arm of the British soldier. Meanwhile there are dangers and difficulties and delays, and the Englishing of the Transvaal is a process to which Oom Paul has still quite enough to say to make it worth John Bull’s while to be closer acquainted. At the time of my talk with him, Mr. Rhodes’s Company had but newly cut him off from the north, and the old man’s eyes were turned to the one opening left him on his south-eastern marches, where the barbarous little Swazi country, already made over to white adventurers and overrun by his own Boers, interposes between him and the Indian Ocean. The “Swaziland Question,” therefore, was just then the easiest peg to hang a talk on ; and the utterly provisional, half-and-half, *ad interim* nature of the recent Swaziland agreement makes every word of the President’s as much to the point to-day as it was then. And now to introduce you.

The old man was sitting on the *stoep* before his house, puffing away at a long pipe. Early as it was, he was already deep in consultation with two of his faithful burghers. The one I recognised as a transport rider, by whom I had myself been

driven only a day or two before. The other was a depressed and silent man, rougher still and more unkempt, who sat by in gloomy enjoyment of the audience with Oom Paul, while his fellow with great freedom tackled the President about a certain waggon road which he wanted to see made. The President as forcibly declared against it. No making straight of the path before the incoming Englishman, till the invader has given some material proofs of friendly intentions. Fast and loud waxed the debate, interrupted only by short truces of tobacco smoke, and by that lubricative habit (testified to by the surrounding *stoep*) which the Boer shares with our American cousins. The President, meanwhile, had no attention to spare, and I had leisure to take in the personality of the Dutch Grand Old Man—the *pater* (or shall I say *avunculus*) *patriæ* of the Transvaal—Oom Paul to his leal burghers, Paul Kruger to his friends, and his Honour the President of the South African Republic to the rest of the world.

A hale old man of between sixty and seventy: the long, narrow head, the small, shrewd eyes deep set in furrows, the large nose and mouth, the straggling beard framing the face—all these are of the rough, coarse, strongly marked old “Dopper” type of Boer physiognomy. A stout man of his hands, even yet—in his greener days, they tell me, Paul Kruger was like Hereward the Wake’s man Martin: he could keep pace with a horse. The lank hair, the top hat with its heavy band, the rusty black suit worn as Dr. Johnson wears his clothes in the familiar pictures, suggested that stamp of Dissenting minister to whom the Dutch “Dopper” is akin. Just over the way stands the little chapel where his honour’s discourse is wont to awake the responsive ejaculations of the faithful, just as Mr. Gladstone is wont to read the lessons in Hawarden Church.

“I am afraid,” I began, when at length the transport rider had been routed, foot, horse and artillery, and had left the field with his submissive friend—“I am afraid, President, you don’t think much of newspapers?” (I was aware, in fact, that he never reads one, and that he views the press with profound contempt.)

The President, through Mr. Rissik, informed me that he thought for himself, and that, certainly, when he had made up his mind he did not care what was said by the newspapers.

I applauded his firmness. But in England, I explained, the

newspapers were in part the battlefield of the contending parties, and had to inform the mind of the elector on political questions.

President Kruger, condescending gently to the weak ways of John Bull, said he knew that this was so, and that a well-informed newspaper might have great influence.

"Yes," said I, pushing my advantage, "but this is especially so in regard to South African questions, which are far away and little understood. About Swaziland, for instance" (the President was on the *qui vive* at once), "the facts are very little known in England to the average elector; so that the Government might be quite willing to give Swaziland up, but afraid——"

"It is no case of 'giving up' at all," the President broke in with vivacity. "Neither side can take it without leave of the other. It is not yours to take or to give up."

"Of course. But I mean that people in England are as a whole unwilling to see Swaziland giv——" (I was somewhat at a loss how to amend my phrase) "to see it pass with our assent into the hands of the Transvaal, because they don't know the reasons for the change, and they think in a vague sort of way that it is only another bit of knuckling under to the victors of Amajuba."

The mention of that name gave the conversation a most happy turn.

"Amajuba!" repeated the President, with warmth. "It is all wrong about Amajuba. I am sorry that the English people seem to keep up such a foolish feeling about that. People say that we think we conquered the English. I'll tell you what we do think—and not one man, or two men, but all the men in the Republic." The President paused a moment, and blew a cloud of smoke with great energy. He has no Dutch phlegm, by the way, in conversation, but is forcible, voluble, prone to gesture. "We think that the English did not know what were the wishes of our people when they took our country away from us. Then we said, 'We will show them that we do love our country.' We knew that England was much stronger; but we said, 'Sooner than have our country taken away from us unjustly, we will fight until we die.' Then the English people saw that they were wrong, and so they gave us back our country. You can tell the English people that this is what we think. It is the busy-bodies who write to England, and make out that we are always boasting about Amajuba, who do the harm. But you can go

and talk to the farmers, and you will find that what I say is the truth.”

I will add here that on this subject the tone of Generals Joubert and Smit—the other two members of the triumvirate of warriors at the head of the Transvaal—was equally free, sensible and manly. “We knew, of course,” the former said to me, “that England could beat the whole of South Africa if she chose; but if Russia and France and all the world wanted to take away our freedom, we would fight till we all died.” And Vice-President Smit, when I asked him how it was that he with his handful routed our men at the fatal hill, said simply that he supposed it was because their bullets hit and ours did not, and so our men became downhearted—adding, fairly enough, something about the feeling of being in the right or in the wrong having something to do with hearts being up or down.

“Down in Cape Colony,” said I, encouraged by the President’s speech about the war, “I found that the Dutch and English are growing more and more to be friends, and to work together for their common interests. Cannot this be so in the Transvaal also?”

“If,” returned the President, deliberately, “if I find the English Government willing to work with me, and help me to promote the interests of this country, then I will do the same for England. But if not, I must go my own way. Each hand must wash the other, you know,” he added with a characteristically homely metaphor. “If one hand washes and the other does nothing, what happens? The one hand remains dirty. That will not do.”

“Certainly, President; there must be give and take; only let us be frank with each other. Let the Transvaal say, for instance, why it really is that she wants Swaziland so much.”

The President launched forth into the familiar story about the necessities of geographical position, the trouble about Boer’s grazing rights, the smuggling which goes on over the border, and so forth. As to the gold reported to exist in Swaziland, he did not want it, and did not believe in it. Sir Francis De Winton and his fellow Commissioners had been shown in proof of its existence one little bit about so big. (Here the President, whose scepticism on this point subsequent exploration has tended to justify, contemptuously pinched between finger and thumb an imaginary pea.)

“But, President, whether there be gold or not, if we decide

to waive our ascendancy in a native State—phrase it how you will—we do undoubtedly give up something. I should like to hear from yourself what you are willing to do for us in return.”

“Well, there is the question of Matabeleland,” he replied. “I have influence on our northern frontier. I am willing to use that influence in aid of the British South Africa Company, instead of against them, as I might claim to use it.”

“And my countrymen on the Rand—they hope to get certain privileges sooner than they otherwise would?”

“What do they want?” the President asked, sharply. “They have the same protection as my own burghers.”

“True. But about railways, for instance,” ventured I.

It was several months then before the President’s public abandonment of the policy of obstruction. But he declared to me that the blame did not rest with him, that he would fain have had a railway long ago from Delagoa Bay, and that what he wanted was a grand trunk line right through from that port to Cape Town.

“The Cape Colony and Natal talk about being stopped at the frontier,” quoth he; “they are not there yet. By the time they are, there will be no railway question. Let them push on and complain when they are stopped.”

These words are coming true faster, perhaps, than either of us thought for when they were spoken, or even when I first published them. But all this time I had an impatient feeling of not getting to the real point. I had asked the President why he wanted Swaziland. In reply he had said nothing of his wish to get, through it and through Tongaland beyond, to the sea. That wish I knew to be the dominant motive in his mind. It might be, as General Joubert explained it to me, the feeling that an independent port, actual or potential, would enable him to bargain on equal terms with Portugal, with the colonies as to a Customs Union, or with ourselves. It might be, as I rather believe, largely sentimental—the desire to evacuate the north with full honours, and to satisfy the nomadic and patriotic instincts of his people, restive under English encroachment at home and abroad, by an appearance of *quid pro quo* and honourable exchange. I thought it, in any case, a natural object enough, and an object which, with such a growing English garrison behind the port which it would create, it were a foolish thing to fear and a churlish thing to grudge. What President Kruger would give for Swaziland alone, if conceded, not as the earnest

of a liberal policy of conciliation, but as a mere grudging piece of political barter, he had told me. What he would give for a half-interest in the country *plus* such a half-approach to the sea as the miserly strip which we have since offered him the Swaziland Convention has shown. But I was for looking somewhat further ahead, and I put to the President a plain question. “Now,” said I, “if we frankly give up some day the policy of distrust and isolation—if we recognise as something nowise inimical the desire of this Republic to touch the seaboard—if we throw absolutely open the path through Swaziland and Tongaland to the sea, and invite the Transvaal to work out its own ambition with British coast protection, how far then will you, on your part, fall in with a scheme of cordial South African co-operation?”

“Then,” exclaimed Oom Paul, with the greatest emphasis “if England works together with me in that way, I will do everything to work together with England and with the colonies. I will come into a Customs Union; I will give free leave for railways to be built wherever it will pay any one to build them; I will do my best to make the South African States in one; I will do everything together with the colonies, for I believe their interests are the same as the interests of this country. But what can I do,” he cried, catching himself up—“what can I do as long as England persists in shutting me up like this?”

He put two brawny hands together, finger-tips to finger-tips, in illustration. A moment later our conversation was cut short by a voice from within doors summoning the President to breakfast. But the look of the old man as he made these memorable declarations, and the quaint gesture that accompanied them, stuck in my mind. I noticed on the left hand that the thumb was wanting. It seems it was shattered by a gun which burst when Kruger as a lad was out hunting. It was in the early days of the *voortrekkers* (for Paul’s parents were among the first in the country, whither they brought him as a boy of ten, teaching him, no doubt, some Hannibal’s oath against the English from whose rule they fled). Surgeons, therefore, there were none. Paul pulled out his pocket-knife, and with his right hand coolly whipped off the offending member at the joint. It was characteristic of the iron resolution of the man.

Oom Paul is a bad enemy, as we have learnt to our cost. He has proved to us of late that he can also be a leal friend. Slowly but surely, I believe, my countrymen are coming to realise that

his friendship is worth having. I regard the Swaziland Convention of last August as a first initiative step towards closing with the bold and generous policy which President Kruger sketches out above for us to take or leave. I hope the second step may be a new Convention carrying that policy whole-heartedly into accomplishment.

(II) A PLAIN TALK WITH OOM PAUL

July 1895 *.

It is six years, roughly, since I last picked my way across the streets of Pretoria—six o'clock of a sultry January morning it was, I remember—for the honour of a chat with President Kruger. In these six years much has happened in the President's republic ; more in some ways if less in others than sanguine folk expected.

Materially, things have come true which I was able then, on due inquiry from those who knew, to promulgate as bold forecasts. The railways have come in with a rush, and the gold output gone up with steady strides. Long before the baptism of fireworks of the Delagoa Bay line, which the President then swore must come first, the Cape trunk line, let in by famine and tumult, has enabled the then bankrupt Rand to pay its way and that of the Republic ; to rebuild Pretoria, and to change the lodgings of Oom Paul's Executive from Van Erkom's tobacco store to the great Raadzaal, which now dominates Church Square. And that extraordinary mortgage on the future known as “Deep Levels”—the boring, at colossal cost, of a second set of holes beside the first along the miles of the great *banket* reef—this is one of many new signs that all this material development has come to stay, that the industrial *Uitlander*, outnumbering the pastoral Boer, is a feature of the situation absolutely permanent.

Yet politically it is “as you were.” The Johannesburg is only a politician in lean times ; and these are fat ones. The mob, despite two or three moments of crisis when a random shot would have fired South Africa, is still practically voiceless ; the handful still rules ; the impossible quietly continues ; the Boer, rifle and *biltong* at saddle-bow, is still the man who counts across the Vaal. And Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger is still President, President for the third time ; though there was talk of gerrymandering at the last election, and though some of

* From the *Cape Times*, July 22, 1895. For the occasion of the interview, see above, p. 93.

Piet Joubert's men are said to have taken an oath, Boer-like, that they would not wash till they had shot Paul—and, as some say, kept it.

So at three o'clock of a crisp July afternoon, I once more sought the low-pitched bungalow-looking house opposite the little Dopper Church, for a talk with Paul Kruger. With me was the same interpreter as before, my good friend Johann Rissik. The six years have made him State Surveyor-General, and a rich man to boot, they tell me; but they have not touched Mr. Rissik's simple readiness to take trouble for other people, nor his transparent straightforwardness, nor the President's complete trust of him, even as interpreter for a *courant-schryver*.

A little more grizzled, a little more bent is Paul Kruger at seventy than he was at sixty-five; but he is still Paul Kruger, every inch of him.

In the stiff though homely parlour—just such a parlour as one knows in certain old countrified places in England, with just such rugs, just such antimacassars—the old man motioned us to a pair of chairs, and pulling up an armchair point-blank to them, sat down himself and faced us with the characteristic Boer air of masked vigilance. As he did so, he lit the inevitable long pipe and began puffing at it.

How stolid he looks! How ox-eyed! (And the comparison Homer meant as a compliment to a goddess may be permitted for the President of a pastoral Republic.) How mildly ruminative! But give him one little opening for the point he wants to make, and down he comes upon you, in under your guard, flashing and relentless as a rapier. "Great men," said Mr. Chamberlain of another grand old man, "are like great mountains": if so, the Paulberg is certainly a sleeping volcano.

"The next talk we have" (I had to open somehow) "I hope, President, to be able to speak to you in the *taal*. Hitherto, I have had no opportunity to learn it."

"Humph!"

A guttural and phlegmatic response showed me that my good intentions towards the cherished *patois* were discounted.

I reverted to our last meeting, and hastened to drag in the blessed word Swaziland—once a sure conventional "open sesame." "I told you then, President, that you would get Swaziland as soon as people at home understood what you would do in return. Well, you have got it."

The President fixed deep-set eyes on the interpreter while the words were translated; then suddenly, and with characteristic vehemence, he brought up that official phrase about Swaziland not being “actually incorporated in the Republic.” Heaven knows what the phrase means.

“But, President, you know that is purely a question of words—diplomatic language meant to hoodwink a few people who want to be hoodwinked. You must understand that with our party-government a thing of this kind, that is in the teeth of certain prejudices, has to be done gingerly. There is a section of people in England—very good people—who become quite unreasonable on the least pretext where natives are concerned; a Government has to think of them.”

“But *I* have also my difficult people to think of. I have done my part, all the same; only the British Government have not done theirs. I risked my position here—yes, I risked it—carrying out what I promised, because I had promised.” . . .

“‘Damping the trek,’ you mean?”

“Yes; it was a risk for me, but I did it; and then the British Government have got out of their promise.”

“But surely you have, or are on the point of having, everything that is of any use to you in Swaziland?”

“Swaziland! Swaziland is nothing . . . Swaziland is nothing at all. . . . There is a little gold, perhaps; that is nothing to me; and some grazing; but Swaziland in itself is nothing at all!”

The sentences were given out with immense force and *intention*, the pipe being clutched in the right hand and withdrawn only momentarily for each sentence from the teeth, which closed upon each statement like a guillotine, then sent after it a great jet of smoke.

“But, sir, you did not say Swaziland was exactly *nothing* . . . six years ago. . . .” I ventured.

“I always said it was nothing save as a way to the sea. I said that all along, and it was well understood. And now they no sooner give it to me than they take away altogether the only thing that made it worth having—the way to the sea.”

I knew of course that we must come to the Zambaan and Umbegiza business soon; but I could not have the Swaziland cession whistled down the wind so coolly; so I interjected the excellent Boer formula for all doubtful cases—*Wacht en beetje!*

“Wait a moment, President, I beg you. You used a phrase

to me six years ago : ‘ Each hand must wash the other.’ You could not expect to get everything for nothing. Swaziland, as I understood it was for ‘ damping the trek ’ ; expansion eastward for giving up claims to expand northward. The way to the sea surely was to be for a further *quid pro quo* : to wit, for joining the Customs Union.”

“ See, it was like this ! ” the old man burst in so soon as he had grasped my statement of the case. “ There is the *trek* and there is the *haven* ”—he actually laid down his pipe for a moment, and putting up two fingers of his right hand, no dapper one, ticked them off with the left.

“ No ! no ! ” I interjected, determined not to be mistaken, and copying his pantomime : “ here is the *trek*, and here is Swaziland only ; then *here* (a third finger) is your haven against (fourth finger) our Customs Union.”

The President gave up the hand and fell back on still quainter symbols. Turning to the table, he seized a great leather tobacco-case which lay there close to the enormous family bible, and catching up in the other hand a matchbox, he set them up against each other like a man bartering.

“ This ” (the tobacco-pouch) “ is the way to the sea, including Swaziland (he hurried on), which is only useful as *part* of the way to the sea. *This* (the matchbox) is the piece of coast with means to make a port—*that* certainly is something more than the way to the sea. For *that* (match-box again) *vryhandel* : (free trade, meaning customs union) ; but for *this* (tobacco-pouch) I have already given what I promised, and you have not yet given it me (brusquely withdrawing it, and throwing it on the table), you have made it now quite impossible.”

He recovered the pouch, refilled his pipe which had gone out, and puffed forth volumes of smoke, while his meaning was being made clear to me.

“ This is to me quite a new conception of the case, President,” I rejoined. “ Granted, the way to the sea was always part of the bargain ; but it was a distinct part, and belonged to the coast side, not the Swaziland side of the business.”

“ I assure you it was as I say ; it was clearly understood so in conversation after conversation with British statesmen.”

“ But President ”—a bright idea coming to my rescue—“ we gave you a chance of your way to the sea as well in the 1890 Convention ; and your Raad rejected it. Then in the new Convention the chance was not repeated. But you had it, and lost it. How was that ? ”

The shot told. What the President would have liked to say was perhaps something about his recalcitrant Raad. What he did say was simply that the Raad did not consider the way to the sea which was then proposed acceptable in its method of arrangement. I asked what they really did want, and jumping up with the alacrity of excitement, the old man fetched from the next room a large school-map on a roller. We went to the table, where he spread it out, and talked rapidly over it, laying his hand now over Swaziland, now over the coast, now over that fateful little strip between the two which the recent annexation has turned into a “No Road” notice-board. He depreciated the road to Kosi Bay proposed in the abortive Convention; it ran over ground not feasible: he depreciated Kosi Bay itself, talking of its shallowness and sandiness till I asked myself, “Has the old man really grasped the utter futility of the dream of Kosi Harbour?” He wandered down the coast to Sordwana Bay, which is just opposite the point where the Republic most projects towards the coast, south of Swaziland and much more coastward—only forty miles off, in fact: but that bay surely is part of Zululand and a clear reversion of Natal’s; Natal would always see to it that there should be an Imperial non-possumus there. He traced with one broad finger the northward course of the Pongo River, which connects this same south-east corner of the Republic, through the Tonga lowlands, with a southern coign of Delagoa Bay—as if it would really profit him to have a second string, besides the semi-Portuguese railway, to the wholly Portuguese port. But finally he made it clear that what he really yearns for is free leave to drive a wedge of Republican territory through the new annexation and the Tonga protectorate to anywhere that suits best on the coast between the Portuguese frontier and Zululand.

“But what is the use of talking—after this annexation?” He always came back to his point. “They practically say to me, ‘You are shut in—shut into a *kraal* for ever!’”

He put his two hands together to make the *kraal*, just as he had done six years ago over the same expression. And as then, so now again voice and gesture had a certain pathos, the note of an old man against Fate; and I noticed once more the sad gap on the rough left hand where the thumb should be—and recalled, with teeth on edge, the story of how the boy Paul amputated it himself long ago with his pocket-knife out on the lonely veldt. Truly that boy was father of this hard old man before me, who never forgets, never relents, always suspects.

"For ever is a long time, President. What if the British Government has only made its title clear to this strip of country so as to be able to bargain better—to have no questions next time which side the asset really belongs to?"

"I have been played with so often," was the gloomy reply. "Great Britain holds a thing out, and says: 'We will consider the Republic's rights favourably, only you must just do something more'; then again it says: 'Now you positively get it, only first there is one small thing we must have from you'; and so it goes on. . . ."

What could I answer? The very expressions almost that I have written over and over again these dilatory years past. The President's sarcastic sketch of our diplomacy on the Swaziland question was an uncomfortably speaking likeness.

I turned the tobacco-pouch over in my hand rather stupidly, remembering in a vague way that the French *blague* means at once "tobacco-pouch" and "humbug." To be sure, the dangling as of a bunch of carrots has not been all on one side in Transvaal *pourparlers*.

In my embarrassment I caught up the President's other symbol again, the match-box, and copying his own dumbshow of bartering the one against the other, I said:

"I think, President, you and me have been like two savages exchanging treasurers. Neither hand liked to give credit; neither would be the first to let go its prize before closing on the return value."

The President was rolling up the map. We went back to our chairs, I assuring him earnestly that there was no real hostility to his sea ambitions in England, and quite a cordial feeling growing up in these latter days towards himself.

"You should visit England again, President, if you like being banqueted——"

"I have always found, when people banquet me, they want something out of me," quoth the unmitigable old cynic without the ghost of a smile. And, after a smoky pause, he burst out again at the annexation grievance: "It was the way it was done. I was never told—never consulted—never warned even."

It must out. It was a thing I had come to say—the unpalatable truth that the oft-threatened annexation fell when it did fall simply as a sharp *riposte* to the German intriguing of Mr. Kruger and his late inspirers.

“It was, after all, President, a kind of rude tit for tat.”

“Tit for tat! What had I done? What had I done, or failed to do, since the Swaziland Convention which this simply makes nothing of?”

Of course there was but one possible answer to the challenge. Generalities would not serve here. That *gauche* speech of the President's at the *Kaiser-Kommers* playing off Germany against England was the easiest thing to name. I promptly named it.

Then did President Paul Kruger wax very wroth. He began with a volley against newspaper reports. Newspapers had to make something startling for their readers. He was utterly misrepresented. If I had been there I should have seen at once that his meaning was a perfectly harmless one.

Might I ask what it really was?

The explanation was tortuous. To my dull apprehension, it amounted to saying—well, pretty much what the papers always said he said. That did not surprise me. But the gloss was to the effect that, whatever he *said*, the President meant only a little joke, and his little joke was as much at the expense of Germany *versus* England as of England *versus* Germany. He would expect either to prevent his head being punched (were such a design conceivable) by the other. There was no mischievous bringing in of Germany—not more than of England. In fact (the President rounded off with this suggestion) the whole thing was after dinner.

“But on your own showing, President, I must join issue with your view of the German position here. We cannot allow that Germany has any right to be brought in here on a footing equal with England. What has Germany to do in this *galère* with any footing at all?”

“Do you deny my right to look to other Powers for moral support?”

“Certainly; it is treason to South African unity! . . .”

“Suppose England wanted to cut my throat! I do not for a moment say she ever would, but supposing! Should I not then have a right to moral support from Germany?”

“Giving you your independence does not look like cutting your throat; and as for moral support, what moral support got you that independence? Not German; not European at all; but just the moral support of your kinsmen, my friends down there in Cape Colony. You looked to them then, and surely it is them you should look to now, if support you want: not to

France or Germany or *any* Power outside South Africa, President ! ”

“ I know what they did ! I do not forget their support ! I do not wish to bring in European powers unnecessarily,” insisted the President with rising disquiet ; and feeling I had the advantage of him, this time I pressed him for a pronouncement.

“ Will you not say frankly, President, that you adopt the South African standpoint—the only one I hear taken in the Free State as well as the Colony : that every other European Power, beyond the maritime power of England which keeps the coasts, is an exotic, an intruder in the South African States and colonies. You are angry with England just now over this annexation ; but you know that country is not lost to South Africa, as Madagascar is lost when France steps in, as Damara is lost when Germany steps in ; it is only kept warm some day to be handed over as British Bechuanaland is being handed to Cape Colony, as Zululand will be handed to Natal——”

“ It does not help me to have country taken from me and handed to Natal,” said the President hotly. . . .

“ And as Swaziland has been to the Republic,” I closed up my argument ; “ as this very strip may yet be, for value received.”

“ Swaziland was by right ours already ! They were all ours ! Natal itself was ours ! It is like stealing my watch ”—he pulled out a great clock, disengaging the chain and seals with trembling fingers, and thrust it into my embarrassed hands : “ You take my watch, then you say, ‘ Look ! we give you this. Here is a nice present for you ; be grateful ’ ! I will not say anything unfriendly to Germany ! ” Then, as if he had committed himself too far, he went on pettishly : “ I do not wish this conversation printed. It must not be published. I inform you that I was only giving you a friendly chat. . . . ”

Here was a pretty kettle of fish ! It is ill to argue with the master of interviews, as of legions. I had won the argument, so I fondly told myself, and lost my paper the interview. I had angered Oom Paul ; he knew his German speech was a blunder, and he was determined to punish me. Was he inexorable ? Not at all, when the moment’s testiness had been got over. There were explanations and apologies ; the temperature resumed the normal ; fairness and good temper reasserted themselves ; the embargo on publication was removed ; and my interview was saved by the skin of its teeth.

The old man, remembering his Boer hospitality, went out to

order coffee, and on his return hastened to leave the dangerous topic for more attractive ground.

“President, will you bargain with me a moment for your seaport, as you did six years ago for Swaziland? I want another outspoken message to the English people. Imagine me plenipotentiary for them—all we journalists are that in a sense. . . .”

“Well?”

“First, there is the railway question. . . .”

The President frowned slightly.

“The Cape asks for too much. We cannot agree for so much. We have not yet a basis of agreement.”

“Granted. But after we have had all the lines working together, with no cutting down prices, so as to see where the trade will naturally run—say eighteen months or two years hence: suppose it were possible for a committee of railway experts to apportion the profits on the ascertained facts: would you consider the idea of a general pooling of the railway systems and of the customs at the same time—for customs are an asset in a railway fight, and *vice versa*—if the same conference which achieved this gave you out of hand and at once your port, your access, everything you want to get to the sea? No promises, mind; no more nonsense about ‘good will’ on either side; but cash down—harbour for rail-and-customs union?”

Needless to say it took the President some time and a great deal of tobacco smoke to digest this portentous offer, which has all the sweeping largeness of the irresponsible diplomat.

“I cannot well say yes or no without knowing more of the Railway and Customs Union. All would depend on the terms,” he answered at last. “Hitherto in all the unions proposed, this Republic has had all to give and nothing to gain.”

“But if it had the sea to gain, and union were the only condition? Put yourself for a moment in *Oma*’s place,” I pleaded (*Oma*, Grandmother, is colloquial Boer for Her Britannic Majesty’s Government). “*Oma* has to think of her children. Natal and the Cape may say, ‘Why give the Transvaal a port which might be used to cut us out? The Transvaal is rich; we are poor; but we have our ports.’”

“But I don’t want a port to cut them out. I only want it to prevent them from joining together to bleed me.”

“Then surely you can have no objection to getting your port on terms which simply lay that down. Once come with a

Customs and Railway Union, and any hostile action between the various ports is impossible. Surely you don't ask us for a port, and in the same breath refuse guarantees that the giver of the port shall not suffer by it ? ”

“ I will give any guarantee of equal treatment at the port that England demands,” exclaimed the President. “ I will promise that it shall never be less favourably open to English or English Colonial trade than to any other in the world.”

“ Not even by the expedient of differential railway rates ? ”

“ No ; that is also a point which can be settled beforehand, when we come to discuss the harbour.”

“ Then, in effect, you are not opposed in principle to such a simultaneous settlement of all these open questions as I suggest ? ”

“ I am in favour of a settlement. I have always been in favour of a settlement, so it be only fair and reasonable ; then it is for the benefit of the republics as well as the colonies ; it will help us all together.”

With this very proper sentiment the President evidently meant the interview to close. It had indeed lasted well over an hour, and I felt I must not abuse the old gentleman's courtesy longer. Yet there was one question yet in the bottom of the wallet that must out. I could not go away without a word about the franchise and the *Uitlander*. We had settled up South Africa ; but the internal affairs of the Transvaal we had been ignoring.

“ One thing more I must ask, President—and understand, please, that I speak now not in an English character. England claims no voice in your private affairs on the Rand or elsewhere.”

The President nodded slowly, and resigned himself to the unwelcome line of country.

“ No doubt, you have there among the rest some of the scum of the earth,” I pursued, anxious to get out at once all my credentials of moderation. “ But you have also——”

Tramp, tramp, tramp ! At this point in came half a dozen members of the Volksraad, evidently keeping an appointment with the President. They drowned my sentence unfinished. He rose to welcome them, and Mr. Rissik to go. I surveyed the situation, and with a bold stroke brought the intruders into the conversation.

“ Let us ask these gentlemen,” said I, turning to a bearded farmer in broadcloth : “ I appeal to your own burghers, President. Are there not, besides the scum of the earth in Johannes-

burg, thousands of honest folk who are building houses, and rearing children, and meaning to spend their lives here, and could be safely *inspanned* as citizens ? ”

The half-dozen must have all this translated, of course. There was handshaking and introductions ; the talk became general. Platitudes were poured forth, and the President slyly dropped out of the conversation. At last I carried off Mr. Rissik in triumph, and got back to his Honour.

“There are our own Afrikaners from Cape Colony, too, President. Surely *they* can be trusted with your independence. I know you suspect them as *Engelsche gesind*——”

“I have no hatred of the English,” was the wary answer. “See this ring. . . .” And he began working away at a big plain gold ring on his finger, wetting it and trying to push it off. I knew that old ring. It was a gift from an English sympathiser on one of the President’s visits to us in the ’seventies or ’eighties. Bother the ring ! I mentally ejaculated.

“Surely you could trust the Afrikaners with a vote,” I persisted, escaping from a vicious, if golden, circle.

“They can vote already,” said the President, impatiently enough. “After only two years, they can vote for a Landdrost and a Commandant, and the Second Raad, which has to do with many important things, and will have more still given to it. . . .”

“President, if I had cast my lot in with your Republic I should be willing to exchange British citizenship for yours ; but I would not be put off with half-citizenship. I should not care a straw, if you will excuse me, about your Land-drost and your Second Raad ; I should demand a voice in the real government of the country. As it is, you are less of a Republic here in reality than we in the Cape Colony.”

“What ! ” exclaimed the President ; “you can only vote for one Raad in the Colony. . . .”

And he launched into a constitutional disquisition from which it appeared that he imagined that at the Cape the Assembly co-opts the Council.

I assured him the Council was elected by the very same voters as the popular chamber ; whereon he fell back on comparing himself, directly elected by the people, with the Governor and the Prime Minister whom the Colony does not elect directly. I rejoined that we could at any rate make our Prime Minister responsible for his mistakes and turn him out. And so on and so forth. It was characteristic of much that, when at a loss for

any other argument of Transvaal constitutional superiority, the President fell back on colour. "You in the colony," said he, "are governed by black men. You let black men vote!"

At last we escaped from the constitution and returned to the point.

I asked him plainly what he would do if the Orange Free State proposed an assimilation of the oligarchical Transvaal franchise to their own liberal one as a condition precedent of the much-talked-of inter-Republican federation? He at once and firmly declined to discuss the question.

There was a pause; then Oom Paul said gravely, "See, I will tell you what is the truth about this *stemregt*. I know neither English nor Dutch, Afrikaner nor *Uitlander*; I only know good people and bad people. You yourself say, some of these people in the towns are the scum of the earth. Very well. We cannot let people in without proving them. We let them in once before the war, and therefore the war came; for it was people let in on this easy plan who misled the English Government into coming in and annexing us. Therefore we must first *prove* this population—we must *prove* them to see if they are good people or bad people. Then . . . we shall see."

A most characteristic pronouncement! Derive from it, O reader, what sap thou may'st. Around, the faithful burghers sat drinking it in with heavy concentration; puffs of smoke were the commas, and the full-stops—well, you know how a Boer puts in the stops in a conversation . . . till you scarcely know where to tuck your feet.

We rose to go.

And so, with thanks on my side and mutual expressions of good will, ended my latest—not, I hope, my last—plain talk with the "grand old man" of the Transvaal.

"Oom Paul is a bad enemy, as we have learned to our cost. He has proved to us of late that he can also be a leal friend. Slowly but surely, I believe, my countrymen are coming to realise that his friendship is worth having." So I wrote six years ago, after a talk at Pretoria. My countrymen so far agreed with me that they gave Oom Paul Swaziland. If they now grumble that they have seen little friendship since, I answer that they got what they were promised, and that they dangled the gift too long for any further graciousness to cling to it. Do not suppose that now the strenuous old man is done with. In a sense, age is strength to him: I felt a touch of pathos, an impulse of hero-worship myself; how much more must his own burghers.

If there are two just men in South Africa who know what they want and hold by it in the teeth of fate, he is one of the two. For the Uitlander in the Transvaal, Oom Paul will do just so much as he is forced to, when he is forced : no sooner and no more. As well talk to the Paarl rock ! But for a frank and bold policy of South African amity outside, may not the one strong man be as good to bargain with as ever the Uitlander in his thousands is likely to prove, when the Uitlander has come by his own ? Be that as it may, I have the honour to offer President Kruger's words, through the *Cape Times*, to the consideration of England and South Africa.

II

CECIL RHODES

(I) AN INTERVIEW : 1898 *

“SPEAK ? Of course I’m willing to speak if I’m wanted. I don’t like speaking, as you know. I don’t speak by choice. But if there’s a definite purpose, if it’s going to help in the election, and I’m asked to speak—why, what do you suppose I am waiting about here for ? I am waiting over the election simply on the chance that one’s influence may be of use to help the Progressive party. If I followed my own wishes, do you think I should be messing about down here ? ”

That set my eyes travelling from the broad white-pillared stoep of Groote Schuur away up past the trim Dutch garden, past the faint blue hydrangeas in the spinney, past the oaks and the pines, up the hill to the steep purple bluffs of the mountain, with the old Blockhouse at its edge—Mr. Rhodes has just had a tree felled to open his view to the Blockhouse. I suggested that Groote Schuur grounds, even when shared with all Cape Town, as Mr. Rhodes shares them, were not such a very bad place to be “messing about” in.

“Yes, yes—it’s a picture here, a picture one never tires of ; but life isn’t all looking at pictures, and I want to get back to my North, you see. They want one there, everything is moving ; I ought not really to have left. Here one sits talking and talking and seeing people. Here it’s all talking—in the North its *doing*. Away on the veld I am always happy. Can’t you see that if it was not for a purpose I should have been back there weeks ago ? ”

He threw himself on to one of the big sofas in the stoep with a bang.

* From the *Cape Times*, March 1898. For the occasion of this “interview,” which embodied the substance of several conversations, see above p. 139.

"But, Mr. Rhodes, you can hardly grudge, if you are going to take a leading place again in Cape politics——"

He bounced up again from the sofa even more impatiently than he had bounced into it.

"Don't talk as if it was *I* who want your Cape politics. You want *me*. You can't do without me. You discuss 'Ought Rhodes to do this?' and 'Will Rhodes keep in the background?' and so on—I am quite willing to keep out, but you have to take the feeling of the people, and the feeling of the people—you may think it egoism, but there are the facts—is that somebody is wanted to fight a certain thing for them, and there is nobody else able and willing to fight it. You say, 'Oh, but that's your ambition; you want to get back into power——'"

"I never said——"

"Well, somebody else says it then. I reply, quite fairly, No humanly speaking, *qua* ambition at the Cape, one has had everything. There is no more to offer, only work and worry. *Qua* the North——"

He paused. This somewhat elliptical use of "*qua*" is very Rhodesian, by the by.

"*Qua* the North—well, there we are really *creating* a country. It's interesting to create, I can tell you; much more interesting than politics. We've had the war and rinderpest and rebellion and drought and so on, and now everything is pushing on; and there's the native question to solve and the new constitution to get under way; and that tariff arrangement I wanted to make—the treaties were in the way, but Laurier has got rid of them; and I have a big irrigation scheme on; and then the development to make way for a population—— You will say, If it comes out all right; but I don't bother about that; I know the country too well, and with Heany crushing twenty penny-weights in May—I can wait. Then the railway and the telegraph—you know that telegraph of mine that the British public wouldn't look at. There is imagination in that. It is really an immense thing, only you people won't see it——"

Here a protest against the "you" as quite incorrect passes unnoticed.

"You won't see it, though it was the dream of the ancients to pierce through this continent; and, if you look you will see Alexander got so far, and Cambyeses so far—got to Memphis, didn't he, and then went mad?—and Napoleon so far—there's a tablet his soldiers stuck up at Philæ, and we are pushing up from the other end right through. They used to say I was too

soon, but the danger now is being too late in connecting, with the French cutting in. Really there are many other things to think of besides Cape Town parish pump."

"Of course (I admitted) Cape Town is parish pump, if you take it as a localism apart from the broader unity; Buluwayo is even more parish pump, and Salisbury parish pump *in excelsis*!"

"Quite true. You have it exactly. Do you know our people up there are no more thinking about uniting than the people here, or at Johannesburg. They're hoeing their own patch for all they're worth; of course they are, and as for unity with the Cape, they look on the Cape as a sort of Bond-ridden place—Bond, varied by unctuous rectitude and all sorts of wobbling; and as to my ideas of working in with the Cape as to railway, and so on, I really believe they say 'Oh, this is Rhodes's amiable lunacy—we must humour him because after all he does work for the country.' You see, it's very amusing. Localism here and in Johannesburg, and in Natal and in Cape Colony; and that's where I think, to be frank, that one *is* perhaps able to be of a certain use, because one has a certain influence with a good many people in all these places, and you know my idea—Colonial Federation. One was trying the general federation before, with the Republics in; only Kruger and Leyds made it impossible, and then in the middle of the mess they had made one made a mistake, on the top, and so the whole plan is altered."

"You say 'made a mistake.' The 'unctuous rectitude' of some of us has consisted in wanting you just to say so much to your former Dutch supporters."

"I said so much at Westminster; but I am not going on saying it, and crawling in the dust to please you or anybody, so I told some Dutch constituents of mine who made advances, after abusing one like a pickpocket at the time. 'Oh,' they said, 'do say you repent! Only *tell* us you repent!' 'That's *my* business,' I answered. I know what my idea was—no race feeling at all—and what my motive was, and it all went wrong, and I and others made mistakes, and that's all about it."

I now pass to Mr. Rhodes's very frank and simple treatment of the supposed difficulty of his position in Cape internal politics.

We took the thorny points first, beginning with the Food Duties; but as about these the conversation took a rather argumentative turn, I prefer not to try to reproduce the *ipsissima verba*, but to leave Mr. Rhodes's exact position to be stated by himself on Saturday. Broadly, however, his position is this. The meat duty he is prepared to abolish, recognising that the

duty is at present pinching the families of working men in the towns without being the slightest protection to the farmer, who has no stock left to protect * ; that it will take long to re-stock the country ; and that a legislator's duty is to deal with the present. On food-stuffs apart from meat he is evidently prepared to make something of a new departure, though not nearly so large a one as his urban admirers would like. He frankly declines to give up his strong feeling that the community at large ought to be ready to sacrifice something to keep white men settled on the land, which he holds can only be secured in Cape Colony by giving *some* special consideration to the products of the soil ; but he declares that the form and the amount of such consideration he has always treated purely as a question of degree and of fair adjustment between the claims of the various classes of the population. The times have changed. He once voted for an increase of duties ; that is now utterly out of the question. He fully owns that any change in the present state of things must be in the other direction ; and I think if the party strongly unites on the 50 per cent. compromise adopted by the League—which itself contains many farmers—Mr. Rhodes will see his way to pledge himself to that extent of reduction. Fortunately, Mr. Rhodes's tendency to consider each local question, not only as between local producers and consumers, but with a view to the broader South African scheme, helps in this case on the right side. In 1895 he distinctly made use of the argument that increased duties would help to keep the Free State in the Customs Union. To-day his federal scheme looks rather towards Natal, and Natal still stands, though not so sharply as formerly, for low duties.

On all the other planks of the Progressive platform, Mr. Rhodes claimed that, so far from having a past to bury, his record includes nearly all the real Progressive measures that have been actually carried in the Colony. The Rhodes Ministry passed the Scab Act, in the teeth of what Sir Gordon Sprigg called “the demons of prejudice and ignorance,” to improve the staple product of the colony. It also passed the Glen Grey Act, which took the first great step for the progress of the native in our social and economic scheme, by giving him an individual hold on the land.

“What about the Excise ? ”

“I voted against the Excise when it was levied in the wrong way, that is with a minimum of revenue and a maximum of

* The rinderpest year was '97-8.

irritation to the farmers with their small stills, but I have long had a plan for the Excise to be levied from the canteens and really paid by the consumer."

"What about the Innes Liquor Bill for keeping drink from the aboriginal native?"

"Keeping drink from the native? Why, I might say that that has been my whole life. I have run De Beers on ginger beer. In Rhodesia the Native Liquor Law is the most stringent in South Africa. In the Transkei I found the traffic only checked by a fine, and substituted confiscation because the sellers could afford to pay the fine and go on. If anybody in South Africa has done more than I have to keep drink from the native, I should like to know his name."

"And education?"

"Of course any one can see that education is the key to progress among us. As you know, I wanted to found a real South African University, and put the scheme aside only in deference to the susceptibilities of Stellenbosch, which you may call vested interests."

"But what of the Progressive party's demand for compulsory education in centres?"

"I have a scheme for what I would call permissive compulsory education. That is to say, compulsory for the individual when adopted by the district and assisted by the consolidated fund on the £ for £ principle. The Colony might be divided into seven districts, of which five would adopt the permissive compulsory right away, and the others would have the strongest inducement to follow suit."

Needless to say, Mr. Rhodes is strong for redistribution. No need to enlarge on that.

"I do not pretend to be a town politician," he says, summing up. "Production interests me. My sympathy with the farmer is natural. Look at my own pursuits and tastes. I can conceive a time when the people in the towns who have stood by me so well in my time of failure, and for whose fair demands I hope to do something now, will say that I am too moderate for them in my politics. I say my Progressive record already is pretty good, considering that I was working with the Bond and for the Northern Extension, and you cannot do everything at once. To-day what is the Bond—I mean the official Bond, the Bond which rejects Dutchmen like Faure and Bellingan because they are not narrow enough? It is not only against progress, it is against equality, against unity, and it is domineered by that continental

gang from Pretoria. It is not a case of whether the Bond will forgive me. It is I who will have no compromise with them and their continental gang. You may find Mr. Hofmeyr very moderate and very nice, but I take 'Ons Land,' which represents Mr. Hofmeyr among his own people. Look at the line it takes. They talk of race hatred ! Some of my greatest friends are Dutch ; and in what I may call my own country, in Rhodesia, the only thing that is said sometimes is that the Dutch get actually favoured more than my own people. But these others with their eternal whine of Afrikanders, Afrikanders, poor oppressed Afrikanders, and their abuse of England and Englishmen, and their support of everything rotten at Pretoria, they are simply spreading hatred as hard as they can spread it. Those are the people we are going to fight. We shall want all our discipline and all our organisation and unity for that fight, But it will all come right later on. I may not live to see it, but you will all be putting up statues to me."

The reader may be surprised, by the bye, to find Mr. Rhodes in his casual talk dipping into the remote past ; hitching his telegraph wire on to Cambyes ; and picturing himself, with Burns' lady,

Gone, like Alexander,
To spread his conquests further.

But this is quite characteristic. I remember once his going to Aristotle to explain experiences in the Matoppos. At the historic *indaba*, for instance, he was not afraid because he thought he knew it was all right. That was one kind of courage, the courage of superior knowledge, as defined by Aristotle. In actual fighting, on the other hand, the noise of the elephant-rifle bullets fired close by always made him duck his head, and the sight of men hit and bleeding made him feel sick. In short, "I was in a horrible funk. But I stayed at the front because of being far more afraid to be thought afraid"—which, he explained, corresponded to another Aristotelian classification of courage. Is it not a triumph for Oriel, for Oxford, and for Greats that Cambyes and Aristotle should thus mingle with the thread of the musings of a man of action in the whirl of Cape politics or in the wide spaces of life on the veldt ? At any rate it is very quaint and interesting.

APPENDIX II

(II) A CHARACTER-SKETCH *

I

A FEW years ago, Mr. Rhodes was discussing the near future of South Africa with a younger politician. He spoke with the unreserve which, especially in later years, was characteristic of his conversation. As iron sharpens iron, the two men kindled each other, and broadly and boldly the steps of the coming Federation were laid down. Suddenly Mr. Rhodes turned on the younger man with the question : "How old are you ?"

The other was still on the right side of forty.

"What !" Rhodes exclaimed, and seemed to make a momentary mental calculation ; then, turning quite red and in a tone almost of indignation, "To think," he burst out, "that you will see it all . . . and I shan't !"

In that cry, wrung from Rhodes under some passing shadow of prevision, at an age when the career of the average English politician lies still before him, is summed up the tragedy of the event of March 26 : a tragedy of incompleteness.

Not till latterly did this shadow of prevision lie across Rhodes's common mood. I remember a far more characteristic outburst :

"They think they will tire me out. They think I shall die. But I'm not going to die. I've got a very good constitution." That was soon after the crash in his career, when things looked black enough. But the forces he felt himself wrestling with were but human forces then. There is much staying power in Dutch resentment, as the world has learnt, but he was to be conscious soon of something more inexorable.

I remember one evening when I called at Groote Schuur, on some political business, after dinner.

The house was full of guests—Groote Schuur generally was—for he had brought off the veld a batch of impecunious or fever-bitten young pioneers from Rhodesia to recruit at the coast. But he had sent them all along to the theatre, and, as it fell out,

* From the *Contemporary Review*, June 1902.

was dining quite alone, a thing he detested. He hailed me as a castaway hails a sail, and I must sit down with him to dessert.

With a sudden movement he threw out his right arm, pulling up his sleeve as he did so, and resting the hand, palm upwards, on the table, "Look there," he said.

There was nothing to look at in Mr. Rhodes's hands ; they were like a schoolboy's ; but what I was to look at was the wrist. Where a doctor feels one's pulse, there stood out as it were a knot, and as the artery pumped and laboured one could count the throbs by the eye, without laying a finger there.

"Look ! You never saw a man with a pulse like that. No, no"—he brushed aside some commonplace reassuring remark of mine—"not like that. Do you know what you see there ? You see the heart."

And he fell into a vaguely gloomy train, from which I was glad to lead him off to the subject of my call. Not long before, walking up a hill on the lofty plateau of Mashonaland, he had fainted and lain as one dead for a day and a night.

I can recall that evening well : the quiet, rather sombre dignity of the teak-wainscoted room ; the old tapestry and furniture ; the wax candles guttering as the mild evening air drew in through the open door off the slope of Table Mountain (the mountain springs almost from Rhodes's verandah) a gleam of old silver sconces reflected in the table as in a dark pool—for Rhodes liked the old custom of taking away the cloth for dessert—and in the zone of light at the head of the table, Rhodes. Can I call up a picture of him for the reader ? The leonine head, always looking large even on the large loose-knit body ; the light crisp hair, grizzling fast at the temples, tumbled impatiently on end above the wide and massive forehead—

—— the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind ;

the face red, tanned, weather-beaten—an outdoor face ; the chin and jaw formidable, except when lit by an attractive, almost boyish, smile ; the prominent, light-grey, absent-minded eyes—now gloomily looking down at the outstretched wrist on the table, and at that menacing, throbbing knot of pulse. . . .

The reason why I remember that little scene, better than many more interesting conversations, is that I then first realised that Rhodes was a man living under a Damocles-sword, and that he knew it. Later, all his friends came to know it. One,

however, had long known it, and known by how thin-spun a thread the sword hung ; and perhaps it is significant that Jameson the doctor-friend was also the raider-friend who tried, by what surgeons call a Cæsarean operation, to hasten, by a decade or so, the coming to birth of Rhodes's great opportunity. If so, never was Nemesis exacter or more relentless.

Rhodes was always sanguine in his estimate of how many years the work of Federation would take, but, pathetically enough, as his estimate of his own span grew shorter, so his estimate of the years the work would take grew shorter too. Before the war, when he was maturing a plan to federate the three Colonies as a beginning, it was to be two years for that, and ten to bring in the Republics. Later, it was to be five years after the war—then two years—and the new Colonies were to start life as Federal Provinces. But the war dragged on ; the Moving Finger wrote—sadly confused writing ; and having writ, no power could lure it back to cancel half a line. Only for King Hezekiah was the shadow upon the dial ever made to go backward.

“ He was very stoical and noble about it,” writes a friend who saw Mr. Rhodes after the end was in sight, “ only sometimes there was a caged-soul look in his eyes.”

II

Mr. Rhodes's faults, to which he was as quick to own as he was chary of promising amendment, were—like the rest of him—on the grand scale. There was enough to account for his looming to some eyes as a sinister figure, if we count only the faults he had. It is the more surprising that critics and enemies should have been at pains to blame him for faults that were not his.

When I was about to leave England to take up the editorship of the *Cape Times* I received many warnings. A philanthropic lady, a pillar of Nonconformity, assured me confidentially that Mr. Rhodes was a man of infamous private life. A leading Radical member of Parliament filled in details by telling of a sort of *Parc aux Cerfs* for coloured women, which, as he averred, was kept up somewhere on the Groote Schuur estate. Who first invents these stories, which spread so far and to which a certain sort of conscientious mind falls so easily a victim ? There was not a word of truth in them. It would be hard for a

man of the active world to plan out a more strenuous, temperate, almost abstemious life than that of Cecil Rhodes in his prime, during that part of his career when I had the best opportunities of knowing it.

He was up at six every morning taking his mountain ride ; all day he was transacting the business of his complex ganglion of interests, some of it in the Premier's office in Cape Town, most of it on the broad pillared *stoep* of his house, with the mountain view which was always pure joy to him ; to lunch and dinner there were nearly always a bevy of guests, sometimes oddly assorted, mine-managers, farmers, pioneers from the far interior, political wire-pullers, missionaries, men who touched that full life of his at one or other of its hundred facets ; and about eleven o'clock he would suddenly rise without a word and steal off to bed. I have heard him say things brutal or cynical—it was an ugly foible—but things gross, such as men even of exemplary life often affect in the licence of the smoking-room, never. He was no ascetic ; he liked to eat and drink heartily what was put before him ; but the character of a voluptuary is one for which he held and expressed the deepest contempt. He liked best the riding and camping life which he often led for months at a time away on the veld in Rhodesia. As for drinking habits of the kind and degree attributed to him by the most widely-spread rumour of all, it would have been impossible, as a doctor once remarked, for a man with heart-mischief like Rhodes's in his later years to live at all with such excess—much more to live as strenuous a working life as his. The truth is that the life-work which was to Mr. Rhodes a devouring passion, if it left too little scope for some of the virtues, left even less for most of the vices.*

At one time it was an established dogma with those who disliked Mr. Rhodes that he was a physical coward. It would be hard to say how it originated. Mr. Rhodes did not come of a family of cowards. Nearly all his brothers are in the army ; more than one of them wear the D.S.O. ; in Colonel " Frank's " extreme popularity his repute as a dashing fighter is a distinct element ; while Herbert Rhodes, the brother who shared Cecil's earliest labours on the diamond fields and came to a tragic end while big-game hunting in Central Africa, was as dare-devil a

* The delirium tremens story, circulated while Rhodes lay dying by some German doctor, diagnosing across seven thousand miles, is as false as it is indecent.

young Englishman as ever strolled publicly down a street of Portuguese Africa, daring arrest, with a price upon his head for gun-running. Perhaps it was thought appropriate that a man of money-bags should be one who took good care of his own skin; and no doubt it added a further artistic touch to represent him as coldly callous about others who had to risk their lives in executing the schemes which he spun in safety. At any rate, the legend was so current and so accepted that when he first went up to the scene of the native rebellion and was reported to be in a position of some danger, a London weekly paper, affecting the coarsely candid, declared that "the notion that Mr. Rhodes would ever risk his personal safety would be received with guffaws of derision in any bar in South Africa." And in one of the several novels *à clef* of which he has been made the subject—one hardly to be mentioned among the others except for its malignity and the fact that the author has since confessed to having received large sums from the Kruger Government for "literary and political services"—a fancy picture is drawn of the bloated magnate of Kimberley shrinking aloof and fortifying himself with brandy while everybody else is intent on trying to rescue some entombed miners.

There are, of course, two Rhodes legends—that of the eulogists and that of the detractors. I am illustrating the kind of stuff that went to build up the latter; but there is no need now, on this part of the legend at least, to labour any vindication. The calumny has been answered by deeds.

Answered by that historic scene in the Matoppos when "the great white chief, our father," palavered unarmed in the centre of a ring of Matabele rebels, and put an end to the still smouldering rebellion; answered by the lonely waggon-tent, miles outside the British lines, which preceded and prepared the way for that palaver—perhaps this was of the two the more real, though the obscurer test of courage; answered in the open field under fire in several sharp brushes of the rebellion; and answered lastly by the "irresistible impulse," as Mr. Rhodes explained it to a friend, which made him throw himself into beleaguered Kimberley by the last train that got through the closing Boer lines, and share the hardships and dangers of the siege with his workmen; turning the De Beers workshops into a skilful modern arsenal and astonishing the Boer besiegers with the grim pleasantry, stamped on all the shells there manufactured, "With C. J. Rhodes's Compliments."

Really typical, I think, are stories I have heard from men

who were closely with him during brushes with the Matabele rebels. He made no pretence of enjoying being under fire. "One may get hit—in the stomach—very unpleasant, very unpleasant," he remarked in his detached, contemplative tone; then as the peculiar scream recurred, caused by the lacerating slugs the rebels fired from their elephant-guns, he could not help ducking, as all beginners do under fire; adding at once, in a sort of naïve apology to the companion who was riding close to him :

"Absurd, isn't it, how one can't help ducking? Not a bit of good!"—and riding on all the same.

If that is cowardice, it is such cowardice as the immortal Chicot marked and admired in Henry of Navarre at the siege of Cahors.

III

It has been said, with as much truth as an epigram can be expected to contain, that Mr. Rhodes was a public man who had no private life. Can it be said also that he had no private friends? Plenty of people have been devoted to him: was he himself devoted to individual persons? Or was his affection for the Anglo-Saxon stock in gross compatible with a good deal of indifference to them in detail? It is certainly true that the men Mr. Rhodes drew round him and saw most of were generally—if we leave out a few dependents—just the men that he happened to work with or find useful at the time. And if they satisfied that test, he was not particular about applying any other. It is an old complaint against men of masterful personality in politics that they come to prefer (the habit grows with years and successes, as parasites multiply on an old lion) to have about them men of second-rate mind and even second-rate character. How often latterly one used to hear that complaint of Mr. Gladstone! Tired with the long public strife, these gladiators perhaps find it a relief in their leisure to be in contact only with men who never tax or contest their superiority. A common pair of slippers, so it be but an easy pair! To Rhodes, for instance, personal veracity was a department of personal dignity; but he could tolerate an *âme damnée* who provoked remarks like Captain Macmurdo's to Lord Steyne's useful man: "You don't stick at a trifle, Mr. Wenham." And if he found a man easy and useful, he had a large way of brushing aside any objection brought against him.

"Ah, well, I find it best never to bother about gossip." "There's something against everybody." "I take men as I find them: now you'll grant that so-and-so has always been loyal to one." That "loyal to one" (he often used the impersonal "one" for the first personal pronoun) is specially characteristic. The touchstone, If ye love me keep my commandments, is one that men with a mission, holy or secular, are always prone to apply. "If you're my friend, support my policy" was the Rhodes version. And, magnanimous as he could be to a foe, he had no bowels for a professing friend who had once supported him and ceased to do so. Of this I could give several illustrations; let one suffice—his attitude after the break of 1895-96 towards Mr. Hofmeyr, the Dutch leader whose support he had found it necessary to secure while he was "taking the North" for England. He used to seem surprised and uneasy that a journalist like myself, on the English side, happening to enjoy the privilege of genial relations with that powerful if rather furtive mind, should continue to cultivate such relations in spite of sharp political antagonism. It happened once that I was met in Mr. Hofmeyr's company several times in one week by a person, a specimen of the political fauna familiar everywhere, locally known as "Rhodes's jackals." "Here's the wolf colloquing with the lamb again!" said he at last, eyeing us askance. "Which is the wolf and which is the lamb?" asked Mr. Hofmeyr, twinkling through his spectacles. "At least," quoth I, "there is no difficulty in saying who is the jackal." Doubtless Mr. Rhodes was warned what ill company I was keeping; for the next time I called at Groote Schuur I was rallied on the subject with a persistence which with him always meant mischief.

"It's no good talking! The Blind Man's very clever; he's too clever for you! The Dutch always beat us at politics. He'll get hold of you!" (The Blind Man is the ironical Cape Town nickname for the most sharp-sighted of Dutch politicians.)

"Well," I turned on him, nettled at last, "at any rate, I don't ride to Hout Bay and back with the Blind Man every Saturday." (This had been Mr. Rhodes's practice in the years when Mr. Hofmeyr was his political ally.)

Mr. Rhodes flushed and took an angry turn along the *stoep* before answering; then he burst out:

"Yes, I did that. And in those years—I *took the North!*"

"But surely you were personal friends?"

"Pooh ! He thought I was serving his object ; he finds he was serving mine."

Now, I happened to have heard Holmeyr's version. "I will tell you what I felt like about this business," he had remarked in conversation soon after the Raid. "Rhodes has never been married, so he would not understand the illustration ; but such was the confidence between us, I felt as a man feels who suddenly finds that his wife has been deceiving him." I repeated the expression to Mr. Rhodes, certain that it would touch him.

"Oh, yes, I know !" he checked me the moment I began. "About the wife, and so on. . . . I've heard that already from—who do you think ? Little Z—— of the Civil Service " (with withering scorn). "Hofmeyr goes about saying it !"

To him, clearly, it was a repulsive piece of sham sentiment.

There was another remark of very different tenor, which (so he had heard and believed) the same gentleman had made, in the first crash of the Raid discovery and fiasco, when Mr. Rhodes shut himself up at Groote Schuur, and saw nobody—the remark that "Rhodes would " (or perhaps, should) "cut his throat." Long afterwards, Mr. Rhodes even hinted at that in a speech, adding the bludgeon words : "No doubt he'll come and slobber at my funeral."

In short—and it is typical of the whole breach with the Dutch, for though he did once bring out the word "reparation " it was with a sore wrench—he always spoke as if of the two, he, not Mr. Hofmeyr, was the aggrieved party. If we knew all, would this be more intelligible ? I cannot say. But I could not leave this trait untouched—even though the reader be repelled.

He was no less immitigable in loyalty to those whom he deemed loyal to him. The implicit reliance upon him of his associates was one secret of his success against rivals like Barnato in amalgamating the diamond mines. The mutual loyalty between Dr. Jameson and himself has stood searching ordeals. It was always easy to strike sparks from him about "Dr. Jim's " escapade. "Jameson, at any rate, tried to *do* something," he would flash back. "All of you down here " (down here was his word for Cape Town and the Cape Parliament as opposed to the veld) "do nothing at all—except jabber, jabber, jabber !"

There was one friend, I have been told, whose death Mr. Rhodes could not speak of—an obscure young fellow whom he

made his secretary long ago at Kimberley and nursed when he was ill. But he had a constitutional dislike—it was a genuine and rather English trait—for the expression of any conventionally proper feeling. After taking some pains to learn all about the last days of one whose death he certainly felt keenly, he affected to dismiss the subject with the remark :

“ Well, one must go on with one’s work. After all a thing like this is only a *big detail*.”

The loving care he devoted to such matters as the noble memorial to the Wilson Patrol in Rhodesia, or the one to comrades who fell in the Kimberley Siege, shows that such “ details ” were really bigger to him than to most.

Women readily liked Mr. Rhodes. They are attracted by rude strength with a dash of grace ; and he could be gracious enough, especially as a host. But he was wedded to celibacy. He liked celibates to work with. He was no misogynist. But he had a horror of the uxorious domesticity, with its petty horizon, which sometimes absorbs a good man out of the fighting effectiveness of life. For himself, he felt as one dedicated to an order of working friars ; and their freedom from family ties was one of the things that impressed him about the Jesuits. Their type of applied energy always fascinated him.

Yet, to one who studies Mr. Rhodes’s character, in its lights and shades, the thought must occur that a fine woman, had the fates chosen to find a help really meet for him, might have made of that character something not smaller, but greater, or at least finer. She, too, must have been a “ dreamer devout,” a sister of his imperial order ; the sort of woman who would take his own view of peerages and officialisms (“ I want the power—let who will wear the peacock’s feathers,” was a favourite saying of his) ; but one whose feminine insight would have helped him to be more patient of detail, more scrupulous of methods, to apply his abundant ideality to men as well as to continents, to “ every day’s most quiet need ” as well as to posterity.

Once, in old Kimberley days, Rhodes looked up a bachelor acquaintance for a chat. The acquaintance, an assistant-manager of something or other, was making a list of his washing :

“ Wait a moment, Rhodes—six collars—m’m—three shirts ”—

“ Do you know,” Rhodes interrupted him solemnly, “ you will never be anything more than an assistant-manager.” And he never was. Yet there is probably a place in the scheme of

things even for the checking of washing-bills. A wife condescending to detail might have checked Rhodes's ethical washing, and saved him some dirty linen.

IV

What posterity, no doubt, will deem almost the most signal of all the perversities that blamed Rhodes for the wrong faults has yet to be touched. He, penetrated beyond all other millionaires by the sense that the talent of money-making is a trust for public uses, he who could not acquire so much as a back-garden to walk in, or a rood of earth to be buried in, but he must throw it open to the crowd or make it serve some public end, was singled out for the sneers due to dull accumulation or vapid ostentation. No charge, during much of his life, was more widely current. To-day, after his death, none less needs refuting. "To me," wrote Mr. Labouchere then, "this Empire jerry-builder has always been a mere vulgar promoter masquerading as a patriot, and the figurehead of a gang of astute Hebrew financiers, with whom he divided profits." * "I do not suppose he cared for money," writes Mr. Labouchere now, "except for the power that it gave ; and though, in the making of it, he had to associate himself with a crew of financial adventurers, he was head and shoulders above them all."

I could never understand how anybody, on even the most cursory study of the facts of Rhodes's life, could fail to see that for him finance was merely the creature of politics, not politics of finance, and it seems strange that people who were blind to this truth while Mr. Rhodes was living and giving continual illustration of it, should have their eyes opened by his bequests at death. No man can take his money with him. The will, unique document as it is, would prove little if it were not of one piece, without seam, with the life-work which went before and which it is meant to carry on.

Rhodes was not a rich man who took up the Empire as a hobby when he was tired of making money. He formed the ideal first, the fortune afterwards. How early he began I cannot say exactly; but a document in the possession of Mr. W. T. Stead takes us back to the age of twenty-four.† With Mr. Stead, in the period when he was the apostle of militant democratic Imperialism,

* *Truth*, March 29, 1900.

† Published in part among the interesting Rhodes matter in the *Review of Reviews*.

Rhodes struck up a rare intimacy ; opened to him, more freely perhaps than to any one else, his more visionary side, and confided, among other things, a sort of college essay, referable by internal evidence to the time of the Russo-Turkish War, when Mr. Rhodes had begun work on the diamond fields but was still keeping his terms at Oxford. In this curious holograph, naïve and full of a boyishness which in Rhodes happily never quite died out, he discusses a young man's choice of an object in life. After reviewing several—dissipation, travel, big game hunting, "a happy marriage"—he pronounces :

"To myself, thinking over the same question, the wish came to render myself useful to my country."

And with that he proceeds to Empire-extension, Anglo-American reunion, and all the rest of it—including that idea of a sort of Jesuit-like Secret Society for the Promotion of the Empire, which for long he hugged, and which—minus, perhaps, the secrecy and the Jesuitry—I know to have had a good deal of fascination for others among our contemporaries not reckoned visionaries by the world.

The biographer owes Mr. Stead a debt. But even without this there is plentiful evidence that Rhodes amalgamated Kimberley with the Empire—or "the North"—in view. Visiting Kimberley before he was a Colonial Prime Minister, and while he was still looked at askance by most Imperialists, I gleaned many such reminiscences from his early business associates. One, showing me an old map that hung in his office, told me the story (now well known) how one day in those scheming years, deep in the sordid details of amalgamation, Rhodes ("always a bit of a crank") suddenly put his hand over a great piece of No Man's Africa on that map and said, "Look here : all that British—that is my dream."

It seemed dreamy, to madness, at the time, to insist on the insertion of a clause in the De Beers trust-deed enabling a diamond mine company to blossom out if required into a Government in the interior of Africa. "It is not business," as Barnato protested in the famous all-night conclave which settled the final amalgamation. The business man was quite right. It was politics. But it was Mr. Rhodes's mission to inject politics into business men. As the dawn crept in at the dusky window, Barnato sighed, "I suppose we shall have to give it you." And they did.

Mr. Rhodes entered politics in the period generally named after the skirmish at Majuba Hill, when British Imperialism was at its nadir in South Africa, and the British taxpayer tired of

spending blood and money. He saw that the money which would be needed for the "dream" must come from other pockets. He got it from the British (and foreign) speculator. Expansion in South Africa had come to seem to the taxpayer a game in which he paid the bill, and if any minerals turned up others got the profit. Rhodes proposed to him to come in on a different basis: speculative it must be, but at least, if the speculation succeeded, those who found the means should share the profits. On that basis was built up "chartered finance." It is open to criticism, no doubt. The objections to Empire extension by joint stock company are obvious and inherent. Perhaps a Kimberley career blunted Rhodes's perception of them; but his point was that those who objected to the joint stock plan did little to convert "the weary Titan" to extending the Empire by any other. The Rev. John Mackenzie was the one exception; and he failed. It was therefore Rhodes's plan, or—Germany and Kruger.

It has been said by a defender that Rhodes's genius was for investment; mere speculation he despised. That is put rather too absolutely. A corporation like the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, during a time of "boom," is not widely distinguishable (I imagine) from a sublimated City "bucket-shop." But it is probably true that Rhodes more and more left the speculative side to financial allies. His was not a mind fascinated by the gamble of the market. Had finance remained his mistress, instead of politics, few can doubt that he might have doubled his fortune and rivalled, as some of his friends rival, the American multi-millionaires. I yield to none in ignorance of scientific finance; but I can see that, speaking broadly, much of Rhodes's finance may be described as making De Beers and the goldfields bleed freely for "the North," when required; then making it up later when the see-saw of the market allowed; and, while drawing freely on moneyed friends, using his own fortune as a kind of mobile reserve, to be husbanded in fat years that in lean years it might be concentrated on any weak point in the African frontiers of the Empire; now to save a province by a timely direct subsidy to the British Treasury—let Sir Harry Johnston tell how; now to build a railway or a telegraph that the City would not look at; now to supply something for which neither City nor Treasury could be appealed to: remember how some critic pounced on his sale of a big block of "Charters" at boom prices before the Raid, and the naïve explanation that it was to meet the bill for the Uitlanders' rifles.

He used to tell the story how he circularised De Beers share-

holders once, in a fat year, with an invitation to invest some of their profits, by way of "ransom," in the Cape to Cairo telegraph, or some other hazy Imperial scheme; and how the only reply drawn was from one indignant shareholder, who protested against the circulars being sent out at the cost of his company. To a certain class of critics everything was either a "worthless swamp" into which Rhodes was inveigling the public, or else "rich plunder" that he was keeping to himself and his "gang". Sometimes the same thing was both. Some of the critics were honest enough; but to see Rhodes steadily and see him whole they wanted a little imagination; and imagination is not always strong in men who spend their lives thinking about money and writing about money.

"The little street-bred people" pursued him with their little judgments even to his grave. Among a column of newspaper extracts about the will, few of which failed to seize the ideality of the plan for a South African Valhalla among the Matoppos, the voice of the *Morning Leader* was given thus:

"That Mr. Rhodes should bequeath £4000 a year to keep his tomb in repair is not surprising."

What can one say, except with Touchstone: "God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!"

Of the many verbal misrepresentations inspired by some people's resolve to have Mr. Rhodes at all hazards a man who thought only of money, perhaps the most perverse is the one about the flag being a "commercial asset." The phrase is from a speech at Kimberley just after the siege; it was seized on in a score of papers as putting into naked words what the writers had always declared to be Mr. Rhodes's sordid conception of the Empire.

"There at last we have it!" cried the accusers. "The Empire, to this man, is £ s. d. The flag is a commercial asset. He says so himself. What need have we of further witness?"

Now if the phrase had been reported of almost any public man except Mr. Rhodes, it would have been passed by as a patriotic platitude meaning that where the British flag waves, there is commerce safe and prosperous; a remark hardly worth cabling to England, but both familiar and innocent. That is so, even ignoring the context. But the moment the context is examined, it turns out that, so far from commercialising politics, the boot was on the other leg altogether. When the war broke out, Kimberley, thanks to the laches of a pro-Boer Ministry at the

Cape, was a weak spot in the defences of the Empire ; the De Beers Diamond Company, under Mr. Rhodes's personal direction, spent lavishly to make up the deficiency ; the expenditure had to be justified at a business meeting, for shareholders many (probably most) of whom are not British subjects. Such was the occasion. And the speech is so characteristic of Mr. Rhodes's ways of thought on the whole subject, and the use made, and still being made, of one phrase in it, is so characteristic of Mr. Rhodes's traducers, that I must quote a little. First, about the "asset" :

"During the past four months we have not been miners. . . . I have to tell the shareholders in Europe that we have for the last four months devoted the energies of the Company to the defence of the town. . . . I, and my fellow directors, looked at it broadly. . . . Our people received their usual pay, only instead of digging diamonds they were fighting Boers. I feel sure the European shareholders will not cavil. . . . We merely did our duty. . . . We have done our best to preserve that which is the best commercial asset in the world—the protection of her Majesty's flag."

From the same speech :

"Shareholders may be divided into two classes. . . . There are those of the unimaginative type who pass their whole lives in filling money bags, and when they are called upon, perhaps more hurriedly than they desire, to retire from this world, what they leave behind is often dissipated by their offspring on wine, women and horses. Of these purely unimaginative gentlemen, whose sole concern is the accumulation of wealth, I have a large number as my shareholders, and I now state for their consolation that the transactions with the Chartered Company are closed, and closed satisfactorily. . . . We have also, I am glad to say, the imaginative shareholder. To him I would say: 'It is pleasant for you to consider that undertakings which were embarked upon in the spirit of what I may call the doctrine of ransom have turned out so successfully. Had they failed, I feel sure I should never have heard a word of reproach from you as to this trifle that we spent out of our great wealth to assist the work of opening up the North. We have now got the country developed far, far into the centre of Africa, largely through the means supplied by this commercial Company. If I might go further, and venture to draw a picture of the future, I would

say that any one visiting these mines one hundred years hence, though he saw merely some disused pits, would, if he pushed his travels further into the interior, recognise the renewal of their life in the great European civilisation of the far North, and perhaps he would feel a glow of satisfaction at the thought that the immense riches which have been taken out of the soil have not been devoted merely to the decoration of the female sex. And so, for my part, when the policy of this Corporation is challenged, I always feel it is no small thing to be able to say that it has devoted its wealth to other things besides the expansion of luxury."

And this is the speech from which Rhodes has been written down a soulless materialist, by people many of whom probably have never risen to as much idealism in their most inspired moments—let alone at a company meeting. The truth is, of all Rhodes has left to South Africa—including his version of *la carrière ouverte aux talens*, and his consistent application of it in treating individuals, Dutch or English, with perfect equality—he has left nothing better, in precept and example, than his scorn of the "make-my-pile-and-quit" ideal, whether held by Rand artisan or Park Lane millionaire, and his lifelong upholding of the counter-ideal that private means imply a public trust, and no man may shirk civic duties. No lesson needed more teaching in South Africa; and it is bearing fruit.

V

Did Rhodes hold, with Walpole, that every man has his price? In Walpole's restricted sense, he did not; the chosen intimate of General Gordon could hardly fall into that mean error; and the oft-quoted boast—"I never met a man with whom I could not deal"—made in connection with the half-jocular proposal of "squaring the Mahdi," had evidently no such narrow meaning as that of a money bribe. Nevertheless, in considering Rhodes's character, here comes the difficult place; and I am determined not to shirk it.

A man does not spend the spring and first summer of manhood in such work as the Kimberley Amalgamation and come out at

the end with mind quite unsubdued to that it works in, like the dyer's hand. Coming from amalgamation in finance to an attempt not all unlike it in politics, Rhodes was apt to think that the formula which carried all before it in the one arena would do for the other. At Kimberley he had been an *Uebermensch* with a larger ideal, ready for infinite accommodation in detail, but adamant as to that ; while for the rest of the local world it was all a wrestle of material interests. You satisfied or balanced those and so got your way about the larger. It cannot be denied that a certain amount of all democratic politics, however clean, answers to that rather crude formula. The Patronage Secretaries of administrations everywhere are persons who walk not with their heads in the clouds, perhaps rather with their feet in the mud. And when Mr. Rhodes was official head of the Cape Colony, and at the same time head of a large consolidation on the goldfields, despot of De Beers on the diamond fields, and uncrowned king of Rhodesia, he had enough patronage in his hands to make a cynic of a saint.

Then, again, politics were for years a duel between Rhodes and Kruger ; and there stood Kruger on his side with the patronage of the richest Government in South Africa, which was at the same time exempt from the need of making even a show of probity and efficiency, and drew on the plunder of the whole Rand. Between the unctuous *un*-rectitude of Kruger, and the candid cynicism of Rhodes, it came about that a man could scarcely act or speak in South Africa without being presumed a swashbuckler for one camp or the other—an atmosphere intolerable. Even in England people came to believe in the figment of a “ Rhodes Press.” As a matter of fact, the Press of South Africa, being a thing of the towns and therefore English, did not need to be “ bought ” to take the English side in the great duel. If bought, it was bought by the public, which was more Rhodesian than Rhodes. It only needed to be “ bought,” that is, subsidised so as to push it with an indisposed public in the few cases where it took the other side—Kruger's. (I am not, of course, referring to the Dutch Press.) Nor was there any more truth in the language often used as if Rhodes had made Government at the Cape a sink of corruption. There was never anything at the Cape even remotely resembling the unblushing enrichment of the Kruger-Eloff connection, or the hundred quotable public service scandals at Pretoria. The familiar business of share-allotment to influential men by preference has a nasty flavour of “ Panama ” when so much mixed

up with politics as a chartered company must needs be. A probing censor might make much of that. But even taking that at its worst, where are the Rhodes Government scandals, jobs to the detriment of the public service, "boodle," in the sense in which even a statesman as clean-handed himself as Sir John Macdonald in Canada was accused of letting grow up precedents of boodle? Rhodes scandals, in this sense, are not easy to name.* Government at the Cape, judged by the standard of the British Colonies at large—a standard probably as high as any outside these islands—is clean.

Rhodes, in this as in other matters, was better than his word, for his word was often cynical to brutality. But words too have their weight; and if you start by expecting the average man to have an axe to grind, you are very likely to find him what you expect.

Imagine Rhodes in council: a large question of policy has just been settled, on the largest considerations; follows the question, what about votes? Two members are doubtful: A. because he cannot get his constituents a new railway station; B. on some point, perhaps pedantic or pettifogging, but respectable. Rhodes pronounces: "Promise A. his 'pump' and let us get on." But about B. he growls: "Another wretched mugwump developing a liver or a conscience!"

* An attempt has been made to discover such a scandal since Mr. Rhodes's death in regard to the last-discovered of the Kimberley diamond mines—the Wesselson, now called the Premier, which was acquired by the De Beers Company during Mr. Rhodes's Cape Premiership, in the same way as it had previously acquired all the other mines. The charge is that Mr. Rhodes somehow abused his official position to prevent this mine being made or declared State property. I may remark that I do not remember ever hearing this charge made at the Cape in all the bitter party polemics since 1895. No proposal that the Government should either expropriate or purchase the diamond mines, or acquire and work any one of them in competition with De Beers, has ever been made in the Cape Parliament by any party or any responsible politician.

There are, however, conditions in which a property can be proclaimed an "open diggings," and at the time of the Wesselson discovery there was a diggers' agitation for having that property so proclaimed. The Attorney-General's opinion was that the conditions did not exist to make proclamation in that case legal. The Attorney-General was Mr. (now Sir) James Rose-Innes; and the opinion has never been challenged. Later, a Parliamentary Select Committee, appointed on a larger subject, suggested altering the law, to give the Government larger powers of proclaiming open diggings in any case like the Wesselson. It reported unanimously against Government trying to own or work mines. The one practical application of "ransom" to De Beers ever proposed is by a profit, or income, tax; and to this Mr. Rhodes was markedly more favourable than most of his party (*see* Budget debates, 1899).

In the human adjustment that large schemes require, the lower man was the less inconvenient. To sum up : Rhodes's sins in this kind have been absurdly exaggerated both in kind and degree ; at worst, he never sought gain or private ends by such means ; but his willingness to use sordid people in his combinations, and to deal with them on their own ground, did exist. The atmosphere it created was demoralising, and sometimes froze the support of men of more scrupulousness, whose whole-hearted help would have been well worth his gaining. Rhodes would have been a greater man if he had only expected, and so encouraged, ordinary people to be actuated by motives more nearly on a level with his own.

But after all, the Rhodes who won over doubters or antagonists was not the Rhodes of the blank cheque, nor were his most potent champions so won. It was the Rhodes who lounged and hugged a knee opposite his man on the pillared *stoep* at Groote Schuur, or harangued him over a big outspread map, scoring and re-scoring it with clumsy pencil, or rode with him round the lovely sylvan pleasance ; talking, listening ; speaking often not to the moment, but as one elliptically following worn grooves of solitary thought : conceding, " You object very fairly " . . . ; pouncing, " But I meet you there : the real crux is " so-and-so ; appealing, " You catch my thought ? " ; seeming not to argue but to *think aloud* ; without eloquence, without dialectics, without charm, as commonly understood ; making admissions, making confidences ; insisting, recapitulating, riding a phrase to death, breaking from deep notes into a queer falsetto ; but always going to the root of the matter—and often making a conquest by sheer frank force of personality. . . .

" It's all right about B," comes the next report in council. " He will come in with one—no, *not* squared, you're quite wrong—just *on the personal*." Yes, that was the really formidable Rhodes—the Rhodes who won men not on the purse, but, in his own phrase, " on the personal."

VI

The cynic who asks, in the vein dear to every *advocatus diaboli* from the time of Job downwards, "Did Rhodes serve the Empire for nought?" has at least more to say for himself than he who questions whether it really was the Empire that Rhodes served. He has been accused of coquetting with Dutch Republicanism as well as with Irish disruption. Be it said at once, that if we do not touch Mr. Rhodes's one fixed political principle here, we shall touch it nowhere, and he is of all men most miserable. It would be Bismarck without his Prussia. In my opinion, no politician has or ever had a record on any subject of more persistency and consistency than the record of Cecil Rhodes as a life-long worker for the British Empire, conceived as (1) self-governing in its parts; (2) federated at its centre; (3) expanding over the whole of the unappropriated earth. If he did not work for that, from dreamy youth through strenuous manhood, he worked for nothing. Friends of the two rival unity movements in South Africa, that for uniting it within and that for uniting it without the Empire, sometimes may have worked together, but he, for one, never left it in doubt which path would be his when the paths diverged. One of his plainest utterances on the subject occurs at the height of his alliance with the Afrikaner Bond and in a speech at a Bond banquet, Kimberley, 1891.* The two Republics themselves openly regarded him, from 1885 at least, as their most formidable foe. Such opening for misrepresentation as exists arises from the fact that at the beginning of his career in the early 'eighties "Downing Street" (that is, direct Colonial Office rule, now enjoying a transient new lease of life) had not a friend in South Africa—not even its own High Commissioner. The Republican movement was to be fought not by Imperialism, but by Colonialism, as Sir Hercules Robinson put it; and when attempts are made (as once by a writer in the *Contemporary Review*, by an audacious piece of garbling, since exposed) to identify Rhodes with the other side on the strength of some phrase about the "Imperial factor" or some action like the quarrel with Sir Charles Warren and John Mackenzie in Bechuanaland, it should suffice to remark that the phrase, the quarrel, the whole policy, were equally those

* See the useful fat volume of Speeches (Chapman and Hall), p. 273. The *oculus classicus* is p. 52.

of that old and sagacious servant of the Queen who died as Lord Rosmead. The one clue to Rhodes's mad resolve to have a finger in the Johannesburg revolt was the fear that a cosmopolitan Uitlander Republic might be tempted to share Mr. Kruger's ambition—and realise it. To a mind dreaming dreams of Anglo-American reunion as the next step to Imperial Federation, the "independent South Africa" which fired a Steyn or a Reitz was the vision of a parish councillor.*

Of the £10,000 to Parnell there have been three interpretations. The first is that Mr. Rhodes was a sincere Home Ruler and an insincere Imperialist. The second is that he was a sincere Imperialist and an insincere Home Ruler, and subscribed to Home Rule as a way of squaring the Irish party to vote for the Chartered Company's charter. The third is that Mr. Rhodes was an Imperialist Home Ruler, no less sincere in the one character than in the other: as hostile as the staunchest Unionist could be to Gladstonian (1886) Home Rule, but warmly in favour of a Home Rule Bill which should be in actual provisions as well as in principle the first step in Imperial Federation; and that his object was to obtain from Parnell a public admission of the case against the former kind of Home Rule, and a public acceptance of the principles and provisions of the latter kind: in short, that Mr. Rhodes was simply what he professed to be, and his object simply that which was recorded, and in a measure achieved, by the correspondence forthwith published as part of the transaction.

The first of these theories need not detain us. As to the second, the squaring explanation, I cannot prove a negative, but I can prove from the mere dates that it implies, to say the least, a very long shot. The subscription was practically promised to Mr. Swift MacNeill in the autumn of 1887, almost exactly two years before the Charter was obtained, and a year before the obtaining of the concession from Lobengula which alone led to a Charter being applied for. At that time Mr. Rhodes was still trying to get Cape Colony, as a colony, to assume direct responsibility in the North; the whole idea of a chartered company was therefore *in nubibus*, and any calculation that the Charter would depend on the vote of the Irish members would surely have been more so. There remains the third

* Forgotten instances, showing how far South Africa was from being Mr. Rhodes's parish, are his Matabeleland constitution clause, anticipating in germ the Canadian Imperial tariff scheme; and his cable, offering Australian Governments the use of the Cape credit at the time of the Australian banking crisis.

explanation, and as this is the natural one and supported by a long series of Mr. Rhodes's speeches, acts and conversations at the time, before and since, it is not clear why any other should be sought for. Mr. Rhodes's Home Rule and his Imperialism were of one warp and woof. He did not want to make Ireland as loosely united as the colonies, but the colonies as closely united as a federal Ireland. The provision to this end which Parnell promised Rhodes to support may be criticised as crude or impracticable. It may be argued that it is vitiated by a false analogy between a colony, remote merely by distance, and Ireland, remote by sentiment and strategically close on England's flank. But Unionists who accept such tenets, in Lord Rosebery or Mr. Asquith, as sincere though mistaken Imperialism, cannot rationally call them high treason in a colonist who never had any truck with Gladstonian Home Rule at all. To write about "supplying the sinews of war to the forces of disruption," in the case of a man who valued a recantation of that heresy by the arch-disruptionist at £10,000, is as absurd as anything not in mathematics can be proved to be. I for one constant reader of the *Spectator* should feel that a mystery was cleared up if the editor confessed that he had never, during the fourteen years since it was published, really read the Rhodes-Parnell correspondence.*

A more plausible line of attack would be to say that Rhodes was an Imperialist but had no right to bribe Parnell to be one. That assumes that the policy which Parnell accepted was one which he could not accept honestly. If the Irish party's feeling towards "the Imperial partnership" was what Parnell declared in his letter of June 23, 1888, the transaction was honourable on both sides. On the other hand, if that feeling was what some of Parnell's successors are constantly assuring us now—repudiation of all partnership in the "robber Empire" and alienation from Crown no less than Parliament—then, no doubt, Parnell did sell their consciences for them, and they are in the painful position of refusing delivery after having spent the price. Whatever may be the truth as to that, Rhodes merely took Parnell at his word, and the tone which Irish members have lately affected about him seems injudicious.

* Accessible now in the Rhodes Speeches volume, also in Mr. Barry O'Brien's 'Life of Parnell.'

VII

In this slight sketch we have considered several faults that Mr. Rhodes had not and made no secret of some others that he had—intelligible, perhaps, in a character eager, masterful, and so possessed by a great purpose as to leave no time to be nice about means or squeamish about individual people's feelings. "I won't make my tiger a cat to please anybody," as Boswell said of Johnson, "nor even a milk-white hind." Cecil Rhodes was no angel, but a big, rough-grained, strong-headed, great-hearted man. In some ways "a great *ébauche*, a rude draught never completed," as Carlyle said of Napoleon; "as indeed," he adds, "what great man is other? Left in *too* rude a state, alas!"—but on the whole worthy to be summed up in those other words of Carlyle's about Napoleon: "The man was a divine missionary, though unconscious of it. . . . Madly enough he preached, it is true, as enthusiasts and first missionaries are wont, with imperfect utterance, amid much frothy rant; yet as articulately perhaps as the case admitted. Or call him, if you will, an American backwoodsman, who had to fell unpenetrated forests, and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not entirely forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft; whom, notwithstanding, the peaceful Sower will follow, and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless." Does not the very spirit of those closing words speak in Rhodes's own laconic summing-up of his life-work, when he stood with a friend on one of the granite masses of the Matoppos, at the very spot where he now lies and waving his arms over the "great spaces washed with the sun" towards the horizon still further north, jerked out this:

"Homes—more homes! that's what I work for."

Or again, how apt his own little apologue—perhaps the only poetry he ever made, in words—the apologue of the Old Man planting Oaks. He, like the old man, knew he should never live to see his saplings trees, but nevertheless could "see the people walking under my trees," and was content in the thought that the lines would remain as he had set them. "Others will enjoy the shade, but mine is the conception and the glory."*

Ages ago, in that same land where he lies, gold was mined by fierce Phœnicians or Sabæans, sword in hand, to be borne by ship coast-wise to the Red Sea and by camel through Arabia,

* See above, p. 189 *n*.

along with the “almug trees and precious stones,” to be built into King Solomon’s Temple. That ancient history of Rhodesia cast a profound spell over Rhodes’s romantic mind. He loved to stand with one hand, as it were, reaching forward to the future and the other reaching backward to that remote past, of which the pits that sear the land, the broken crucibles, the ruined stone keeps, the “zimbabwes” regarded by the natives with superstitious awe, remain as silent witnesses. He, too, with “the gold of that land” would build a Temple—a Temple of so vast design and mighty sweep that the poet’s words about another mountain burial seem hardly too high for Cecil Rhodes :

Lofty designs should close in like effects :

Loftily lying

Leave him, still loftier than the world suspects,

Living and dying.

III

THE TRUE ROMANCE OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES" *

THE quest for ancient treasure—the handful of white men seeking it with their lives in their hands at the court of a savage despot in the far Dark Continent—here are all the materials of the romantic story-book which made the fame and fortune of Mr. Rider Haggard. Naked fact in Matabeleland keeps up so closely with the flights of Mr. Haggard's buoyant invention that King Lobengula would deserve a chapter even if he did not share with Mr. Rhodes the credit of preserving King Solomon's Mines for the benefit of the people of Queen Victoria.

Had Lobengula been another Umbandine, we should have lost the land of Ophir. Swamped by a rabble of concessionaires, and under a monarch debauched by drink, the country would have become a second Swaziland. But Lobengula was of another mettle, or he would never have held his own among a nation fixed in the military mould into which the Matabele nation was cast by its genesis. Originally a tribe of insurgent Zulus, who cut their way north under Lobengula's father Moselikatze (or, more correctly, Umziligaze), they retain to this day the military organisation which, since the time of Tehaka, has lent a terror to the Zulu name. When Umziligaze first led his nation of warriors into the Promised Land, then thickly populated, he set to work to clear it with a ruthless ferocity remarkable even in savage annals. Neither the Matabele nor their neighbours have ever forgotten this baptism of blood. The tradition of insolent savagery on the one side, and cringing servitude on the other, has been kept up by periodical rapine and massacre to this day. The tribe plants maize and rears cattle, like other tribes, but its business is bloodshed. It is not so much a tribe as a standing army. Absolute as is the despotism of Lobengula, even he must temporise with the ferocious and overbearing

* From "In Afrikanderland," chap. xiv.

matjahas. The *matjahas* are special regiments of young fighting men, drawn from all and sundry surrounding races, caught young by the raiders, weeded out by a stern application of the survival of the fittest, and reared on a diet of raw flesh to the proper pitch of headstrong brutality. In this way the finer Zulu blood has died out of the Matabele race, and the *matjahas*, having never met a foeman worthy of their steel, can barely be coaxed into tolerable behaviour even to the white men about the king. Only on raids among the wretched Makalaka or Mashonas are they thoroughly in their element—stabbing babies on the arms or in the bosoms of their mothers, and making live bonfires of the old women who are not worth carrying off. “Who are we, to stand against the warriors of the King?” said a Makalaka whom some of Mr. Rhodes’s pioneers came upon, bewailing the loss of two wives, carried off by a couple of Matabele rascals in the face of the whole village: “we are but women.” The Mashonas have guns, but they never dream of using them against the Matabele assegais. They hide their round huts away on difficult hill-sides, burrowing like conies among the rocks.

Such is the Matabele reign of terror. Hundreds of miles away their name carries panic, and the mere rumour of their coming is solitude. To the fiery *impis* of Lobengula, twelve to twenty thousand strong, and always straining in the leash to “wash their spears,” we owe it that his coveted demesne, with its still more coveted fiefs and dependencies, has been secured all this time from white encroachment either by the filibuster or by the more insidious concession-monger.

That we have at last achieved what neither Portuguese nor Boer could ever quite bring themselves to essay, we must thank both English pluck and English luck. It was luck, indeed, to make that march of four hundred miles right under the noses of the Matabele without firing a shot. But there was pluck, good English and colonial pluck, in the little band which did it—only seven hundred, all told, “police” and “pioneers” together, and many of them mere lads. They set out amid confident Boer predictions that they would never return; false alarms and threatening messages dogged them in the bush; they knew that they faced another Isandhlwana all the way. When, at last, they left the bush, climbed out on to the free, rolling plateau, and packed up the electric search-light which might have had to illuminate a ghastly night-scuffle in the plain, Colonel Pennefather’s seven hundred must have hailed the sandy landscape with as hearty a shout as ever went up from Xenophon’s Ten

Thousand, safe from the desert and the Mede, at first sight of the blue Euxine.

Yes, there was pluck in the march to Hartley Hill ; but there was also pluck in the long waiting game at Buluwayo, by which the great concession, the foundation of the whole fabric of the Company since reared, was won and kept through months of harassment and peril, till the decisive seal of the Queen’s Charter was achieved. There are three men who can tell the story. There is the Mr. Rudd by whose name the concession goes ; he is now back at the humdrum round of Cape finance. There is Mr. Rochfort Maguire, M.A., M.P., sometime Fellow of All Souls, who drew the concession up, and who figures as the Captain Good of the re-cast story-book. And there is Mr. Frank Thompson, of Natal, who told me, and who shall here tell you the story, which, first to last, he knows more of than anybody.

When the concession of all the gold in the country was first proposed to the *indunas* in council, “*Mai babo*,” was the cry, “*yo yo gho !*” “Mother of Angels, listen to this madness !” However, gifts went freely round, the King himself being presented with a bag of sovereigns as an earnest of more to come ; and Mr. Thompson, as the linguist of the party, devoted his energies to the slow task of convincing the King that in the long run it was only a choice between one strong man who would deal fairly with him and a crowd of Boer and Portuguese adventurers. At last one day the King said to Mr. Thompson, for the hundredth time, “You are sure you are not coming after grass and ground ?” (The question of farming in Mashonaland was not at that time raised.) Said Mr. Thompson : “King ! no ; it is minerals we want. We are not Boers ; we have no cattle to feed.” “Give me the paper,” said the King. Mr. Thompson hurried out and brought in Mr. Rudd and Mr. Maguire, together with Mr. Helm, the missionary, to see that all was fair. A posse of *indunas* was summoned, and then and there, on October 30, 1888, the momentous scrawl was put upon what Lobengula described as “that fly-blown paper,” by which the minerals of an empire, in consideration of £100 a month, a gunboat, and an arsenal of rifles and ammunition, were made over to the men from whom they passed by the usual gradations to the Chartered Company. Off went Mr. Rudd to Cape Town, triumphant ; but all three agreed that the mere signing was a trifle—all hung on the history of the next few months ; the thing was to keep the King and his *indunas*, and above all, his army, up to the mark ;

to allay suspicions, conciliate opposition, and avert the popular tumult which baffled rivals were bent on inflaming.

But to introduce Mr. Thompson. He is a bronzed, hardened-looking man, with a quaint, dry way of telling his adventures ; incidents the most blood-curdling and the most ludicrous rolling out in the same everyday tone. He is an Afrikaner, but the son of a Yorkshire yeoman ; he has seen service in South Africa under Sir Charles Warren, carries some nasty wounds about him, and has had more than one narrow escape of his life.

"First, Mr. Thompson, give us a picture of King Lobengula himself."

"Lobengula ? You would not easily forget him if once you saw him. He stands six feet in his skin, and he is fat and big all over, and he weighs about twenty stone. In age he is forty-eight to fifty. He walks as I have seen no other man walk, before or since, moving his elephant limbs and planting his feet one after the other as if he were planting them for ever, and rolling his shoulders from side to side and looking round him in a way which is dreadful to see. He has great bulging, blood-shot eyes, and when he rolls them to look you up and down, in his lordly sort of way, I tell you it's enough to scare a man off-hand. His palace, you must know, is a waggon that somebody has given him. There he used to sit, on a block of wood in the middle of a great pole stockade, surrounded by hundreds of sheep and goats. Every yard of the ground is covered with dung, layer over layer, and the whole place is filthy dirty. When you approach the King, you have to squat down on your haunches and remain in that position during the whole of the interview."

"Did Mr. Maguire do that ?" I asked at this, as there dawned on me the incongruous picture of the dapper gentleman, the *dilettante* Member of Parliament, the *ex-attaché*, the Fellow of All Souls, squatting in Homeric dung.

"He had to," said Mr. Thompson, drily. "He didn't like it, didn't Maguire. He used to complain a good deal, now that I come to think of it, about the maggots. In fact, at first he used to shirk a bit ; he'd try it on with one leg—like this, d'ye see—keeping the most of him off the ground. But they wouldn't have that, of course.

"*'Gho, dslapanza !'* the young warriors would shout, as they stood about twirling *assegais* ; *'Gh-h-h-o !'* that's the man that wants to be as big as the King !"

"*'Down, man, down !'* says I, nudging Maguire with my elbow ; *'I tell you it's as much as your life's worth to shirk ;'*

and down goes Maguire, with a groan, into the dung and the maggots.”

“Conversation must have been lively under these circumstances ? ”

“Well, it *was* a bit nasty when the King was in a bad temper. He used to try to catch you out and make you contradict yourself ; and he was as sharp as a needle at his own style of palaver. He remembered everything, and if you did contradict yourself he was down on you at once. ‘You have two words ; you lie,’ he would rap out. Then the ‘Dogs,’ as we call them up there, were always egging him on, prompting him to ask nasty questions, and twisting round the answers so as to make him angry.

“The ‘Dogs,’ I may explain—‘mean whites’ in American parlance—are runaways from civilisation, who have thrown in their lot with the savages and live among them on the King’s bounty in the savage style of life. There were a dozen or so of them at Buluwayo it seems, always buzzing in the King’s ear against the concession ; for, of course, it was not their idea at all to have civilisation coming in, and white men with it. Besides some of them were bought (several times over) by rival concession seekers.

“Well,” pursued Mr. Thompson, “we used to heckle and argue with these fellows before the King, and there Maguire came in useful.”

“Mr. Maguire did not know the language, did he ? ”

“Not a word. But he is a cool, quiet sort of fellow, and he used just to lie low till I began to lose my temper. Then he’d nudge me, and say :

“‘Let it drop, Thompson. Don’t argue with the master of many legions.’

“‘You have two words, Thompson !’ Lo Ben would growl out.

“‘No, King,’ says I.

“‘My dear fellow, what *does* it matter ? ’ whispers Maguire.

“‘You’re a liar, Thompson,’ says the King.

“‘Yes, King,’ I would agree cheerfully, and then I would set to work patiently to reconcile the supposed contradiction.

“But,” added Mr. Thompson, reflectively, “Maguire nearly threw all the fat in the fire once through his imprudence.”

“How was that, Mr. Thompson ? ”

“Why, *he would wash*. It was this way. To begin with, he would have exercise. The Matabele can’t understand the idea

of a man 'going a walk,' as we say, for the mere sake of walking. Well, there we stuck, and there we sat, and played backgammon till we got dead sick of it. You know backgammon? Well, we played that game every day for eight months. At last Maguire up and said he could stand it no longer, he was going a walk. I told him they would very likely stick him—and me too.

" 'I can't help it,' says Maguire, 'I'm dying of indigestion, and I'm going a walk.'

" Then he tried walking up and down, up and down, inside the camp; sometimes he went a bit out of the way; but there were always half a dozen of these infernal warriors hanging about looking mischief. Well, then Maguire takes a freak that he must and will go and have a wash in the stream. He's rather particular about his toilet, Maguire is, and he had a lot of tooth-brushes and hair-brushes and nail-brushes and pomade and scent and tooth-powder up at the kraal with him. Well, he took a selection of this baggage and sallied down to the stream followed by a considerable part of the Matabele nation. Maguire is not a man who loves publicity, but he is a bit of a philosopher, and nothing could have been cooler or more deliberate than the way he stripped, folded up his clothes on the bank, and took to the water. Well, the Matabele nation looked on, commenting freely; but as he couldn't understand a word that didn't matter to him. Presently Maguire produces a tooth-brush and a box of chalk, and starts brushing his teeth. There they drew the line. A man who puts strange things into his mouth, who foams at the lips, and who turns the water to milk, he must be a '*mtagati*', a magician!

" Yells of astonishment rent the air. A party went off to tell the King, taking Maguire's paraphernalia, and, what is more, Maguire's clothes! I heard a great noise, and presently re-enter Maguire wearing—well, wearing a hat. Half a dozen niggers were hopping about in portions of his attire, and the King was sitting, like an inquest, upon the brushes and bottles.

" 'What's this?' says the King, sniffing cautiously at Maguire's eau de Cologne. 'It stinks!'

" A Zulu—one of Ketchwayo's men—who had been among white men in past times, was able to explain.

" 'King!' quoth he, 'the white men *like* the stink of that bottle!'

" 'H'm!' says Lo Ben, 'that accounts for them smelling so vilely!'

“Did Mr. Maguire get back his treasures?” I was inquisitive enough to ask.

“One by one I managed to get them back for him by trading,” said Mr. Thompson, “here a rug and there a handkerchief. It was a great nuisance; but Maguire is so particular. The worst of it is, that the very day after Maguire ‘poisoned the river,’ Lobengula’s mother died; so there was the deuce to pay. Happily, the King’s attachment to the deceased lady had limits.”

“He is a truculent fellow, King Lobengula, by all accounts?”

“I tell you he’s deadly cruel. He will inflict torture or death on the slightest pretext. I remember once,” pursued Mr. Thompson, meditatively, “when I was waiting for an audience, listening to the monotonous abject chant which is kept up about the King—I saw a man brought in who was guilty of having drunk some of the King’s beer. It was at the time of the great dance, when for a month there is special licence, and when any one carrying beer about is liable to have it raided. But this man had levied toll on the King’s beer, when it was being carried by the King’s women. The poor wretch was brought before the King. He was horribly afraid. His eyes stuck out of his head, and his knees knocked together as he tried to make obeisance. The King bade them hold him fast, then he said, looking the culprit up and down:

“‘You have a nose and a mouth, and two ears, and two eyes. You have used your nose to smell King’s beer—(turning to attendants)—cut off his nose!’

“They cut off the man’s nose.

“‘You have used your mouth to drink King’s beer: cut off his mouth!’

“They cut off the man’s lips. He was a horrid sight. Lobengula waited a moment. Then he said, deliberately:

“‘You have heard with your ears that it is not allowed to drink King’s beer; but your ears are no good to you.’

“Off went the poor wretch’s ears. He looked at the King with a look dreadful to see.

“‘Your eyes—cover up his eyes!’ shouted the King. ‘Put his forehead over his eyes that they may not see King’s beer!’ and they cut the forehead of the man, and turned down the flap of skin as a surgeon might turn it, so that it hung over his eyes.

“Then the King looked at the man for a few minutes, and the man grovelled before him in the dung, until suddenly the King fell into a rage—perhaps he was ashamed of himself—and bade them beat the man with logs of wood. They beat him within

an inch of his life. Last, the poor wretch mustered strength to crawl away, like a broken snake, along the ground, and he went and lay under a waggon until nightfall. Then he crept down to the stream to bathe his wounds. He came close past my waggon, and you never saw such a ghastly sight as he was. The flap of skin hung over his eyes, but it was dried and stark."

"Horrible! And you and Mr. Maguire had to witness this sort of thing?"

"Ah! but the worst was when Maguire was away on business, and I was left alone. The 'Dogs' worked upon the King, and made Lobengula believe for a time that he had been tricked, and that the document he had signed meant all kinds of things. They inflamed an opposition party among the Matabele, and as the popular excitement grew, the expressions of hostility towards me became louder and more open. I waited anxiously day by day to hear from Rhodes that he had got the Charter. One day, before a big meeting of all the Matabele, I sat ten and a half hours under a tropical sun answering a cross-examination by the King and the 'Dogs.' However, somehow I rubbed along until the two *indunas* came back with the letter from the Aborigines' Protection Society. Then Lotchi was made the scapegoat; then heads and bodies began to lie about the camp—but you have told that story. I went in fear of my life, daredn't stir from my waggon, and slept by winks, revolver in hand. That was a time I wouldn't go through again to be a millionaire twice over," and as Mr. Thompson spoke there came a haggard look across his face. "I thought every day I should have to die as I saw my poor father die, in Zululand, after 'Sandhlwana, when they burnt our homestead. . . . My God! I saw them thrust a ramrod down his throat, so that it twisted like a corkscrew, and came out of his back on the left side. That scene came back to me at Buluwayo."

"In the end you had to run—isn't that so?"

"That is so. I had put horses to my waggon, when I saw three black devils, fully armed, sneaking my way. I knew what they wanted. I jumped down, cut the harness, and was off on my best horse before you could say 'knife.' I rode for my life down to Shoshong—you can see the distance on the map—with neither food nor drink, and my tongue bursting out my throat. I went back very soon after in triumph (but not alone), bearing the news of the Charter. Lobengula chaffed me in his peculiar style about my abrupt departure, and then everything quieted

down as nicely as could be, Lobengula taking his £100 every new moon with great contentment.

“Then I left Matabeleland, never, I hope, to return.

“And that’s the story,” concluded Mr. Thompson, “of my eighteen months with Lobengula.”

“Is it all true?” I asked Mr. Maguire, M.P., the next time I saw him.

“Well—some of it,” conceded that most good-tempered and philosophic of Captain Goods. More I could hardly expect him to concede.

IV

NATIVES AND THE NEW CONSTITUTIONS: A PROPOSAL *

Question I.—How, in conferring Responsible Government on the two new colonies, to do something towards the representation of the natives, without prejudice to Article VIII. of the Vereeniging Agreement or to the strong feeling of the white population as a whole against anything like the (ostensibly colour-blind) franchise of Cape Colony.

Question II.—How to prevent the practice of “hanging up” colonial native legislation, as lately enforced by his Majesty’s Government for the protection of native interests, from developing into a colonial grievance and prejudicing both the merits of the matter in dispute and the whole question of the Imperial veto.

Section I.—Proposal : (a) To associate the two questions, and meet both dangers together, by empowering the Governor of each colony to assemble by methods partly of nomination, partly of election, analogous to those in use under the Glen Grey Act, an advisory Council of leading natives and experts in native affairs, to assist him in forming his opinion on such Bills of the colonial legislature as specially affect natives.

(b) To remit to the Governor thus assisted, in consultation with his Ministers, the task of exercising, on the spot and at all appropriate stages of the Bills, the mediating influence which is at present exercised from Downing Street, necessarily at a less plastic stage of the Acts in question and usually at the instance of agencies or persons who are not in touch with South African opinion nor responsible to any one in South Africa.

* For particulars of this memorandum, see above, p. 192.

(c) To make it constitutional practice that such Acts, when reported by the Governor as embodying reasonable consideration of his Native Council's views, should be no more liable to reservation of the royal assent than any other colonial legislation ; that "hanging up" should be kept for cases where the Governor has failed to secure such reasonable consideration, the veto receding to its old place, for these as for other Acts, as a weapon of rare and last resort.

Section II.—Further development of the proposed Native Council :

So far, the Council would merely exist as an aid to the Governor in the discharge of a part of his duties for which he is responsible to the Imperial rather than to the Colonial Ministry.* The Council once approved in action, the Colonial Legislature might be moved to give it a more definite constitutional status within the colony.

(1) As an administrative authority over all districts proclaimed under Acts analogous to the Glen Grey Act (compare position of Transkei General Council, under Act No. 352 of 1894, Cape of Good Hope).

(2) As a promoter of Bills for the consideration of the Colonial Legislature on specific matters of native welfare, *e.g.*, education.

(3) Ultimately it might be possible also to extend by cautious degrees the elective principle in the Council's composition.

Section III.—Note :

So far the suggestions for native representation have been practically three :

(i) Franchise without colour-distinction as in Cape Colony. (This is outside practical discussion—especially if the Transvaal is to be given manhood suffrage.)

(ii) The Native Commission appointed by Lord Milner suggested allocating a limited number of members to be returned to Parliament by native voters only, the rest being returned by Europeans only.

(iii) A line of less resistance, so far as South African public

* To read a "High Commissioner" for "Governor" throughout, and propose accordingly one Council for both Colonies, would meet an obvious line of objection, but would also sacrifice certain advantages as an inspirer of compromises which the Governor would enjoy precisely by virtue of his double responsibility.

opinion is concerned, would certainly be that of a nominee mixed advisory council somewhat as above. It is submitted that additional support would be gained by linking it, as here suggested, with the removal of the veto grievance, while if developed in the way sketched, such a scheme might well ultimately act more effectively for the satisfaction of legitimate native aspirations than the Cape Colonial franchise, with all its drawbacks and perhaps dangers, has done or will ever do.

V

POLITICAL VERSE

FACTS AND THE BOSS *

With Apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling : see the "Times," August 1.

"And Joseph said unto them . . . Wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine ?"—Genesis xlv. 15.

HE, singly, grappled two-and-two,
And made it five, with flouts and flings.
He proved that trade by taxes grew ;
That wealth consists of outgoings—
The export, not the goods it brings ;
And, these shut out, 'twere gain, not loss,
To live by mutual laundryings—
Once on a time, so spake a Boss.

He split a party through and through,
Till shocked Foundations † danced on springs,
And, all a league behind, he drew
Quite half a leader's soul in slings.
He filled the Press, he pulled the strings,
He thwacked his own once-worshipped joss,
With Words he ran amuck at Things—
Once on a time, there was a Boss.

His figures one another slew ;
His argument full-circle swings.

* From the *Spectator*, August 6, 1904.

† "Foundations of Economic Doubt." A Pamphlet. By a Prime Minister.

A tied-house Empire, stuck with glue,
 He underpropped with tariff-rings.
 No Briton he, who pronely clings
 To truths long overgrown with moss,
 Takes logic lying down, while sings
 Tunes for the time a siren Boss.
 The one-man fight against a "crew"
 Is joy for bards, is sport for Kings!
 Though blown to vaunt a one-eyed view,
 The one-note trumpet stirs and stings.
 He'll sweep the polls! A Gladstone brings,
 A Bryan, fortune to the toss,
 Sure of the pendulum. . . It swings—
 And—*once, ah! once, there WAS a Boss!*

O ye!—or may I write it "you"?—
 Whose songs full oft an Empire sings.
 Don't mix the tinsel with the true!
 Fly high, see clear, shake free your wings!
 Leave one-man cults to underlings;
 Rub clean your slate and write across:—
 "Facts, in the end, are stubborn things;
 Once—for a time—there was a Boss!"

THE LOST LEADER *

Song written for the Tariff Reform League, upon reading Lord Londonderry's speech claiming Mr. Balfour as an anti-Chamberlainite, and before they had "shut the gates of Derry."

I

JUST for a half-sheet of paper he left us,
Just for a quibble to catch at a vote ;
Straddled the split, till it widened and cleft us,
Balanced and trimmed till he foundered the boat.
They, the Free Fooders, will dole out their praises,
Hail the sage guide who let others go first :
Ah ! had he rallied with us to the Standard,
How we had beaten the drum till it burst !
We that had humoured him, worked with him, shirked with him,
Dotted his mild and ambiguous i's,
Learned up his lingo, pored o'er his pamphlets,
Sworn he was really our chief in disguise !
Chaplin was of us, Hewins was for us,
Peel, Cobden, were done for—they turn in their graves !
Now he climbs down from the van by the tailboard,
Smiles on the hustlers, but skulks with the slaves.

II

Leaflets will rain for us—not through his caucus ;
Speeches will gush for us—he will not spout ;
Seats will be lost, though, the more he may baulk us,
We shall be beaten, but—he will be out.
Write off his name ; add one more to the black-list,
One more Fiscal stampede, one more score to the foe,

* From the *Westminster Gazette*, November 9, 1905.

One more General Election and chance for the wobblers,
One more anguish for Jesse and insult to Joe.
Let him dissolve, not attempt to come back to us !
There would be doubt, metaphysics, and fog ;
Forced praise on our part, the shuffle of Sheffield—
Not the glad squeal of the integral hog.
When we return to the House—what is left of us—
He shall be first in a sort of a sense :
Leader no longer, he yet may rejoin us,
Finding salvation, the first off the fence !

NOTE.—The above is subject to all the obvious apologies of the parodist, but above all to a profound apology to Mr. Balfour for seeming to assume that he will not be able, in his forthcoming speech, once more so to define himself that neither Lord Londonderry nor Mr. Austen Chamberlain, nor the party will know whether he, they, or it stand on his, their, or its heels, or on our, your, or anybody's heads respectively.—F. E. G.

The following piece is a skit of another kind.

VI

MR. BLOGG ON MAXIM GORKY*

I CAN'T pick up a magazine but it's cram-full of talky-talky about a man (I'd never seen his name till lately)—Maxim Gorky. I don't quite understand his game. His views are odd. His style is jerky. Some knowing people write his name (I can't say it improves it) Görky. The wine of life seems mostly corky to Gorky—or, if you like, the world seems murky to Görky. His heroes are unwashed and lank—claws, beak, the whole impression hawk; and if you've money at the bank he writes you down a slave, does Gorky. Unless you're classified as "free" (which means felonious and lurky) you're either sweater or sweatee in the economy of Görky. For while a tramp will loaf and walk he charms Gorky, but if he takes to honest work he bores Görky. Beggars who'd ride must earn the horse. Why cannot liberty and law kiss each other?—take a middle course, neither financiers nor Gorkys? I make the £ *s. d.* I spend : am I on that account a cur? *Qui s'excuse s'accuse* : I don't defend myself ; merely smile at Görky. *My* choice between the cheese and chalk is not Gorky's ; of two extremes I'd rather Yerkes than Görky's. Once Kipling wrote about a boy with the peculiar name of Stalky, who broke all rules, and took no joy in cricket—quite a touch of Gorky ; but in the end, however bad his form, however queer and quirky, he turns out a sound British lad to quite another tune than Görky. Success is always smug and porky to Gorky, and failure debonair and perky to Görky. The Kailyard School is soft as silk ; their humour's what the Scotch call pawky, their pathos rather thick, and milk and water their whole tone, to Gorky ; the dialect I find a bore ; they're kaily of the kail, and kirky of the Scotch kirk—but all the four I'd get by heart before

* From the *Westminster Gazette*, November 17, 1902.

one Görky. Yes ; read the lot—*tres quatuorque*—before Gorky, and live the happier—*ter quaterque*—without Görky ! I read a page to Mrs. Blogg. She soon ejaculated “ Lawky ! just fancy meeting in a fog these free-and-easy folks of Gorky ! ” “ My dear,” I said, “ I may be quick—may jump at things exped-Herey—but, in plain language, I can’t stick the sort of thing I find in Görky. So I shall turn my British door-key on Gorky, and say to Russia—or to Turkey—‘ *Keep Görky !* ’ ”

VII

MEMORIAL VERSE *

INSCRIPTIONS FOR STONES IN SOUTH AFRICA †

I

TELL England, you that pass our monument,
Men who died serving Her rest here, content.‡

II

Together, sundered once by blood and speech,
Joined here in equal muster of the brave,
Lie Boer and Briton, foes each worthy each :
May peace strike root into their common grave,
And blossoming where the fathers fought and died,
Bear fruit for sons that labour side by side.

* The verses, printed on pp. 269-272, with two other pieces, were collected in the *African World Annual*, December 8, 1905. For this collection Garrett wrote an introductory essay, entitled "Sermons in Stones." "Each of these little pieces," he said, "was a messenger sent out to carry a message, rolled up small and compact, like the messages people send by carrier-pigeon, but just as clear and full of meaning as the sender-out could make it."

† Printed in the *Monthly Review*, April 1902; see above, p. 186.

‡ After Simonides of Ceos.

THE LAST TREK *

Lines written for the funeral progress of Paul Kruger through Cape Town, on the way to burial at Pretoria, December 16, 1904. The funeral of C. J. Rhodes passed through the same streets, April 3, 1902.

WHO comes, to sob of slow-breathed guns borne past
In solemn pageant ? This is he that threw
Challenge to England. From the veld he drew
A strength that bade her sea-strength pause, aghast,
Before the bastions vast
And infinite redoubts of the Karoo.

“ Pass, friend ! ” who living were so stout a foe,
Unquelled, unwon, not uncommiserate !
The British sentry at Van Riebeck’s gate
Salutes you, and as once three years ago
The crowd moves hushed and slow,
And silence holds the city desolate.

The long last trek begins. Now something thrills
Our English hearts, that, unconfessed and dim,
Drew Dutch hearts north, that April day, with him
Whose grave is hewn in the eternal hills.
The war of these two wills
Was as the warring of the Anakim.

What might have been, had these two been at one ?
Or had the wise old peasant, wiser yet,
Taught strength to mate with freedom and beget
The true republic, nor, till sands had run,
Gripped close as Bible and gun
The keys of power, like some fond amulet ?

* From the *Spectator*, December 10, 1904.

He called to God for storm ; and on his head—
Alas ! not his alone—the thunders fell.
But not by his own text, who ill could spell,
Nor in our shallow scales shall he be weighed,
Whose dust, lapped round with lead,
To shrill debate lies inaccessible.

Bred up to beard the lion, youth and man
He towered the great chief of a little folk ;
Till, once, the scarred old hunter missed his stroke,
And by the blue Mediterranean
Pined for some brackish *pan*
Far south, self-exiled, till the tired heart broke.

So ends the feud. Death gives for those cold lips
Our password. Home, then ! by the northward way
He trod with heroes of the trek, when they
On seas of desert launched their waggon-ships.
The dream new worlds eclipse
Yet shed a glory through their narrower day.

Bear home your dead ; nor from our wreaths recoil,
Sad Boers ; like some rough foster-sire shall he
Be honoured by our sons, co-heirs made free
Of Africa, like yours, by blood and toil,
And proud that British soil,
Which bore, received him back in obsequy.

IN MEMORIAM F. W. R. *

Dalham Churchyard, Friday, October 27.

So here the long adventure ends.
Gay, gallant life, so oft at stake,
Danger and you seemed such old friends
We had learned to mock it for your sake.

When the great die, like yours who sleeps
Among the granite hills, there seems
Some fitness : Death's pageant keeps
The heroic stature of their dreams.

But you, compact of happier dust,
You were so bright, so boyish-brave,
So kind, sane, wholesome—needs we must
Grudge aught so life-warm to the grave !

So light a touch, so true a grip ;
A " frolic welcome " for mischance ;
A heart of perfect comradeship,
Knightly as ever couched a lance.

Long travel in this churchyard ends. . . .
A Gentleman who knew not fear,
A Soldier, Sportsman, prince of Friends,
A Man men could but love, lies here.

* From the *Westminster Gazette*, October 27, 1905. Also printed in " Frank Rhodes : a Memoir," by G. T. Hutchinson (printed for private circulation only) ; 1908.

A MILLIONAIRE'S EPITAPH*

HE gave by stealth, nor rose a new-made knight.
He worked for England, to be dubbed "Herr Beit."
The friend he loved, he served through good and ill ;
The man struck down, he served the memory still ;
Nor, toiling, asked more recompense of fame
Than to be coupled with another's name.
Thus, in despite of that hard Scripture which
Shuts up the poor man's heaven against the rich,
Devotion learned from Dives to be true,
And Britons to be patriots from a Jew :
A monument which envy cannot shake,
Which millions never made, nor can unmake.

* From the *Westminster Gazette*, July 20, 1906.

WHERE SHALL ENGLAND FIND HER OWN ?

WHERE shall England find her own ?
The desert-places are her sanctuaries ;
The five lands and the seven seas
Shall answer for her when the trump is blown.

Some with neither shroud nor stone
Lie solitary, or by twos and threes ;
Their thought was not of obsequies
Nor asked they if the sacrifice were known.

Some in serried ranks lie strown ;
But with her patient eyes the sower sees
The slow, maturing centuries
Whiten to harvest where that seed was sown.

The parching veld, immense and lone,
Low graves among the lean acacia trees ;
Yet England shall remember these
In that day when she numbers up her own.

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EDMUND GARRETT

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